Vol. II, No. I "A free press... ...in a free society" Feb. 1974

THE WASHINGTON GRAD

What is the Big Board?

Jim Mayhew-'Well, all I know is that Mr. Goldstein is one of them. They meet every once in awhile to ... well, I don't know, really.'

Bruce Klein-'They decide school policy, no, they're a bunch of old men that control the money. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure what they are.'

Paul Hoppe-'Well, see, I don't know what their duties are exactly ... I met Elias Nuttle, he seemed like a nice old man... I think they try and run a non-profit school on a profit basis.'

John Moag(intoxicated at time of questioning)-'They're a bunch of $X#!&. Just a bunch of old &%#$! @*#$% &$#*%!'

The Board of Visitors and Governors of Washington College is an organization that should interest everyone, but doesn't.

Why doesn't it? It's hard to say but it's possible that the students of this campus are content to let another group, much older, at that, run the school for them. Why not? We pay only 80% of the operational costs of the school.

Yet the Board exists as an almighty group of people who have no conception of what you and I are thinking. They take pride in being Washington College. Yes, they probably consider themselves the school, and unfortunately, in a sense, they are. Big Shots and Big Money- where would we be without that big money?!

Well, I think the argument of big money is bullshit, because where would we be without us? Now this may sound absurd to you, but think about it: If we pay 80% of the operational costs of the school, then we are a huge part of that big money.

If the Board actually helped us financially, perhaps we wouldn't have to start worrying about a rise in tuition for next year. Do they really care if the tuition goes up or not? Do you care? Do you or your parents want to spend $4000 to send you to WC???

This is just an example of how we really have no say and no control of the decisions and policies made concerning us and our future education.

There is no way we can abolish the Board and run the school ourselves, because there's probably not enough interest by the student body to help contribute to the actual op-

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WHAT YOU MISSED

Our last issue, which you never saw because of technical difficulties, was going to be GREAT! (Take our word for it) A lot of the stuff has become dated, but since it was so good, we decided to give you little excerpts of what you missed:

Keith questioned as to whether it was "fair to Dr. McLain, ... our Chemistry Department, ... and the 'outside world'" to name McLain President, considering the sacrifices made.

John called Trish Witherington's performance in Hedda Gabbler "splendid ... she was in command of the demanding role;" and congratulated the cast, the technical crew, and the director, Joel Elins, on a job well done.

Bill complimented the Washington College band, unded the direction of Mr. John Klaus, for their November 30 "Struck Again" performance. He hailed "the relaxed and professional manner" in which the band conducted themselves.

Dave refuted the charges leveled by the anonymous "Argus" in the Review, regarding the Bookstore, calling them "not only unrealistic, infounded, unresearched, and untrue, but, in the words of Bookstore Manager Mr. Martin Kabat, 'slanderous.'"

A review of the new Capitol Centre was done by Jim, who proclaimed it "one of the best things that ever happened to the Baltimore-Washington rock scene."

Bryan cited the Washington College Chorus and Chorale for its December 7 Christmas Concert. "The concert drew a standing-room-only crowd, and judging from the enthusiastic applause, all felt it an outstanding performance."

And Bill, keeping busy, also summarized the December 4 lecture of Dr. William Banner on "Plato's View on Merit and Equality: A Critical Look." In his talk, Banner "Analyzed the concept of a perfect governmental system as proposed by Plato in his Republic."

Well, that's some of what you missed. Enjoy this one.

Dave

"An Opium Fantasy"

by
Maria White Lovell
Romantic period poet
USA

Soft hangs the opiate in the brain,
And lulling soothes the edge of pain,
Till harshest sound, far off or near,
Sings floating in its mellow sphere.

What wakes me from my heavy dream?
Or am I still asleep?
Those long and soft vibrations seem
A sluberous charm to keep

The graceful play, a moment stopt,
Distance again unrolls,
Like silver balss, that, softly dropt,
Ring into golden bowls.

I question of the poppies red,
The fairy flaunting band,
While I, a weed with dropping head,
Within their phalanx stand:-

"Some airy one, with scarlet cap,
The name unfold to me
Of this new minstrel who can lap
Sleep in his melody!"

Bright grew their scarlet-kerchief'd heads,
As freshening winds had blown,
And from their gently swaying beds
They sang in undertone:-

"Oh he is but a little owl,
The smallest of his kin,
Who sits beneath the midnight's cowl
And makes this airy din."

"Deceitful tongues of fiery tints!
Far more than this ye know,
That he is your enchanted prince
Doom'd as an owl to go;-

"Nor his fond play for years hath stopt,
But nightly he unrolls
His silver balls, that, softly dropt,
Ring into golden bowls."

Submitted by Bill Gant

Symphony Comes to Centreville

Last Friday, January 25, the Midshore Symphony Society, Inc., presented the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra in Centreville, Md. The orchestra was conducted by Associate Conductor Leon Fleisher, who is new to the Orchestra and is well-known as a most-gifted pianist. The selections played were: Schubert's Symphony No. 6 in C major, OPUS 140; Haydn's Sinfonia Concentante for violin, cello, oboe, and bassoon, OPUS 84; Debussy's Nocturnes; and Wagner's Overture to Rienzi.

The orchestra played to a near-capacity crowd in the Centreville High School auditorium. After the concert, a few remarks were sounded as to the fact that the performance lacked "spi- [illegible] generally, however, it was very

"Big Board" cont.

eration of WC, anyway. But as the situation gets tighter in the United States, important decisions concerning finances, employee cuts, and general education will have to be made. I would like to see active student and faculty participation in these decisions.

But the students and faculty both have their problems. The students are confused about the future turn of events and aren't sure what to think. The faculty are so busy fighting amongst themselves like little kids that they don't have time to think.

The students have no representation on the Board- why? Well, this has been an argument raging for years, with no ultimate settlement. If last year's SGA President, John Dimsdale, did anything, he tried to get a student on the Board. Mike Lang, this year's SGA President, hasn't even made mention of the subject. Perhaps the reason is because we were in the midst of a Presidential search and it didn't seem as important. But now we have a permanent President, who, by the way, doesn't believe in student representation on the Board, so possibly we can get on with the debate and settle it once and for all.

To be continued next issue.

Larry

WC's Bowling Team

Can you imagine Washington College going up against the University of Maryland in this season of the year? In basketball and wrestling it would have been no contest. However, in bowling, WC did compete mightily against the Terps.

The amazing thing about it is that we almost won. WC had to enter the 6-man competition with five men, (one failed to show), and as a result had to immediately forfeit six points. That was our margin of defeat, as it wound up Maryland 16½, WC 10½.

I don't like to speculate, but had that other bowler (who shall go nameless) shown up, I believe we could have won. Our bowlers were Bruce Katz, Marc Muser, Lee Parks, John Pederson, and Phil Repucci.

A team of WC women also bowled, and they too were short-handed. Lin Brettschneider, Pam Davis, and Debbie Francis tried to make up for their lost teammate, but bowed to a much more practiced Maryland team.

Bruce

EDITOR: Dave Knepler, Talbot 204
STAFF: Bryan Byrne, Larry Falk, Bill Hallam, Steve Harrell (ART EDITOR), John Holland, Bruce Katz, Jim Mayhew, Jeff Merriam, Keith Twitchell.

Contact Mike "Chief" Lang, or Student Affairs, if you're interested in aiding the Cerebral Palsy Telethon this weekend. All you need contribute is a couple of hours.

Mad Mooner (cont.)

Crab- Right. Of course. Do you think you'll ever grow out of mooning?
MM- I'll go on spreading the word. Such is my destiny. Not everyone can express themselves through mooning.
Crab- What is your most cherished moon at WC?
MM- I cherish them all. One stands out- I was playing football in the hall with nothing on but a towel.
Crab- That was when you mooned the RA.
MM- Someone removed my towel and the moon was cast.
Crab- Do you have any tips for the rookie mooner?
MM- Moon for a purpose, when you can accomplish something, and remember you must have quick and nimble feet.

Jeff

"YES WE CAN"

vidual. They give the individual a taste of what's involved in working together with other people. They give the individual an outlet for excess energies and anxieties. They give the individual a means of improving the fitness of one's body and the keenness of one's mind. They also build character in the individual. They give goals to reach for and achieve. Perhaps more important than all is that sports is fun.

I believe that the above are the true reasons for sports. The winning and losing aspect is there, but is not by any means as important.

WC could very easily recruit. Gali Sanchez explained some of the reasons for our lack of recruiting in an article published in The Elm, on Jan. 24, 1974.

"While All-Americans at the University of Southern California may pursue basket weaving, gourmet cooking and arts and crafts, WC athletes are channeled into sociology, political science and history."

I don't believe WC should lower its standards to improve its won-lost percentage. I believe we should re-evaluate our own standards on sports. When they are in proper perspective then perhaps we'll realize the true value of our programs, rather than the ineffectiveness of our teams.

Bruce

Odds and ENDs

Once again we bring you little tidbits and blurbs to prove that life does exist outside of WC.

From the National On-Campus Report, for which you are paying:

A U. of Southern Mississippi student has been warned that he will not be allowed to take final exams unless he pays a $6.50 fee for a yearbook.
A mix-up in a L.A. record pressing plant caused a recording of marches by the Ohio State U. Band to end up with Chuch Berry on the other side. The records are collector's items.
A brand-new college near Denver, Red Rocks Community College (we kid you not), got its first year off on the wrong foot with many of its nearly 4,000 students. Fall snow and rain storms turned a giant unpaved parking lot into a quagmire so treacherous that many students just gave up going to classes.
The Rice U. marching band parodied "non-controversy" by forming a large zero and a vanilla wafer.
Suicide is the third leading cause of death among college students.
A special form for students to send to professors they feel are making sexist remarks in class or using sexist teaching materials is available from the AWMS Status of Women Comm., Student Services Building, Western Michigan U., Kalamzoo, Mich. 49001
Federal Drug officials report a bumper crop of marijuana in Mexico this year and a corresponding increase in major drug hauls in the Southwest.
Campus police at Brigham Young U. were surprised to receive $20 from an anonymous student who admitted that he sometimes parked his car illegally but had not been ticketed.

Other Golden Goodies:

1976 Presidential Non-Candidate Nelson Rockefeller was asked why he opposed marijuana. Said the statesman, "If the Founding Fathers had been on marijuana, they never would have written the Constitution."
Said Truman of Nixon: "I don't think that son of a bitch knows the difference between telling the truth and lying."*******

Dave

Policy Statement

In the limited space that is left, The Crab would like to thank, apologize, and explain.

When our last issue came out, we asked for contributions from our readers, and we have much to be thankful for when regarding the response. We collected over $30 from students, and outside of one $10 donation, 75¢(???) from the faculty. (Con't in right col.)

Thanks are also due to The Elm editors, who invited me to find out those "secrets" of lay-outs, etc.

This issue will probably be not of the same quality of our last several, and the reason is that this is obviously mimeographed, for lack of money and a carbon-ribbon typewriter(needed for off-set) That also helps explain our delay in releasing another issue.

Each writer is responsible for his own article. The Editor may disagree with what is said, but will defend ...

Dave

Campus Calendar

Friday, Feb. 1- Friday, Feb. 15- Monday through Friday, ART EXHIBIT, Paintings by Mario Toral of Chile- Fine Arts- 2-4p.m.

Sunday, Feb. 3- FILM SERIES- "Captain Courageous"- Dunning 203- 7:30p.m.

Monday, Feb. 4- BASKETBALL, home against UMBC, Gymnasium, 8p.m.

Tuesday, Feb. 5- DAVID G. NES, Lecture, "The Energy Crisis in the Middle East", Hynson Lounge, 8:30p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 6- CONCERT SERIES- Simon Estes: Bass-Baritone, Tawes Theatre, 8:30p.m.

Saturday, Feb. 9- WRESTLING, home against George Mason, Gymnasium.

Monday, Feb. 11- FIIM SERIES- "8½"- Tawes Theatre, 7:30p.m.

Tuesday, Feb. 12- BASKETBALL, home against Franklin & Marshall, Gymnasium, 8p.m.

The ADVENTURES of J.M. CRAB

Look in our next issue for the beginning of the continuing saga of J.M. Crab. J.M. has served as our principle inspiration through our publicating history. He is directly related to the infamous George Washington Crab, who as you know chopped down a crabtree. Since he told his father he could not tell a lie, (and being substantially bolstered by smoking some crabgrass), he told his father that he cut down a cherry tree (strange how history distorts the truth) (newspapers too) (but not this paper). Next issue we will tell the true, vivid, sensual tale of how J.M. Crab got accidently locked in the Clifton Miller Library one night with two sexy WC coeds during an energy crisis and had to figure out how to keep warm until morning. (It has been leaked to us by reliable sources that the two coeds could possible have been one Zeta and one AOII) Don't miss the next issue with full details.

Larry

"YES WE CAN"

An apparent trend is developing at WC. That trend, led by Elm Sports Editor Gali Sanchez, calls for the ending of our winter sports schedule.

I feel that before rash evaluations are made, we should stop and examine the facts involved. The facts aren't the usual sports statistics. The facts concern the very reason for sports.

In my opinion, the reason that sports has progressed throughout the area hasn't been because of the winning and losing involved. Though winning and losing make good copy in the newspapers, they are secondary. ...ndary to its purpose. The pur... sports improve the indi-

The Mad Mooner of Washington College

In the 50's there was goldfish swallowing, in the 60's there was campus unrest, and in the 70's there is the so-called sexual revolution. The Crab has discovered a rather odd offshoot of this revolution here on the Washington College campus- that offshoot is mooning. As anyone who has seen American Graffitti can tell you, mooning is not the thing a clean-cut American would stoop to. It was with this in mind that this reporter took his sanity in his hands, as he interviewed the legendary Mad Mooner of Washington College.

Crab- What made you get into mooning?
Mad Mooner- I got into it last year. People I knew and respected were getting into mooning (Ed. Note- these were not WC people). I got started in mooning because I feel it is an art form. People feel restricted by clothing and I'm trying to get them to allow themselves freedom.
Crab- So you feel your liberating people through mooning?
MM- Yes, exactly.
Crab- Do you consider yourself some kind of prophet?
MM- No, I'm a god. I have followers all over the world.
Crab- Excuse me, but isn't this a bit strange?
MM- I'm not a pervert if that's what you want to know.
Crab- Do you consider yourself a professional mooner?
MM- Yes, I practice, but I'm not a pro because I don't get any money for mooning?
Crab- Do you get gratification out of a good moon?
MM- I get my kicks. It must have quality. For example, it's not a true moon to moon your roommate while undressing- that has no class. To have a good moon you must 1) surprise the moonee; and 2) have a route of escape.
Crab- I gather that you have been caught.
MM- No comment.
Crab- What was your most self-gratifying moon?
MM- The time I single-handedly mooned 150 screaming kids.
Crab- Why?
MM- Because they were there.
Crab- Don't you think that that may have warped their little minds? What did their parents say?
MM- Oh, their parents never knew, and if the kid had told them they wouldn't know what the little brat was babbling about.
Crab- We understand you once mooned your R.A.
MM- I've mooned many people.
Crab- Does your "moonee" add to your moon?
MM- Of course. A moonee with more status makes the moon better than one with no status. Sometimes the moonees get their kicks, but that's their

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THE WASHINGTON CRAB

Washington Semester

Since 1947, when the original Washington Semester assembled, the Washington Semester Program has grown and diversified. Washington College is part of this program, conducted at The American University, in Washington, D.C.

Today well over a hundred colleges and universities from California to Massachusetts, and from Minnesota to Texas, are members. Their students are offered a choice among four areas of study; The Washington Semester, which focuses on the American national government and political system as a whole; The Washington Urban Semester, which concentrates on urban affairs,and intergovernmental programs and politics relating to urban problems; The Foriegn Policy Semester, which covers international relations and the United States' foriegn policy; and The International Development Semester, which examines problems of development and the relations of developed and underdeveloped nations in seeking solutions to those problems.

Two Washington College students are representing our school at AU this semester. Patricia Christensen, junior in The Foriegn Policy Semester, and Larry Falk, junior in The Washington Urban Semester.

Each program consists of two or three intensive Seminars, one internship, and one 50-page project paper. Christensen's seminars deal with US foriegn policy methodology and formulation. Her internship is with the Singapore Embassy. Falk's seminars deal with the growing problems of urbans areas and governments, while his internship is with the organization known as Common Cause.

The program is not limited to Political Science majors, and Christensen and Falk highly recommend other WC students to investigate the possiblities of participating in The Washington Semester. For instance, it would be desirable for a psychology major to study the politics of personality testing in certain agencies of the executive branch.

A sociology might want to write on the policy-making procedures of a local community-action program. The influence of a private organization on national economic policy would be an appropriate topic for an economics major.

Given the involvement of the American government in many areas, it would be desirable for a student in almost any field to study the politics of policy-making in that field.

To attend the Washington Semester, one must be a junior or a first-semester senior, with a minimum 3.25 grade-point average. For further information, see Dr. An, Washington Semester Co-Ordinator for WC.

Larry

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MONEY

Can you use $6.39? Well, next time your Economics professor doesn't show up for his Monday, Wednesday, and Friday class, that's how much it's costing you. You're giving away $8.98 every time your English instructor decides to skip his 75-minute class on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Theoretically, the MWF classes meet 45 times during a semester, while the T-Th sessions are held on 32 occasions. However, the actual number of class meetings falls oft-times, and you can further increase your own monetary loss by absence.

What does all this mean? Since your only weapon against inflation is taking 5 or 6 courses, your other alternatives, inconsequential as they may be, are to be not so overjoyed when your prof misses class, and to "think before you skip."

Dave

Social Life

Dancing in the Coffeehouse? A successful dance in Hodson? These sort of things aren't supposed happen on campus. But they are, and its been great.

Some kind of spirit, perhaps picked up over vacation, has rejuvenated the local nightlife. The fine and name movies shown recently (The Reivers, Battle of Algiers, Captains Courageous, 8½) have also helped to make classes a little bit easier to take.

It's nice to see the WC community getting more together. So let's keep it up, and I'll see you at the Coffeehouse and at the dance over the weekend.

Keith

"Nightmares Are Normal"

Close to 300 students, faculty, and townies jammed the Bill Smith Auditorium and Balcony to hear Father Philip Berrigan last Wed. Berrigan was presented by the William James Forum.

Speaking for almost an hour, the man

(Continued on Page 3)

"Some people say that life's a game, well if this is so I'd like to know the rules on which this game of life is based."- Ray Davies, 1973.

From the Trustees to NIXON

N is for your nothing allocations.
I is for de ignorance youve shown.
X is for what you'll be in September,
O is for the oil stock yow own.
N is for the none of us who
support you.
Just see what we can do.
Put them all together
they spell NIXON
Dicky we love you!

Jeff & Ed

Policy Statement

The Washington Crab is an experimental newspaper devoted to serving the interests of the Washington College community. The Crab Club, which is responsible for the publication of The Crab, states in its Constitution that its purpose is "to further the freedom of the press and the betterment of journalism on the Washington College campus."

We are very aware of criticism- it is our only way of measuring your reactions. There were very mixed "reviews" of our last issue, and we are trying to reach a balance in which we can inform, amuse, and infuriate everyone.

The Crab Club Constitution also states that "all WC students, faculty, and administrators are automatic members." That means that each of you, through either participation or neglect, are responsible for this Crab issue. If you contributed either time or articles, you got your opportunity to express yourself. If you contributed nothing- and this is not a knock- than you must be satisfied with what you see before you.

Each issue of The Crab starts with the completion of the prior issue, and ends with feedback from you. Usually the final typing of The Crab isn't finished until about 5:30 A.M. Thursday morning. We want the copy that falls into your hands to be as much up-to-date as possible, thereby living up to self-proclaimed title of "newspaper."

As you know, or will know as soon as you finish reading this column, The Crab will print everything that is submitted to us, as long as it contains no libel and is within the framework of local obscenity laws.

Each writer is responsible for his own article- nothing more. This paper is a forum, and each individual voice should be strong enough to stand on its own. If your interested in The Crab, in whatever way, contact me either in person, by the campus mail, or in Talbot 204.

Dave

Odds and Ends

Here we be again to bring you the best in collected trivia and other campus happenings.

Some nuggets from the SGA-subscribed newsletter, the National On-Campus Report:

A large bathroom at Princeton U. was recently renovated to "insure maximum privacy for individual users." The community bathroom, like the dorm in which it is located, is coed.

Rumors of an impending narcotics raid in the dorms of Temple U. were circulating, so the student senate there distributed a flyer explaining students' legal rights in such an event.

Ag Day games at New Mexico State U. featured a tobacco spitting contest; distance counted, not form or neatness.

42% of men and 35% of women under 25 years of age who attend college full-time hold jobs, according to Labor Dept. statistics.

The U. of Wisconsin regents have proposed a two-tiered tuition structure with higher charges for juniors and seniors than for first and second year students. Their plan is aimed at making the costs of entering the higher education system less formidable.

A Princeton student plans to fly to Norway next summer in an airplane he is assembling in his dorm room.

The U. of North Carolina Daily Tar Heel gave a "Bad Bargain of the Week Award" to the UNC student body president, who reportedly had an outstanding bad check at a campus coffee house.

In December, about 80 "meatanarians" from several schools met at Lafayette College to chart the future course of the movement. A "meatanarian" spokesman explained that since all animal life is dependent on oxygen produced by plants, animals such as cattle, which spend nearly all of their life killing plants, should be killed and eaten.

Additional notes from the world:

Baltimore Colts middle-linebacker Mike Curtis has come out against any impeachment proceedings against President Nixon, while branding the AFL-CIO leaders as "hooligans." Curtis, in the past, proposed bombing Uganda over the detainment of Peace Corps volunteers. And who says that tackle football can't cause permanent damage?(Baltimore Sun, source)

If one needs further proof that The Great Scriptwriter up yonder is playing tricks, fondle your mind with the fact that while Time Magazine and such Republican-inclined newspapers as the Detroit News and the Denver Post are urging President Nixon to resign, Pravda, the Soviet newspaer (that conduit to salvation and enlightenment), defends Mr. Nixon against such "rude, vindicative, irresponsible" attacks.(Atlantic Monthly)

The newest gambling rage at Reed College this year is called "Margaret Sanger Roulette." The coeds mix an equal number of white M&M's in with their birth control pills, which puts a new excitement into campus dating.

Next month we hope to bring you some more startling insights at the world around us. We'll have two more copies of NOCR from which to work, and, of course, we'll keep our eyes alert for any other news sources. Oh yes- that last little blurb, about Reed College, is from the newest issue of MAD.

Dave

CALCULATORS

In recent years calculators have arrived on the college scene. The calculators, ranging in quality and dimension, have increased the accuracy and the speed of solving complex equations. In a fraction of the time once needed, students can obtain accurate answers by just pushing buttons.

However on many campuses,(including W.C.) the calculator has met with opposition. People(profs., and students alike) in the academic world have complained. Some teachers claim it's another form of cheating. Students and teachers, together, voice that it's an advantage for the rich only.

The calculator is a sign of progress. It's a tool from which one can learn. In math courses its speed alone can save hours and its accuracy can't be questioned.

For those who feel the calculator is a form of cheating, let it be pointed out that it doesn't solve problems. It doesn't spit out equations. It just performs computations. Dr. Frank Creegan, when asked his opinion on the student use of calculators, said," I have no feeling one way or another. It's not how fast you do the problem but how."

Methods taken by teachers to adjust their examinations have helped reduce any advantage. Dr. John Conkling, refering to the use of calculators, said, "I don't see any difference, with the exception of a floating decimal point, between the use of a calculator and a slide rule. I will, however, have to reconsider the type of my examinations."

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THE BIG BOARD

The argument for not having a student (and why not a faculty member also)on the Board of Visitors and Governors is defensive, and a little shaky at best. It goes something like this (you've heard it before): What would it accomplish? What could a student do on the Board? Nothing, so why have one at all?

Since these arguments assume that nothing will come of student representation, the argument goes no farther. I also believe that at first nothing will come of student representation. But when students start realizing what's going on behind those closed-door Board meetings, then perhaps Board representation will serve its purpose. If it were told that nothing important goes on behind those closed doors, then why are they closed in the first place?(Is the Board of V.&G. a secret society?)

Another argument put forth against student representation on the Board is that even though we pay 80% of the school's costs, that doesn't mean anything.

When we decided to come to WC we decided to go along with the rules of the game, or something like that. But when I came here I didn't decide to give up my democratic principles, which I have been conditioned to believe in for my whole life. We, as stu-

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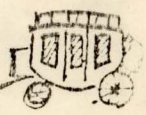
A Different Coach



Washington College's 1974 baseball team will take the field in an atmosphere of uncertainty. Indeed, at the end of last years season, there was speculation that baseball, as an intercollegate sport, would not exist at W.C. this season.

Last year, coming off of a season in which the Sho'men had been co-champions of the Middle Atlantic Conference, and with most of the team returning, W.C. found itself in the unexpected predicament of being unable to field a team. At its peak, the roster numbered 14 and, at one point, dropped to as low as 8.

Coach Tom Finnegan blamed the lack of student support and motivation. In addition, he said that he felt it was not beneficial to the school to field a team that was not capable of competing successfully. Upon his recommendation, it was proposed to the Athletic Council that the baseball program be dropped for two years. According to Coach Ed Athey, Director of Athletics, the Council held two formal and one informal meeting before deciding to accept the recommendation.

The question then arises-Why is there a baseball program this year? According to Athey, response from students, primarily players, last spring indicated that a reversal of the Council's decision might be in order.

As a result, this spring's schedule which had already been planned at the time (schedules are made up two years in advance in the Middle Atlantic and one year in the Mason-Dixon Conference, both conferences in which W.C. competes) was not cancelled pending student response this fall. In the fall, 17 players indicated their interest in playing ball, so it was decided to keep baseball.

One major change in the program is in the reins of leadership, shifting from the hands of Finnegan into those of Atney. Finnegan takes over as tennis coach, a capacity which Finnegan maintains he was supposed to have held upon his arrival here.

What was behind this change, or in the words of a former W.C. baseball player," If Finnegan cares so much about baseball, why did he quit as coach?" According to Finnegan, it is precisely because he cares that he gave up the position. He explained that he didn't feel that it was fair to the athletes if he held the position of both basketball and baseball coach. The overlapping of seasons necessitated giving one or both of the squads less time then he wanted. In addition, he emphasized that most of basketball recruiting is done in March and April, a time when baseball should be starting. When asked why he had proposed that baseball be dropped if he really cared, Finnegan said," I didn't want baseball dropped... I wanted to get a response, to elicit student opinion and call attention to the program." When statistics are examined, it would seem that he got the response that he sought. At present, according to Athey, the squad numbers 24 with three more players expected once the basketball and wrestling seasons end.

Student motivation is a constant problem. The previously quoted baseball player said,

(Continued on Page 5)

Campus Calendar

Friday, Feb. 22- GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY
Saturday, Feb. 23- INSTALLATION of Dr. McLain as 22nd President of the College, Fine Arts Center, 2 P.M.
- BIRTHDAY BALL- Hodson Hall, 9 P.M. to 1 A.M.
Sunday, Feb. 24- THE SEAGULL, Dunning 203, 7:30 P.M.
Tuesday, Feb. 26- BASKETBALL vs. Albright, 8 P.M. in the Gym.
Wednesday, Feb. 27- WORLD PREMIERE of Equinox, play by H. Jones Baker III, Tawes Theatre, 8 P.M.
Thursday, Feb. 28- EQUINOX, Tawes, 8 P.M.
Friday, Mar. 1- EQUINOX, Tawes, 8 P.M.
Saturday, Mar. 2- LAST DAY of the initial World Premiere run of Equinox, Tawes, 8 P.M.
Thursday, Mar. 7- NEXT ISSUE OF THE CRAB!!!
Friday, Mar. 8- FULL MOON.

R. I. P. 1973

Word arrives here that Du Pont scientists have developed a plastic for making bottles and other other objects disintegrate and blend into nature six months after exposure to light. They should have made A.D. 1973 out of the stuff. That would have spared us at least six months worth of some of the most disgusting and confidence-shattering sights and deeds ever visited upon Americans by their leaders.

Editorial thought by Atlantic Monthly and Larry

!!!Announcement!!!

The Crab is tickled pink to announce that we will be receiving $120 from the SGA to cover expenses of this isssue, the next two issues, and some past expenses. We will, however, not hesitate to bite the hand that feeds us.

Adventures of J.M. CRAB

As we warned you in our last issue, we are now going to report to you the sensual details as experienced by J.M. Crab and two "sexy" WC co-eds while trapped overnight in the Clifton Miller Memorial Library during the severe energy crunch. It goes like this---

It was a cold and wintry night and the Library had its usual crowd of studiers, socializers, and KA's. It was approaching midnight and the Library was about to close. The usual ritual of flashing the lights to signify closing occurred, but went unnoticed, by three people (2 females and one J.M. Crab). One of the girls happened to be in the bathroom, where she had fallen asleep. The other sexy co-ed was busy completing a 20-page letter to her home town honey. (The letter started "Dear John" and proceeded to describe how the authoress felt that it was all over between them, and that she had been at WC for 2½ years and was dying to get into the pants of some hefty WC jocks and freaks.) The third party to get trapped in the Library was J.M. Crab, who was in one (con't in rt.col.)

NIGHTMARES ARE NORMAL cont.

who attained adulthood while part of the Josephite Order held the attention of the mixed audience. Melding Hassidic philosophy with current day "nightmares," Berrigan created a non-boring sermon.

He focused heavily on anti-war doctrines. Why is it, he wondered, that "in the streets of Chestertown you can't break the Fifth Commandment (Thou Shalt Not Kill)," yet Heads of State are bove this ethic? Berrigan quoted Pope John XXIII as saying, "Governments are held to the same morality as individuals."

Two of the most disgruntling points Berrigan made came near the end of his talk. First, he fearfully described the pattern of history repeating itself in the word "Germican"- "Good Germans after Good Americans." His second point was that of the hardened outlook a 19-year-old-convict-resister possessed. Said the youth, "Nightmares are normal ... nightmares of people dying in Indochina."

A half-hour question-and-answer period followed the talk. What has become a routine townie question on the Council of Foriegn Relations was once again posed. Berrigan answered a sally regarding his activities over the past year-and-a-half by stating, "I tried to meet with serious people who are anguished over what is happening today."

He later stated that when countries engage in war it is "no more than expressing their moral bankcruptcy." Berrigan also felt that "every now and then Pope Paul speaks the truth about the Gospel, and boy, does he surprise me." He likened this occurence to "getting the truth from Nixon."

Dave

WC's Bowling Team

The Washington College Bowling Team defeated CIT by a score of 21-6. In the recent competition, WC was manned by John Eigenbrot, Bruce Katz, Marc Muser, Lee Parks, John Pedersen, and Phil Rebucci. Pedersen has the high game for the Shoremen with a 216.

The next WC bowling match is 2 p.m. at the Queen Anne Lanes on March 2, versus D.C. Teachers.

Bruce

of the basement study rooms getting off on a copy of Argosy.

So the Library was locked, and because of the energy crisis the heat was turned off. Perhaps it was a coincidence, or perhaps it was fate, but all three of the captives began to get cold at the same time. All three individually decided to go to the Coffeehouse, and at the exact same moment they each met at the door, only to discover that it was locked.

Beginning to get chilled, they looked at each other and said, "Oh, my God!"- to be continued.

Don't miss our next issue featuring the continuing Adventures of J.M. Crab. You'll be able to read how the three captives made a large double bed out of back issues of The New York Times in the listening room- with a stack of classical records- Don't miss it!

Larry

THE BIG BOARD cont.

dents, are as much a part of this institution as its governning Board, and if that Board must exist at all it must exist with total participation.

There is a policy that has developed over the years which says that no new student sports team can be started unless they first exist for 2 years in Club form. I'd like to ask who developed that policy (probably the Board or Athletic Council) and were students involved in that decision?

Certainly, the Girls Crew Club or Bowling Club or those that desire a Golf Team were not asked. They instead find out how hard it is to actually support an active organization that stems from and involves the school we all attend. No aid is given from that school to the club to blossom into what they actually want to be. (A competitive varsity sport- not only a club) Again this is another example of how decisions are made concerning the students with no student or faculty input, yet the policy is implemented upon them.

In the future months to come we should debate openly, and decide once and for all, if we think there ought to be be a student representative (or maybe two) on the WC Board of V.&G.

But there are still the questions of how? When? What would it accomplish? A student member of the Board could do everything a regular Board member does. He could go to general meetings, committees meetings, have voting rights and generally be an active Board member. He would be one of the few Board members who has student contact and a sense of reality.

A representative and alternate could be elected by the student body inthe Spring, one week after the S.G.A. officer elections. S.G.A. officers would be ineligble to run because of the supposed workload of a Board member. Being a Board member also would require a maximum amount of effort.

The representative would serve the next year, while the alternate would attend all meetings and sessions in order to learn the operation of the Board. The next year the alternate would serve as representative with a new alternate elected in the Spring.

I feel this method would be most advantageous because the Board then couldn't say that each year the student representative would be unimformed and would need a while to understand everything. Hopefully, the above suggestion would compensate for that.

At any rate, a student representative on the Board should be desirable from the students viewpoint. I invite you to express your opinions on this subject in the Elm or right here in the dirty old Crab. If you don't have an opinion, why not?

Larry

STAFF
Editor: Dave Knepler (Talbot 204)
Asst.Editor: Keith Twitchell
Staff: Larry Falk, Bill Hallam, Bruce Katz, Jeff Merriam
Art Editor: Steve Harrell

CALCULATORS cont.

A suggestion in the area of adjustments has been to have even numbers for answers, in which a student figuring by hand could more easily determine. To do this, the instructor would have but to change a few numbers around, thus reducing the time involved in solving to, for example, three places.

Prof. William Schmeldt doesn't allow the use of calculators on his examinations. Speaking on the subject, he said. " In a timed examination. I do not feel calculators should be allowed, because it favors those students who are affluent enough to afford them. In a non- timed examination anyone who has a calculator should be allowed to use one."

I attempted to secure a statement from Dr. Richard Brown, Chairman of the matnemathic dept. Dr. Brown displayed the characteristics of a true bureaucrat. In answer to the question about calculator use," In some classes I encourage their use." Amazed at the supreme lack of concrete worth in that statement, I mentioned that last year Dr. Brown used a calculator in class. To this Dr. Brown replied. " Next to Wagner it's my closest friend."

Bruce

A Different Coach cont.

"People here (at WC) go out for teams for the ego trip. When people don't show up for the games, it kind of ruins that... The basic problem is no support."

The question remains, can this year's baseball coaching staff: Athey, pitching coach Bob Day, and outfield coach John Innat, keep the team motivated in the face of studen apathy? The squad includes 11 freshmen who are not familiar with the prevailing philosophy that, as the baseball player said, " At Washington College, lacrosse is everything."

Bill

QUOTABLE TRUMAN

During our life times there have been many outspoken men. Will Rogers, and Spiro Agnew come to mind, along with Harry S. Truman.

Taking some quotes from Plain Speaking an Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman, I notice a few that might interest you.

In talking about Eisenhower, he said, " The trouble with Eisenhower... he's just a coward. He hasn't got any backbone at all, and he ought to be ashamed for what he did, (allowing Joe McCarthy to "get away with with calling General Marshall a traitor.") but I don't think there's any shame in him."

In speaking about Ike's Vice-President, he said, "Now let's not get into that. I've told you, all the time I've been in politics there's only two people I hate, and he's one. He not only doesn't give a damn about the people; he doesn't know how to tell the truth." In addition to this, he mentioned, "He's one of the few in the history of this country to run for high office talking out of both sides of his mouth at the same time and lying out of both sides."

Some quotes just don't leave you with anything to add.

Bruce

THE INSIDE DOPE

The major development in the smoke-filled world was the happenings at the Maryland Senate Office Building, in Annapolis. Crabbers Knepler and Moag attended the public hearing that was conducted by the Senate Judicial Proceedings Committed.

Over 200 people, mostly of college age, jammed their way into the hearing room last Thursday to hear Valentine Day testimony on the question of decriminalizng that lovable weed, Mary Jane. The proceedings started at 10 A.M., and lasted until 2 P.M.

Senator Clarence M. Mitchell III, one of Baltimore's finest, is sponsoring two bills with decriminalization in mind. One would make possession of under one ounce a civil offense punishable by a maximum $100 fine. The other bill calls for the total removal of all penalties on marijuana possession.

The senators and the crowd heard testimony from a wide degree of witnesses. R. Keith Stroup, head of the National Organization to Reform Marijuana Laws (NORML), was the initial speaker, and he was followed by Dr. Dorothy Whipple, a Georgetown University professor. They, like all of the remaining witnesses, with the exception of Lt. Frank Mazzone of the State Police drug squad, were in favor of some form of decriminalization. (Dr. Whipple, incidentally, is 75 years old.)

Other speakers included the ex-head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the General Manager of WAYE, a concerned parent, and a former schoolteacher.

Within the next several weeks, one of the bills may come before the full Senate. If it does, somehow demonstrate your support for the bill by wiring or writing your Senator (or Senator Elroy Boyer of the Eastern Shore.)

Elsewhere, the Gainseville people have gotten a companion organization, the "Broward County Marijuana Dealers Association," also located in Florida. It seems that a 6-year old boy, Jody Dietrich, was not admitted into a children's hospital because his parents did not have insurance or $3000 for Jody's vital heart operation, necessitated by a congenital heart valve defect.

So, accompanied by a note signed "Cannabis Rex," $2000 was contributed by the B.C.M.D.A. to the "Jody Dietrich Heart Surgery Fund," and, along with other money raised, the operation became a reality.

Rex's note questioned, in part, the ethics of refusing life-saving surgery because of financial unability, and likened it to "the same sickness that has caused thousands of young people to be branded as criminals and put into prisons for using a drug proven far less dangerous than the deadly amounts of alcohol consumed by their parents ..." Get well soon, Jody!

GREEN THUMB DEPARTMENT- To improve the quality of marijuana, it has been suggested to lightly moisten the grass with water and enclose it in a plastic bag. Store the bag in a dark place for a week or two. During this time the grass will get moldy. Dry the moldy grass with low heat, casuing the product to crumble easily to a powder. This renders the THC more available for body absorption.

Dave

Health Center Floods

That "cold" that you have been nursing for two weeks may not be a cold at all. The Washington College community is currently being plagued by a widespread viral infection.

Mrs. Maryland Massey, the acting Health Service nurse during the six-week absence of the regular nurse, Mrs. Betty Schauber, has recorded approximately 200 cases of students suffering from what she termed "this particular business" since the first of the month. She emphasized, however, that many of these are "repeats"- people who returned for the additional advice or medication after the initial visit.

Mrs. Massey said that she does not give out antibiotics. She can only treat the symptoms of the malady by proferring cough syrups and sometimes pain-killers "if indicated." This method of treatment also leads to repeats, since students are obliged to return in order to see the doctor in the event that "symptomatic treatment" by the nurse proves insufficient.

The common symptoms of the virus are similar to those of the common cold, only "worse." These fall under the heading of upper respiratory ailments such as congestion and a sore throat.

Aside from the sore throat, which Mrs. Massey said is universal, the symptoms vary from one individual to the next. "Some of those who still had tonsils developed tonsilitis," she said.

In addition, some of the students developed sinusitis, earaches, or nausea. A few even exhibited a body rash, initially diagnosed as contact dermatitis or allergy, which was eventually traced to the virus. Although several students complained of a fever, none registered one during examination.

Mrs. Massey cited two main problems with the illness. People aggravate it by 1) trying to continue normal activities despite the illness, or 2) returning to normal living too soon.

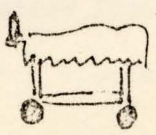
She said that, in some cases, the illness may leave the patient weak for several weeks. The danger in this is that other problems such as bronchitis or pneumonitis, an inflammation of the lungs, may arise out of this weakened condition.

The main method of treatment is simply "rest and forced liquids." Mrs. Massey emphasized the importance of heeding the warnings: "If they don't follow instructions, they'll be back. It'll get worse."

There is a bright spot in the fact that the rate of incidence seems to be decreasing. On February 11, there were 44 recorded cases of the virus treated by the Health Service. The doctor saw 21 of these between 9 and 10 A.M. On February 18, one week later, the total was about 12, while the doctor saw only six or seven who showed the symptoms.

So remember, rest in bed, drink plenty of fluids, and read The Crab to relieve the boredom.

Bill



THE WC CRAB

Vol. II No. 3 "A Free Press In A Free Society" March 7, 1974

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GROPING GOURMET GOBBLES TOTS! pg 4

NEWS MEDIA SABOTAGED pg 4

MONKEY BUSINESS?

In an effort to determine just where our money goes once it's in the hands of the WC administration, this reporter visited the Business Office. The purpose of this visit was to discover how many students are employed by the school and in what capacities.

In an interview with Mr. Warren Ivie, Controller, some interesting facts came to light. According to Mr. Ivie, "A good percentage of them (students) have jobs. He said that between two and three hundred checks are issued to students by the Business Office every pay day. Yet, due to the Office's bookkeeping methods, only through extensive examination of the records could an exact number of employees be determined. Many of the students have more than one job, so the number of checks is an overstatement of the actual number employed. Employees are issued individual checks for each job that they hold.

The major areas of employment are the dining hall, library, mailroom, and Admissions Department (tour guides). Students also work in the language lab, computer center, chemistry lab, and gym. Mr. Ivie said that at various times during the course of the year nearly every administrative department employs students in some capacity or another.

The roughness of the estimates offered by Mr. Ivie seemed to indicate some degree of disorganization on the part of the Business Office. This alone does not constitute any proof of incompetence, since Mr. Ivie emphasized that exact figures are available. However, other manifestations exist.

When asked what the students who work in the gym are paid for, Mr. Ivie said, "To be honest with you, I don't know." In the cases of students employed by the departments, the Business Office simply receives instructions to pay students a certain amount. The WC Business Office, in effect the employer, does not know why these students are being paid.

In a time when cries of financial woes echo from the walls of this institution, a situation such as this, where money is paid out for unknown reasons, appears scandalous.

Bill

CONGRATULATIONS

The Crab extends congratulations to Mike Slagle upon completion of his fine basketball career at WC. Way to go, you Goober!

The Crab also recognizes Dr. An's achievement of publication in The New York Times, and we are proud to call this man part of the WC faculty.

CARRY-OUT COFFEE HOUSE

Another step towards making the Coffeehouse appealing to all sects of the campus will be added shortly. Soon after we return from spring break a carry-out service, to be operated from where the kitchen door leads into the mailbox/lounge area, will be enacted.

What this means is that those who would prefer to shy away from paying an entrance fee on Coffeehouse nights of entertainment, merely to get something to eat, would have an alternative. For those who think of the Coffeehouse merely in terms of its primary raison d'être, as a late-night snack shop, their interests would be served.

The only remodeling done will be a change of doors. The new doors have already been made, according to Cille Geiser, one of the Coffeehouse managers, and all that remains "is a matter of getting maintenace to get them up."

There is more room for Coffeehouse improvement. The addition of two cash registers, strategically located at opposite ends of the bar, would alleviate much of the congestion at the center cash register. Also, it must be noted that, in view of the lack of employee walking room behind the counter, a courier system could be instituted.

In this, each of three "waiters" would man a position- one at the left corner of the counter, one at the center, and one at the right corner. (Hopefully, each would have his/her own cash register- ah, what optimism!) A fourth person would act as relay between the "waiters" and the kitchen, carrying both orders and prepared food.

This would take much strain and pressure off the employees, who are expected to hear

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THOUGHTS

Tolerance

"All roads to God, the myth persists, lead to the same place. Religious belief is only a matter of preference, and religious "'tolerance'" is cultivated in a society where all religions, like people, are considered equal.

"I don't believe it. Christianity has no monopoly on religious insight, true, and it is religious bigotry to force religious practices and doctrines on those who don't believe them. But to say all religions are equally right is an intellectual cop-out. To be so open minded is to be merely empty-headed.

"Even a cursory look at the world religions, including Christianity, shows as many differences as similarities. The Hindu conception of an impersonal deity, for example, contradicts sharply the Christian concept of a personal God. How can all religions lead to the same God if they can't even agree among them on what kind of God they're talking about?

"If God doesn't exist except in philosophical speculation, then our theological differences don't matter. All religions would be equally right because they'd be equally wrong. Often our supposed tolerance of all religions merely masks our contempt for any of them. Such 'tolerance' is simply dishonest.

"But if God is real, He isn't limited by what we think He is, nor can we assume He must fit every known theology. He will have a definite, specific character of His own. And with all the contradicting concepts of God, someone then is going to be wrong, simply because - if God does exist - our differing conceptions can't all be right.

"And if God is real, it is dangerous to 'tolerate' all and accept no religion, because if any one theme is common to most conceptions of God, it is that man is separated from and lost without God, whether he is absorbed into a cosmic consciousness or enters into a personal relationship with God through Jesus Christ.

"Jesus was emphatic when He said, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father except by me.' He was also being as practical as He was spiritual. No man can serve two masters, or walk two roads at once.

"Other religions make different claims, but each one demands similar commitment. The Bible is neither tolerant nor overly philosophical. Christians believe God is revealed in action, not in speculation. The apostle John claimed 'That God gave us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He who has the Son has life; he who has not the Son of God has not life.' This is not philosophy - it is either fact or fiction.

"If Christianity doesn't correspond to facts, junk it. If it does, investigate it completely. But don't just 'tolerate' it.

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STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF- Dave Knepler, Talbot 204
ART EDITOR- Steve Harrell
ASSISTANT INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER- Bill Hallam
COSMIC CONNECTION- Jeff Hirsch
CULTURE EDITOR- John Holland
FOUNDING FATHER- Larry Falk
GROPING GOURMET- Steve Bender
HUMOR EDITOR- Jeff Merriam
TYPIST-IN-CHIEF- Lyn Brettschneider

"AGAINST the EMPIRE"

In 1968, after the disastrous election of Richard M. Exxon, a group of disgruntled musicians got together in California to produce one of the most "off the wall" political recordings ever unveiled by the disc industry.

Developing as an offshoot of the Jefferson Airplane, Grace Slick, Paul Kantner, Jerry Garcia, Graham Nash, David Crosby, and a host of

(Continued on Page 7)

ART WORKS: AN ALTERNATIVE EDUCATION

"'Somewhere in what you do is neither understanding nor time.'" - Jim Miller

In 1970, the average, middle-income American family spent more than $800 on booze, cigarettes and entertainment. That same year an accomplished Philadelphia artist sold a total of one painting for which he received $200.

"Whereas the need for scholars to gather and exchange ideas is firmly embedded in the idea of the university, there is no similar provision in our social structure for exchange among artists." - Arts Works Newsletter

ARTS WORKS. Picture a madly throbbing, vital organ, enveloped by a gelatinous membrane, methodically secreting four-foot square, paint-splattered canvasses. Jim Miller envisions "a defunct boy scout camp sprayed with foam; everyone staying warm and doing things together." Miller and a group of six others have published a proposal in newsletter form expressing an idea that evolved from "a need for a particular life style in the early years of an artist's development that would enable him to cope more effectively with two practical problems: his educational/artistic growth, and his livlihood." Within a flexible educational framework the GOAT-HERDERS MOUNTAIN GREEN ARTS WORKS proposes a physical, intellectual, and aesthetic setting "that will provide an apprentice the opportunity to work for as long as seems meaningful with producing artists" in forms including painting, weaving, pottery, sculpture, photography, film-making, dance, music, theatre directing, playwriting, poetry, prose, and architecture/design. The WORKS' function is to create interaction of the arts, with its focus revolving around a small theatre, "resulting in an awareness of the arts as an interlocked system of experience and expression."

To be composed of approximately 20

(Continued on page 6)

DIVERSIONS

EQUINOX

The Washington College Department of Drama recently staged what it grandly termed "the premiere production of a new American play," Equinox, by H. Jones Baker III. Personally, I felt a bit cheated after all the build-up it had gotten.

Instead of the Great American Drama, I found it to be nothing more than a "soap opera" with glandular problems. The story is centered around the reunion of three spinsterish sisters and their mute brother, on the old family farm, the occasion being the impending death of their once vicious and harridan mother.

All this could have been made into an intense little drama, but instead it became an overblown combination of imitation Tennessee Williams and banal homespun philosophy. There were moments when I expected things to start moving, but each time I was disappointed. This lack of action was magnified by the unbearable pauses after every line in the scened where the sisters tried to force conversation, which was irritating in itself.

Fortunately, the performances helped the evening along immensely. Kevin Madden, Nancy C. Knuth, and April Lindevald played the three sisters Hildy, Ivy, and Thelma superbly, each playing up the peculiar idiosyncrasies in her character. Joel Elins was startingly cold as the mute, and Dave Knepler provided a corny sort of comic relief as the farm hand "Mole." Director Maloney and designer Segal also put forth their best efforts, but unfortunately these didn't help much either.

In spite of all my preliminary caustic remarks, I don't mean to degrade Mr. Baker's talent. He certainly is capable of fine things, as moments of Equinox showed, but I am afraid he still hasn't reached the point where he is able to bring all the talent together in one play.

John

*****

The SGA will show Reefer Madness on March 30, pre-freshman day. Be sure not to miss it!

*****

Our Common Cause

You may have noticed those posters publicizing Common Cause, directing you to Kent 219 for further information. If you have seen those posters, why haven't you done anything about it? That's what Peter DeSelding wants to know.

DeSelding, a junior majoring in Political Science, is the one who put up those signs. So far, said DeSelding, only "about half-a-dozen people of varying sincerity have come up to me" seeking more information.

Common Cause, the DC-based, former HEW Secretary John Gardner-founded organization, is, in DeSelding's words, "a citizen lobby- it doesn't support any public candidates." What CC does support are public disclosures of campaign funding, campaign expenditures, and Congressional voting records. CC also advocates checks on lobby power and public campaign financing, and has "taken over the brunt to

(Continued on Page 8)

Lacrosse Fans Face Travel Woes

Members of Washington College's sub-culture, that beer drinking, fan goading, travelling band of lacrosse fans, find their way of life threatened on two fronts this spring. The schedule and the gas shortage combine to take the fun out of following the stickmen.

Last year, the Sho'men played six home games and seven away games during the regular season. Of the latter, only the Hofstra and Bucknell games could be considered out reach by car. Even in these cases, the distances were only approximately 200 and 150 miles away, respectively. The average away game was played within 85 miles of WC, with two- Navy and Delaware, within approximately 50 miles. Last year's fan could have viewed all seven away games while travelling about 1170 miles (round trip).

This year, the story is quite different. Only five away games are to be played, but in order to take in all of them the avid WC fan would have to travel about 1500 miles. This would also involve making one trip for the Duke and University of North Carolina games, and staying over for the nights in-between (Friday and Saturday). The average away game this year is to be played over 200 miles from from home, with only two (UMBC and BU) within 100 miles. At the other end of the spectrum, two games (Duke and UNC) are to be played about 300 miles away.

In addition to the problem of sheer distance, there is the difficulty of finding sufficient gasoline for these spring time jaunts. With many gas stations displaying "NO GAS" signs, and prices skyrocketing, lacrosse addicts will find it difficult to follow the team. The players and the McDonald's at the Bay Bridge will miss their presence.

Bill

Policy Statement

Tomorrow is a full moon.

According to a London psychiatrist, sleeping in the nude is good for your health. For one reason, it will cure insomnia many times: "Most doctors agree it's more relaxing," said Dr. Robert Shawford. Plus, in view of the energy crisis, sleeping in the raw helps keep you warm, believe it or not. Said the good doctor, "The blood vessels contract and the blood is forced back into the veins," thereby creating more heat retained. (Zoo World)

***These are the words of a General Motors sales executive during a press interview at the National Automobile Dealers Association convention: "The energy crisis has done for big-car sales what pantyhose did for finger fucking." ***(Rolling Stone)

****"Hey, King. Want a little lick?" Those are the words of our benevolent President Nixon, spoken to his Irish Setter, King Timahoe, when Nixon's 61st birthday cake arrived.*** (Rolling Stone)

***The President's blooper during the State of the Union Message to Congress: "Join me in mounting a new effort to replace the discredited President." (New Times)

Dave

"Dear ELm"

Memo: To The Elm
From: The Lovable Crab
Concerning: "Viewpoint," The Washington Elm, Vol. 44, No. 16. Feb. 21, 1974.

You have made a serious mistake in your February 21 issue by responding to Paul Sullivan's letter of expression. Without taking a stand in the topic of controversy, but rather preferring to express concern at the lack of restraint exhibited by The Elm staff, this is what must be said:

In your opening line of "Viewpoint" you stated, "It is not our normal editorial policy to respond to letters to the editor, to do so frequently discourages reader participation- by the nature of our format, we have the last word."

However, beginning the next sentence with the word "But," you go on to state that Mr. Sullivan's letter represents a special case. Indeed, it represents a special case to you because it is contrary to your opinion! You decide which letters to the editor get printed, and it appears as though this letter was printed with the full intent of your publishing a response. (With the last word.)

It is exactly instances of this sort by journalists and newspapers that undermine the constructive basis of the media. It is a flagrant use of the power of the media to respond with your opinion, and not take into account the possibility that other readers (and one consequently did) may have written in response to Mr. Sullivan's letter, in your next issue.

Larry

TEACHER'S PRIMER

(Ed. Note- It was suggested to us, by a faculty member, that it would be most useful to him and other faculty members to have some inkling of the drug culture vocabulary, which has passed them by. So, half tounge-in-cheek, yet hopefully informative, is Volume I of the

"Glossary of Grass"

Grass- The good stuff, marijuana.

Ounce- 28 grams of grass. Grass at WC is usually sold by the ounce, and retails between $15 and $20.

Lid- An amount of grass, usually an ounce but sometimes less, for sale from your local dealer.

Hit- Usually refers to a single portion, capsule, or tablet of a drug. May sometimes mean a toke, or drag, on a joint, pipe, or bong.

B(h)ong- A neat way to smoke dope, a bong is a vertical tube closed at the lower end. Passing through the large tube near the bottom is a smaller tube, one end of which goes down close to the closed bottom of the large tube, and on the other end of it resides the bowl. Into the large tube is then put about 1½-2" of water. The small portion of dope in the bowl is lit. When you inhale on the open top the smoke goes into the little tube from the bowl, down, and then up through the water, up the large tube and into your lungs, having been cooled by it's passage through the water.

(More on Page 8)

Jeff H.

The Inside Dope

Well, contrary to our prediction, the Maryland Senate bills easing the penalties for possession of marijuana were killed in the Senate Judiciary Committee. Only Senators Blount and Mitchell, who sponsored the bills, voted in favor of them, while nine senators voted against each measure.

The opposing senators cited recent reports of marijuana detrimentally affecting chromosones and other body areas as reason for turning down the efforts. They seemingly neglected findings that revealed the opposite- that chromosone abnormalities were slightly higher in non-users of marijuana.

The senators also felt that marijuana's label of "least harmful drug" did not mean that it should be condoned.

More bad news: Two Ohio University psychologists have proved that smoking marijuana might interfere with certain short-term memory abilities. This was ascertained by giving a group of non-partakers and a group whose members had smoked at least one joint a day during the previous six months a list of nonsense syllables. Later, when asked to recall the syllable, the non-smokers did appreciably better (Duh, I can't remember how much better, though.)

Good news that came out of that testing was that, when compared for their mathematical abilities, the two groups fared the same. To the psychologists, this meant that marijuana apparently has no effect on the actual thinking processes.

Meanwhile, Senator Eastland of Mississippi reports that enough marijuana entered this country in 1973 to provide nearly twenty, count 'em, twenty (20) joints for every man, woman, and child in the dear old USA. Did you do your share for America?

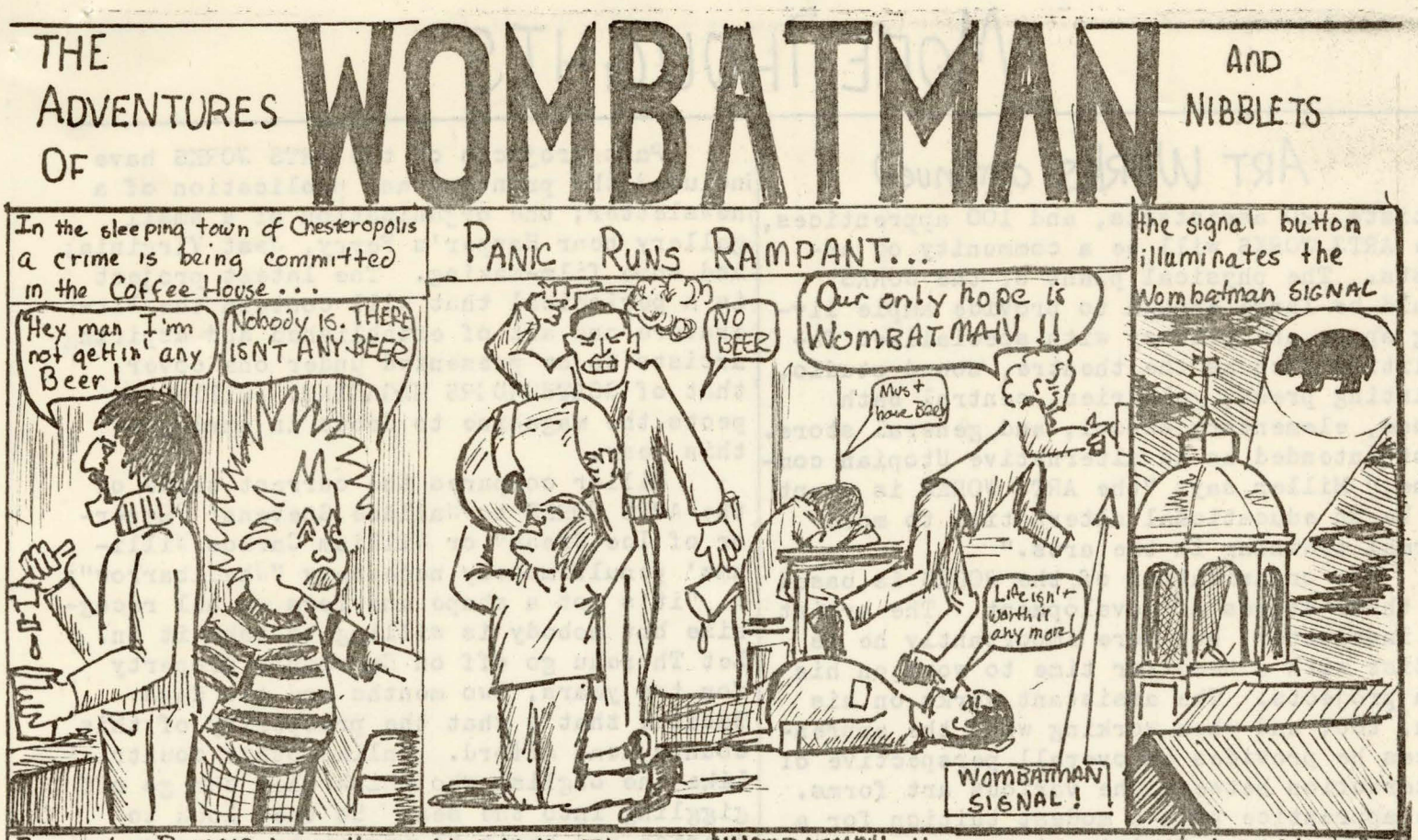
The Big Bong Battle of Somerset is now history. Marty the Magnificent and Rich the Snake each downed 22 bongs of Columbian weed in a half-hour session several weeks ago.

Marty withdrew after his 22nd bong, giving the victory to Rich. As Marty then went out for some air, Rich passed out. Over 60 people watched the proceedings. It was indeed a festive mood that prevailed.

GREEN THUMB DEPARTMENT- Mix the marijuana with an equal amount of dry ice. (Remember to wear gloves!) Place the mixture in a coffee can and puncture the lid to allow CO_2 gas pressure to escape as the ice melts. Place the can in freezer for several days. Voila! - increased potency. No one knows why this is so, but there is some evidence that the freezing renders the THC more available for body absorption. The fresher the grass the more effective is the process. Some success has been noted with simply leaving the grass in a freezer for at least two weeks without the dry ice.

Dave

WORDS



Humor

The Continuing Adventures of J.M. Crab

The Staff of The Crab recently received a wire from a Miss Aqua Marine, which shed new light on the alleged happenings on that given night at the Miller Library.

Miss Marine, who denies ever having pledged a sorority, says that J.M. (or "Crabby", as he was known) fell asleep while reading The Elm. "Nothing ever happened," she said. "No matter what they say we were just good friends."

Aqua, who is now a bubble dancer in Bangor, Maine, went on to explain, when we phoned her last Tuesday, that J.M. was so sngry at having been put to sleep by The Elm that he hit upon the idea of The Crab. "You should have seen old Crabby when he woke up. He wanted so badly to explain his theories of life after death."

J.M.'s story is slightly different. But he has been known to stretch the truth. "What do you expect from someone who crawls sideways?" Miss M said when she heard J.M.'s side of the story ... Find out next time. Jeff M.

"SMALL FRIES"
For Strong Stomachs Only

(Ed. note- For all those who wish to do further reading on the subject that follows, you are referred to the Rev. Jonathan Swift's essay, "A Modest Proposal," available in the Library.)

Much to the chagrin of many exotic afficiandos, one area often chronically neglected in college newspapers is that dealing with the art of cuisine. However, that sad state of affairs is all over beginning this week, when the Groping Gourmet proudly presents his first in a series of exciting new recipes.

The idea for this article originated somewhere between the shower and the bathroom one Sunday morning, as hunger pangs started ripping through my alimentary canal. A thought came to me (I do think occasionally): "Why don't we eat all the babies? That way population would be controlled and everyone

(Continued on Page 7)

MORE THOUGHTS

ART WORKS continued

artists, 20 assistants, and 100 apprentices, the ARTS WORKS will be a community of artists. The physical plant of the WORKS would be large enough to provide ample living space and privacy with specialized facilities such as the theatre, sound studio, printing press, galleries, central bath house, elementary school, and general store. "Not intended as an alternative Utopian commune," Miller says "the ARTS WORKS is meant to be an educational alternative to more formal training in the arts."

The organization of the WORKS is based on three stages of development. The artist is instructor; but more importantly he is artist with a need for time to work on his own projects. The assistant works on his own, too; and when working with the apprentices he provides an overall perspective of interaction between the various art forms. The apprentice pays a modest tuition for a twelve-week term (tuition in most cases can be underwritten by work he produces) and he works with the artist, the assistant and the other apprentices on group or individual projects within his chosen art form. "The relationship of artists to assistants to apprentices," the newsletter observes, "will differ according to the demands of both the art form and those working in that area... consequently, from the universe of discourse possible within the arts community, all involved, and particularly the apprentice, will investigate the common ground as well as personal alternatives toward artistic expression. The various functions of the participants evolves fron the overall concept and leads to several important distinctions: (1) The ARTS WORKS is a school in the broadest sense, avoiding the restrictions of time, place and earned-credit systems. (2) The ARTS WORKS sees its role as that of a halfway house for serious artists across three stages of development. (3) The ARTS WORKS sees performance and production as a measurement of artistic growth rather than transcripts or degrees." Management of the ARTS WORKS is the province of a Director and a Board of Advisors selected by the artists.

The flexibility of the ARTS WORKS, in running counter to established systems, can accomodate artists on sabbatical, artists not affiliated with other schools, and artists with performance or exhibition commitments. The ARTS WORKS calendar extends from March to December in three twelve-week terms thereby utilizing the summer months and coinciding with the peak Spring Dropout season for students looking for alternatives to the formal structures of colleges and universities. The WORKS is designed to meet this need.

Miller frowns at the mention of "Utopia" but concedes that the ARTS WORKS "could be a Utopia but not an Elysian Fields. We're concerned with discipline in terms of the motivation of people who want to be a part of it. It's a great place for people who want to work." (Continued in right column)

Past projects of the ARTS WORKS have included the printing and publication of a newsletter; the organization of a small gallery near Harper's Ferry, West Virginia; and some film-making. The latest project is a periodical that will contain the literature and art of established and aspiring artists to be presented under one cover, that of GOATHERDERS MAGAZINE. Miller expects the magazine to debut in spring of this year.

Miller compares the current state of the ARTS WORKS to Wallace Stevens' "Emperor of Ice Cream" or William Carlos Williams' penultimately necessary "Wheelbarrow": "it's got a shape and form we all recognize but nobody is willing to take it on. Let Thoreau go off on Emerson's property for two years, two months and two days. Because that's what the prosperity of this country can afford. Unlike other countries. Like the English who think they can go off giggling into the sea. So they look to America and begin to institute the same systems that turn out IBM-mold students here."

The artist in America is in a cartoon-like pose: his feet hovering, whirling madly, not yet planted in perspective, not yet ready to quickly carry him into the receding distance. Miller's ideas are a feasible alternative to established institutions, they meet a need in our educational framework, and they deserve support. The ARTS WORKS, as a community and as a meeting ground of the arts, provides broad possibilities for imaginative support of the American Artist. "Consultants, fund raisers, professionals (law, medicine, teaching), executives, politicians, tradesmen (printers, plumbers, surveyors, electricians, etc.) offer specific services required by the ARTS WORKS." Miller is also looking for support from "galleries, museums, advertising and promotional agencies, talent agencies (literary and performing arts), publishing houses, colleges and universities, specialized schools in the arts, and the communication media."

The ARTS WORKS NEWSLETTER presents a detailed projected budget that will allow the WORKS to be as self-sufficient as possible; but initial funds are necessary to get the idea off the drawing board. Miller is actively seeking alternatives to the usual methods of fund raising. "Imaginative feasible approaches are out there, and the WORKS welcomes suggestions and ideas." He

(Continued on Page 7)

Tolerance continued

Whatever road leads to God, it does no good unless we follow it."

The author of this, Ken Ripley is a staff writer for Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, a loosely knit scripture oriented inter-denominational organization, members of the organization on this campus are Joanne Hedgespeth, Tina Hayes, Tom Church, Wayne Baker, and Bob Barringer - meeting together on Thursdays at 10 P.M. 217 Q. A. and are interested to share their faith with anyone, anytime.

Tom Church

more "AGAINST the EMPIRE"

others created an album not liked, or even known, by many people. It was called "Jefferson Starship- It's a Fresh Wind That Blows Against the Empire."

The album was highly political and extremely anti-Nixon. Part of the lyrics read "Hey Dick-pay your dues and get out of the way." But the plot of the record was of the hijacking of the first interplanetary starship vehicle created by this country (In the year 1980). Incidentally, the album received an award for being one of the best science fiction stories of the year.

A couple of years later, and after a couple of more years of Nixon, the Jefferson Starship produced another milestone recording, known to the world as "Sunfighter." This album was another social expression of things gone wrong in our society, this time because of technology and over-population. The major theme was pollution- of the land, sea, air and mind.

Since that time there has yet to be another album bearing the name of JS. Other recordings, however, have come about with relatively the same people ("Baron von Tollbooth" and "The Chrome Nun"), but JS just seemed to disappear.

Perhaps it is a sign of the condition of our country, but something has acted as catalyst to inspire an upcoming tour by Jefferson Starship. The group has never appeared together before in concert, except for a chance show in California about two years ago.

On April 5, JS will be appearing in Philadelphia, at the Spectrum. For those of you who can get into JS (listen to the albums), don't miss it. For those of you who don't particularly care for their music, then you won't miss anything- except for possible the beginning of a new revolution.

Larry

COFFEE HOUSE CARRY-OVER

all the directives of the customers. The customers, in turn, would have less "incompetence" (as it is decreed now) to get upset about. In all, all those who benefit by the existence of the Coffeehouse would be served.

Dave

"SMALL FRIES" continued

would be assured of a decent meal." Granted, this idea isn't original, but being too lazy to do research, I never gave it a second thought. Second thoughts make my head hurt, anyway.

Many dieticians and sociologists have responded favorably to this plan. Dr. Ivan Yurgenov, Asst. Professor of Lunch, at Whatsamatta U., and author of the best-selling novel, "The Baby-Baker", notes that babies provide a delicious break from potatoes, "while also keeping away certain beggars who find the idea of eating their own kind repugnant."

Since this is a relatively new dinner idea, a few of you may have trouble finding a market with babies in stock. This should prove no problem to the dedicated gourmet, however, who often times is willing to spend hours searching out private little shops for the right ingredients. So if your corner butcher is all out of babies at this time, tell him to get with it, and then go visit and adoption agency. They're always overstocked, and you may get a bargain.

Now to the recipe at hand. The first thing to do is place a 10-pound baby into a shallow pan and then pop it into the oven, which has been pre-heated to 450 degrees. (The sex of the baby isn't all that important. Some prefer the traditional first born male, while others covet the tenderness of a plump female with that extra layer of fat. But I think it's all irrevelant.) Cook for approximately 2 hours, basting frequently. Then remove it from the oven. If a meat thermometer is used to judge doneness, insert it at this time, so that the bulb reaches the center of the thigh muscle. Return it to the oven and continue cooking for another 45 minutes. (Note- if baby is stuffed, increase roasting time 30-45 minutes.) When completely done, lift the baby from the pan to a warm serving platter. Save the drippings, as they can be used in gravy.

Yes, you'll be in for quite a treat. You might try eating the baby with fruit or nuts, or whomever else happens to be in your house at the time. Background music, such as "Baby I'm-A Eat You," is also approprate.

And that's not all. In succeeding (God willing) issues, we'll be bringing you the recipes for such delicasies as "French-Fried Baby," "Baby Fricasee," "Pickled Baby," and "Baby-Under-Glass."

Steve B.

FOLLOW THROUGH

ART WORKS continued

is considering trust funds, assigned collateral for initial borrowing power, direct patronage by individuals and businesses. In early March, Miller is planning to take his proposal to private foundations for acceptance and suggestions. Miller asks that those who are interested in giving their support contact him within the next two weeks. The ART WORKS seeks support in five broad areas: 1) financial; 2) land or space; 3) equipment, materials, services; 4) active participation as artist, assistant or apprentice; 5) endorsement.

Along with financial backing, acquiring a location for the WORKS is obviously a priority. "We're looking for people who can put us onto a defunct camp or tie us in with a school." Miller observes that "a hundred acres, wooded, in an urban corridor, with good drainage, and a sufficient water supply and power source would be ideal." An important requirement for the WORKS' location is that of proximity to an urban center where the work can be exhibited or performed. "Within a few hours of Washington, D.C., for example, in Maryland or West Virginia, suitable farms and mountain tops offer sufficient acreage at plausible prices for the creation of a functional, aesthetic oasis."

While seeking such a site, the ARTS WORKS is a state of mind emanating from Box 97, Fairplay, Maryland, 21733

Craig Butcher

CC continued

force the legislatures to accept the (women's equal rights) amendment."

In existence for only three years, CC has close to 300,000 members, who pay $15 a year if they're over 26, $7 if they're 26 or younger. DeSelding joined last June after "reading about them in newspapers," and liking what he read.

The things DeSelding has liked most so far about CC are that "one month after joining the organization you could go armed to Washington with information, without doing any research," that "it opens a lot of doors"- members keep in contact with each other through toll-free numbers, and that CC "is becoming respected as having a play in influence."

Although DeSelding is a McGovern liberal, he warns against CC developing along the same lines. If it did, CC would stand to lose a lot of members, since then it would lose its aura and become "a product of interests that don't run the gamut of political thought. "It would be," he says, "a political organization without a politician."

What DeSelding is aiming for on campus is 25 members; he estimates that there are "perhaps a dozen members on campus" already. He hopes that he could get a big name in CC- maybe Gardner himself- to come to WC to speak and draw interest.

DeSelding thinks that he can overcome the $7 stumbling block, although he admits that "I'm pretty much of a cynic as far as WC student funds are concerned ... All I know is that the students on this campus spend their money in various superfluous ways. If an organization can suck some of the money off, so much the better."

He sees CC's future as Numero Uno citizen lobby group secure "as long as they don't get trapped in moralizing." He cited CC's uniqueness from Nader's Raiders and the like by calling attention to the notion that "CC has a personality- Gardner- but it's not personality-tied."

CC is "a good and useful and productive way to sink your money," says DeSelding, who is plannig to "supersaturate the campus with posters" after spring break. You have been warned.

You may have noticed those posters publicizing Common Cause, directing you to Kent 219 for further information. Of you have seen these posters, why haven't you done anything about it? That's what I want to know.

Dave

ADDITIONAL GLOSSARY

Connection- The person a dealer gets large quantities of uncleaned grass, etc., from for wholesale prices.

Front- Money paid in advance to your connection on a dope deal.

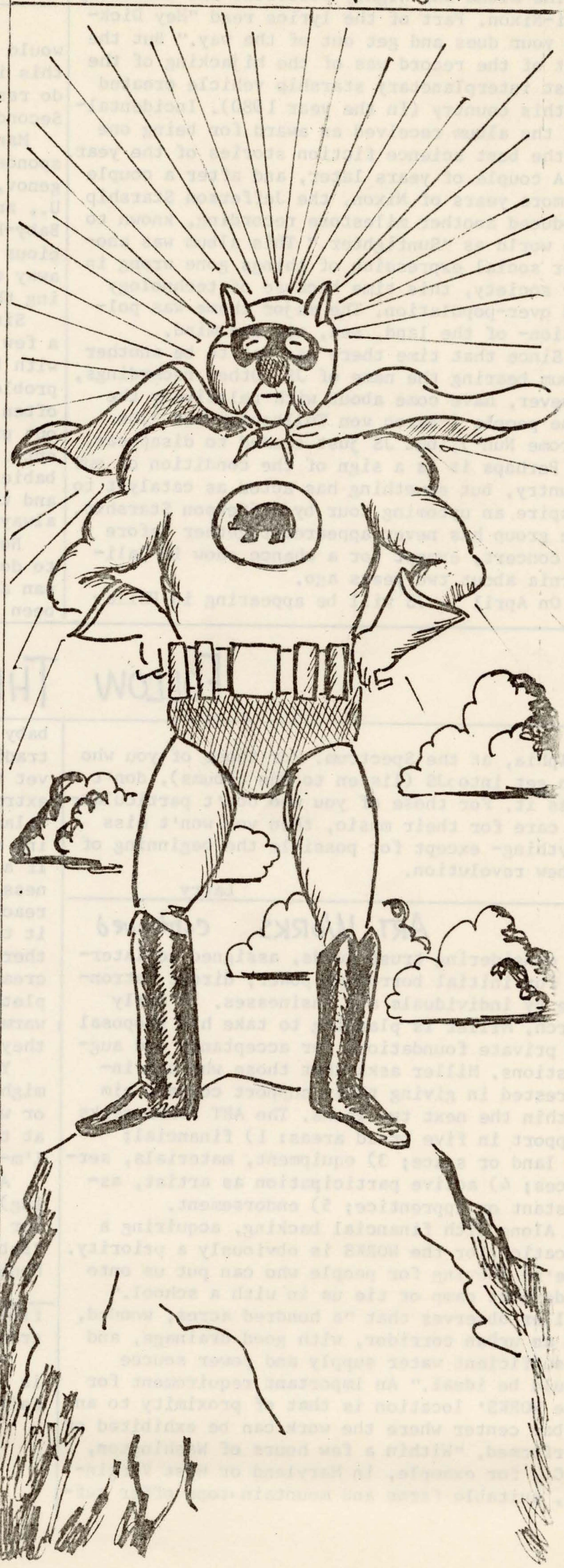
Get burned- What happens to you when your connection splits with your money and you get stuck with no dope.

Blitzed- What all dope smokers enjoy. Being blitzed is the result of smoking an ounce of good grass by yourself in one sitting.

Tripping- Usually refers to an acid trip, but can be used in reference to any psychedelic drug.

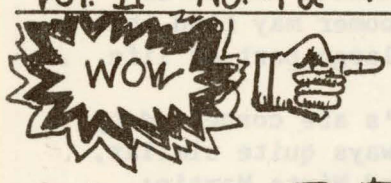
Jeff H.

WOMBATMAN, the man of corrugated card board, the defender of law and order. Watch for the continuing dramatic story of.. WOMBATMAN

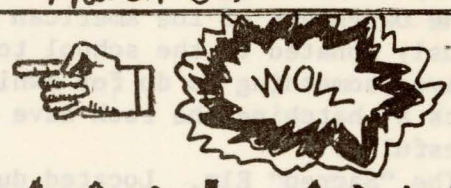


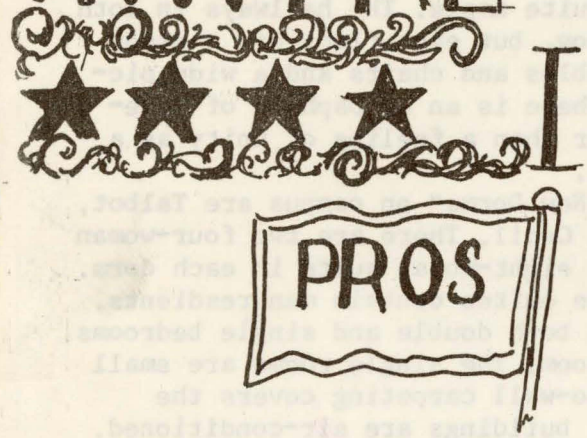
THE WC CRAB

Vol. II No. 4a "A Free Press In A Free Society" March 30, 1974



SPECIAL !!!! PRE-FRESHMAN !!!! ISSUE





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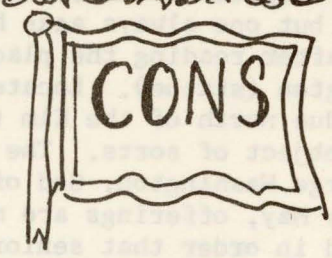

Small classes
Close student-teacher relationship
A surprising number of on-campus diversions

You get to know a lot of people well

No distinction between the four classes
Limited frat-independent friction
Very few restrictions on what you can and cannot do
Co-ed living

Opportunity of specialized living (French-German floor, Spanish house, Richmond House)
If you have a pet fetish that you could make a "Club" out of, the SGA would love to give you money
Non-competitive attitude

Good preparation for grad school
Good faculty
Encouraged participation in varsity sports
Strong intramural program
Violent crime-free campus
Coffee House - good food, good drink, good people
Student Drama Productions
The Crab
Bookstore selection
General cordial atmosphere

TV reception
Pretty little town
Easy access to water sports
Low town crime rate
The Tavern and Liquor Stores (majority age law not enforced)

Partial"suitcase college" atmosphere
A hard time adjusting, at first, if you are not into beer - drinking
Everyone knows your business
Cliques form easily
Few minority students
Preppie syndrome

No discipline on rowdyism

Overcrowding has made study lounges non-existent

Non-academic attitude
Almost universal apathy
High attrition rate
Some poor teachers have tenure

Too many student-to-student rip-offs

The Elm
Some bookstore prices

Maintenance
Health Center (Doctor is in one hour a day)
Library limited by funds
Radio reception
Isolated
No restaurants to speak of in town
Lack of appreciable off-campus activity
Off-campus dating limited without a car

Limited selection of merchandise in stores

--Compiled by The Crab staff

The Real W.C. Tour

So here you are at "historic" WC and you have now finished your "tour" of the campus. Having been a tour guide myself once, in my youth, here is a list of the really important things on campus that you most likely were not shown.

1) The D.A.R. rock. Located across from Minta Martin Hall on Md. Route 213. An absolutly useless egg-shaped hunk of stone that the Daughters of the American Revolution graciously donated to the school to give themselves something to do for awhile. A few attempts at hatching the rock have been made unsuccesfully.

2) The "Sacred" Elm. Located due west of The Rock. This arboreal spectacle is the Grandseedling of the Elm under which George Washington took command of the Continental Army (according to the plaque). The legitimacy of the Elm is much in doubt. After all, it was forced to flee from its family roots, in New England, to Washington College in order to avoid chastisement. Whether the Elm is a grandson or a grand-daughter of G.W.'s Elm is totally irrelevant, but one always asks himself this question after reading the plaque.

3) George Washington (statue). Located about twenty paces due north of the Elm (turn around). A ritual object of sorts. The statue was erected to George Washington, God of Senior Comps. Every May, offerings are made to this powerful god in order that seniors may become graduates.

4) Bill(William) Smith Bell Tower. Located west of the Elm and Big George. The admissions office will have you believe that this is the campus landmark - It is not! Legend has it that JM Crab once attempted to throw a lacrosse ball across the Chester River in a thunder storm to prove one of his hogwash theories. The ball made it across the river but JM dislocated his shoulder. Now the Bell Tower's only purpose is, by its light, to guide low flying airplanes into the water tower.

5) The Water Tower. The real Campus landmark, you can't miss it. The artwork leaves much to be desired. It has been classified by one expert as early Saturday morning (4 am) plastered painting. Climbing the water tower is one of the optional pre - requisits needed for graduation. The view, so they say, is spectacular.

6) The swimming pool. Located someplace, sometime, but not yet and not here.

7) The New Dorms Complex. Located west northwest of the Water Tower. A campus within the campus, it is the home of three mysterious brick blocks. Rumor has it that they are benches. Another legend says that they were left by space travelers as a sign of their visit. In many cases they are utilized as benches anyway.

8) Off campus sights, located off campus. 1) Truslow Boat House, home of a strong and energetic Crew Club and Sailing Club. 2) The President's house. Needless to say, George Washington slept there. 3) The Sub Shop. 4) The Liquor store 5) The Tastee Freeze - local redneck hangout. And, of course 6) The Tavern (or Vern)

So now you know what to look for. Take a good look around, making sure not to cut this place short. Get away from mommy and daddy

(Continued in right column)

Comparative Dorm-living

Minta Martin is the largest women's dorm and houses all three sororities, one on each floor. The rooms that the sororities do not fill up are sometimes assigned to freshmen. These doubles do not have very good lighting and have minimal closet space. Like Reid, Minta Martin has wide halls which make dorm living seem less cramped. The laundry and kitchen facilities are on the first floor, as is the grand piano. Each hall has an established unity, and a newcomer may find that sorority activities are a large part of life in Minta Martin.

Caroline and Queen Anne's are connected by a hallway and are in many ways quite similar. They are newer than Reid and Minta Martin; their furniture is more modern and the atmosphere somewhat more institutional. The doubles in Caroline are especially large and the closet space is quite ample. The hallways in both dorms are narrow, but each floor has a study lounge with tables and chairs and a wide picture window. There is an atmosphere of independence rather than a feeling of unity as a dorm or a hall.

The three "New Dorms" on campus are Talbot, Dorchester and Cecil. There are two four-woman suites and one eight-woman suite in each dorm. The rest of the suites contain men resdients. Each suite has both double and single bedrooms, and a living room. The single rooms are small (7x10). Wall-to-wall carpeting covers the floor, and the buildings are air-conditioned. Four-woman suites have one bathroom; eight woman suites have two. Each four-woman suite has its own kitchenette, and the eight-woman suite shares a large kitchen with the eight-man suite in each dorm. These three dorms are relatively quiet places to live, and they also provide a greater degree of privacy than the other dorms do. Because of the apartment-like structure, it is best if the residents of a suite know each other beforehand.--

--Contributed by Blythe Lasley

Out of the three dorms in which I have lived in the past two years- Caroline, Queen Anne's, and Reid Hall, Reid is by far the best.

The Caroline and Queen Anne's complex is fairly new, only that I have found them to be cold, impersonal and very institutional. The cinderblock walls and built-in closets may appeal to some, but I like a more homey room.

Reid Hall was originally built in the 1800's and has been renovated, but it still retains many old-fashioned elements. The biggest drawback I have found are the colors which most of the rooms are painted- pink or blue. This, however, can easily be remedied by a paint job.

The rooms vary in shape and size, unlike the rather standard size and shape of rooms in Queen Anne's and Caroline. Reid Hall has recently acquired some new furniture for the basement lounge, which makes it perfect for parties and entertaining guests.

In terms of rooms, a single or a double, in my estimations, Reid Hall has it all over the other two.--

--Contributed by Sue Duffin

(Men's Dorms Compared on Page 4)

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and ask some questions that <u>you</u> want answers to. Remember: You may spend four short years here.

Jeff

Whats Going On?

A question which so many pre-freshmen ask themselves is: "What is there to do in Chestertown?" At first glance, there seems to be practically nothing. But a closer look will reveal all sorts of activities for the participant and the spectator.

First of all, there are the famous parties given by various dorms, frats, classes, and the SGA. Held periodically, they are an unsurpassed source of entertainment and relief from the strains of work.

For those that don't partake of such earthly pleasures, there is food for the intellect as well. The Concert Series presents six concerts each year featuring superb musicians, some world famous, others not so well known. Highlights of the past two years have been the Julliard String Quartet, the New York Brass Quintet, bass baritone Simon Estes, medieval music by the Cambridge Consort and Les Menestriers, and most recently, pianist Raymond Lewenthal, who astonished even the most apathetic listeners. To round out the music scene there are usually several concerts featuring rock and popular performers.

If you prefer to be more involved in music, there are three fine organizations on campus for such activities- the Washington College Chorus, Chorale, and Band. Each gives two concerts a year and are under the dedicated direction of John Klaus. Those interested in joining must audition (which isn't nearly as bad as it sounds!)

The dramatic arts are equally as well represented. Each year the Drama Department presents two or three full scale productions; this year's were Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors, the world premiere of H. Jones Baker's Equinox, and Moss Hart & George Kaufman's You Can't Take It With You, which will be performed in April.

The studio theatre also presents plays on a more intimate level, with student direction. Auditions are usually open to all students.

For film fans, there is the Film Series, which presents the finest in art films. Recent presentations have been Hiroshima Mon Amour, The Seagull, and The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. Current feature films are often sponsered by the different classes.

Though this covers most of the events happening on campus, there are still numerous others- the Coffee House, student recitals, visiting lecturers and authors, and notably the soccer, basketball, lacrosse and baseball teams.

Off-campus are the movie theatres in Chestertown and nearby Church Hill, as well as the infamous Tavern! Due to the gas shortage, travel has been limited this year, but in the past, students have taken day trips to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York for plays, games, concerts, operas, museums, and countless other pastimes. So you see, it's not so bad after all!

John

The Washington Crab is a sometimes publications created by those in pursuit of journalistic happiness. Sometimes we aim to amuse, inform, and infuriate, and sometimes we aim to amuse, abuse, and confuse. You also happened to catch us on a "straight" day. We like WC and we're trying to make it better.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF- Dave Knepler, Talbot 204

STAFF- Sue Duffin, Steve Harrell (ART EDITOR), Bill Hallam, John Holland, Jeff Merriam

Sports Re-cap

There is enough variety in the athletic scene at Washington College that nearly everyone can find a sport to suit his tastes either as a participant or a spectator.

WC offers eight intercollegiate sports for men and two which are open to both men and women. In addition, a well-rounded intramural program gives a large percentage of the College community- both students and faculty- a chance to exhibit physical prowess and engage in team sports without the tremendous sacrifices of time required by varsity sports. Approximately 80% of the men and 50-75% of the women take part in intramurals.

Presented here are records, comments and observations on the most recently completed seasons of each of WC's intercollegiate sports teams.

Fall Sports (1973)

Soccer- The team posted a 9-2 regular season record. It took part in playoffs in the Mason-Dixon and Middle Atlantic Conferences as well as the NCAA Tournament, posting a final record of 10-5. Several players received honors. Bill Williams was 1st team All-MAC and All-M-D Conference. Paul Brown was 1st team M-D and received Honorable Mention in the MAC. Ben Fitzgerald was 2nd team All-M-D, and received Honorable Mention in the MAC. Dave Beach, Bob Hickman, and Pete Takach received Honorable Mention in the MAC.

Soccer games are widely attended with fan activity bordering on fanaticism.

Cross-Country- The team finished with a record of 2-8.

This is one of the sports at WC which is followed only by a dedicated few.

Winter Sports (1973-74)

Basketball- The team, hurt by academic and personal problems, posted a 3-19 record, losing several heartbreakers. The Shore quint, led by Co-Captains Mike Slagle and Jerry Moye, showed promise in the play of several freshmen, with one, Geoff Kurtzman, finishing in the top twenty in the state in both scoring and rebounding.

Attendance and enthusiasm at basketball games are moderate.

Wrestling- Like the basketball team, the wrestling team was hurt by academic and personal problems. It had to forfeit in several weight classes and finished 1-9-1.

Wrestling is another one of those sports with relatively few followers.

Bowling- This sport, open to both men and women, is the newest at WC. The team, organized last year, saw its first test in the Southern Division of the Intercollegiate Bowling League this year. The men's team, led by Lee Parks, was 2-4, while the women's team, paced by Debbie Francis, was 2-2 and will compete in the League playoffs.

Spring Sports (1973)

Baseball- The team posted a frustrating 4-10 record last spring. Paul Brown and Steve Raynor earned spots on the All-MAC team.

Crew- This relatively new sport at WC is now in its 3rd year as an organized team. Open to both men and women, crew is on the rise. The team competes successfully against large schools. Last year, the Varsity boat defeated 3 opponents and lost to 3. The JV boat beat 3 and lost to 2, while the Freshman boat was 2 and 4.

Interest in this sport is limited, but growing.

Tennis- The team's record was 4-8. This year,

(Continued on Page 5)

History of the Nude Runs

Washington College's proudest tradition, placed above even the hallowed trademarks of academic heritage, good lacrosse teams, and the Plaster of Paris sculpture of George Washington that is propped up in the Dining Room every February, is the May Day Nude Runs.

Why does this occasion stick out further than any other? Perhaps if we investigated the history of these midnight trots we might be able to get up an answer.

How did it all arise? As senior Rich "Fuzzy" Norris grasps it, the May Day Nude Runs were an outgrowth of the 1971 alternative to hot weather- water fights. So, in 1972, students, instead of relying on possibly hazardous aquabattles to beat the heat, removed their clothes to beat it.

It all started, said Fuzzy, with English instructor Bennett Lamond's May Day bash around the Maypole. Phi Sigma Kappa pledge Jim Thompson began to start feeling pretty good just about then, and continued to raise his spirits as a spectator at the JV Lacrosse game versus Salisbury State. The evening wore on with Big Jim getting into a better and better mood. For some reason, although it was only 10 PM, Jim thought it was 2 AM and decided to make a dash au naturel around the what-he-believed-to-be-closed library. Well, let's let Jim tell it.

"I just ran up to the door, and I ran into some guy coming out," revealed Jim. "And that just didn't make sense."

Jim then turned around, and, to his astonishment, noticed that a fanatic group had gathered in front of West Hall to cheer his exploits. And so the Father of the Nude Run begat his children.

Jim was soon joined by Thetas Bob Shriver and Tom Washington, and Lamdas Maynard Kirpalani, Roy "Duke" Larson, and Steve Sandebeck "in his black socks." But where was a KA representative? Jon Spear stepped bravely forward, but, Maynard recalled, he merely "got his fly down and zipped it up."

So the Starting Six, remembers Jim, "spent most of our time on 213, thumbing rides and dancing around." Since that time Jim has retired from the Runs. "I can't get into planned Runs," he bemoans.

Although Jim Thompson is regarded as the Founding Father, Sig Wilton Beery had made unscheduled appearances throughout the year. According to Jim, "Wilton was making his own dashes that year...doing weird things at night. He also did a daylight run." Wilton was off running somewhere that May Day, Jim believes.

May Day 1973 rolled around one year later. An announcement during dinner stating that the Nude Runs would definitely be held got everyone excited. Three hours later, the crowd gathered around the embankment opposite Reid Hall grew tense- it was getting late, and no nude male had yet dared to show his, uh, face. But George Kaloroumakis put an end to the worry.

"I wasn't even drunk or anything. I was just enjoying the evening," said George. But he knew someone had to be the first. He called for a leader; someone shot back, "You be it, big mouth." As George remembers, "I took my shirt off- a roar went up from the crowd. Then off went my drawers. Bert (Cook- more on him later) was only two or three seconds behind me." Tom Washington and Jay Hall quickly followed suit. "It was warm out," recalled Jay.

(Continued on Page 5)

Comparative Dorm-living

We began college life in Somerset. Since we were freshmen it didn't seem all that bad. We served our sentence there- two years on the minimum security second floor. Sometimes it wasn't too bad as we had recreation periods (Hall hockey and water fights).

We were due to be paroled at the beginning of our junior year, as the wardens promised us Cecil House. Instead, we spent two months on death row in the dungeons of Somerset basement, where the rats run wild and the trash piles high.

We were finally released in custody of the superintendent of Cecil. The white walls and padded floors made us wonder where we had been sent. The place was almost too clean- we longed for the dirty life.

Now in our second year of suburban WC life we seem to have adjusted and appreciate the royal red carpet, the air-conditioning, and the MAID (Kathy) service. We also appreciate the warm, soft caresses of our RA, whom we call "Mother." She always understands any problems we have. Any problems!

As we look at it we have served our time, walked the line, paid our fine, and had a good time! --

--Contributed by John Balentine and Mike De Santis

To compare the differences in living standards and conditions it is necessary to remember that living in a fraternity atmosphere must be considered a difference. In Kent House a number of things contributed towards the conditions that existed.

Differences- In Kent House, the rooms were rather impersonal, while rooms in Middle Hall, being older, seem less institutionalized. The room sizes are adequate for the number of people living in them at both places. Bathrooms are more personal and smaller in Middle Hall. However, the general cleanliness of both places is about the same.

The amount of damage that is done is less in Middle Hall because of the fraternity atmosphere of brotherhood and respect for other brothers. The noise level can be easily controlled by asking a brother to turn it down, but in Kent House relationships were not based on this spirit and hence you accepted the noise level to avoid arguments.

Actually, Middle Hall, because of the existence of two fraternities within its walls, is not necessarily very different than other dorms.

--Contributed by Jackie Johnson

Odds & Ends

Justice strikes back: You remember the night watchman at Watergate, the man who discovered the bungling burglars and has possibly caused a complete turnabout in the political career of Richard Nixon? Well, do you know why he was working this lousy late-hour shift at menial wages? It seems that a certain President Nixon, never known for his love of the poor/minorities, made a cutback in the Job Corps program, making this poor fellow in North Carolina lose his job and sending him on a pilgrimage to DC, where he got a job the only place he could- Watergate.

(Source- Dick Gregory in Zoo World)

Remember the song Montego Bay? Composer and singer Bobby Bloom was found dead of apparently self-inflicted gunshot wounds Feb. 28Dave

History of the Runs (cont.)

Soon 30 males joined in, both frat fellows and independents (George, it should be noted, belonged to the latter group.) Ten minutes later a policeman arrived. "We were hitchhiking and he went by," asserts George.

The runs went on for about an hour-and-a-half. The proceedings were interrupted several times by police intervention, and clothed visits were paid by Deans Kelley and McArdle, President McLain, and Chestertown Mayor Brooks. Of McLain, George remembers hearing him say something to the effect of "I wish I was a few years younger."

Many memorable performances were done that night, and the performers were all subsequently rewarded at a Coffee House "banquet." George was of course given the Catalyst Award. Best Performance by a Lacrosse Player was achieved by Tom George ("George was pretty good nude," remembered Bert Cook.) The Best Moon was cast by Joe Bayles unto Dean Kelley. Service Stars, for return performances, were given to Shriver and Washington.

The Most Valuable Nude, and Outstanding Freshman Award both went to Pete Takach. Why did you win them, Pete? "I made some solo runs with the Maypole across 213. I stuck it in the ground." Matt Cordrey, who failed to show last year, was given the May Day Wuss Award. "I will be the Biggest Wuss again this year," predicts Matt. The Lamdas were issued Most Nude Group honors.

But three outstanding contributions remain. Who can forget Bert Cook's fall down the embankment, tumbling to a halt on the road? Cook was given the Most Spirited Award as compensation. He believed he was given the Award for "just heroics above and beyond the call of duty."

And how about the Volkswagen 7? Hah, step aside, Gainseville 6, Chicago 7, Catonsville 9, Indianapolis 500, and Watergate 2000- admit defeat! When it had looked like things were beginning to calm on that fateful night, what should appear but a Volkswagen on 213. Out of the car dashed the males- Bayles, Bob Cigala, "Arlo" Guthrie, Rick Horstman, Larry Kopec, and Mitch Mowell. The 7th, and equally nude, was the driver, Mike Mann. Mike, still in his car, was pulled over by the police, but released several minutes later. To this day, Mike has the Most Original Performance Award for his action, and the other six were given Best Supporting Role Awards.

But the best was saved for last. Borrowing a 3-speed bike, bareback rider Chris Eastridge peddled down the fire lane and out onto 213. "It was entirely spur of the moment," said Chris. "The idea just struck me to get on a bike and ride down 213- it struck me as a good idea at the time."

Wasn't the ride a little (ah, how can I put it?) "bumpy," Chris? "No. It was no more or less comfortable than riding a bike any other time...The wind felt good."

Parallel to Bunting, on 213, a police car tried to pull Chris over. Escaping off the bike, Chris fled on foot. "I was just running along and I heard this guy (Policeman Anton) panting behind me and I got kind of nervous. I ran over to Bunting and hid behind a bush. I thought I was safe, but then I felt a hand on my wrist and I knew I was caught."

Although he wasn't frisked, neither was he issued a coat, as he was then brought "Downtown"

(Continued in right column)

by the policemen.

Chris feels he benefited from his ride, saying he "got a first hand glance at the American court system." His advice for future nude riders: "Don't ride down 213 and watch out for Anton." Can we expect another Eastridge appearance? "No, I'm retired as is Mr. Thompson." For his truly devoted efforts, Chris was crowned Mr. Mayday.

This year the May Day Nude Runs are "going to be great" believes Jay Hall. Cook is hoping for a "100% turnout." The Lamdas are talking up the idea of a "warm-up" party. Dean McArdle has spiked those rumors that he will run by declaring, "No.No. Absolutely no. I see no point in it."

McArdle, however, is looking forward to the May Day occurence, providing that the runners "slow down a little" and that it "definitely be bi-gender." That is the hope of all the males, but only for the honorable purpose of crowning a "Miss Mayday."

You, too, can be a Nude Runner. Said last year's Catalyst, "It surprised me (that he started the Running) just as much as it surprised anybody else."

But don't ever call a Nude Runner a Streaker! Says George, "The Nude Runs are an occurence that comes once a year and it's something that you don't want to 'run dry.' Streaking is just too much of a fad."

Until May Day, your chronicler,

Dave

P.S. It has been announced that this year's Nude Runs may have some alumni as Runners, since invitations are being extended to all those Runners who have graduated. It is even rumored that Wilton Beery has moved into Chestertown, and, should he accept the invitation, he will be especially hailed.

Sports Re-cap (cont.)

bolstered by a crop of freshman talent, the tennis team started off the season with a win over Dickinson.

Track- Injuries plagued the track team. Despite school record-breaking performances in four events, the team finished 1-8. Steve Bartalasky set a school record in the 440 yd. intermediate hurdles, Tom Clement set a school record in the half-mile, the mile relay team of Clement, Johnson, Maskrey and Scharf set another record, and Pete Murphy set a school high jump mark. The squad is 0-1 this year.

These sports all have rather poor attendance. This does not reflect upon them as much as it does upon the fact that they're competing with lacrosse, a WC tradition.

Lacrosse- Last year, the team posted a 10-7 record while competing with such powers as Navy and Hopkins, and finished second in the USILA Tournament. The nationally ranked Sho'men placed three players on the College Division All-America Team: Bob Shriver, 1st team, Greg Lane, 2nd team, and Tom George, 3rd team. This year, the club started strong, beating Syracuse 24-7. Then, after competing in the Hero's Tournament, in which it played three games in three days, came back after only one day to lose to Hopkins 20-10. Today's contest pits the Sho'men against 1st ranked Maryland, a team to which they lost 12-10 to at the Hero's.

If the soccer fans are near fanatics, the lacrosse fans start at fanaticism and, from there, go to greater extremes.

Bill

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"ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE TIED."

AT LONG LAST!!

THE W.C. CRAB

"A FREE PRESS... ...IN A FREE SOCIETY" DEC. 12, 1974

GROUP CONFORMITY SEEN AS POWERFUL INFLUENCE AT W.C.

Among the first things that a student realizes when he first comes to W.C. is the enormous responsibility he feels to conform to the group. The college community, he is told, is a special group of people. It takes hard work to become a member of this group and to be able to participate socially with its members, but in the end, we are told, it will be worth the sacrifice.

Males find the pressure to conform especially intense. They must fit the mold of an "American college male" or else face ostracism. So in order to help those of you who wish to be an "American college male", but aren't sure what the requirements are, here is a list of things you must and mustn't do:

1) Never take a shower at night, for this implies that your night is over. Instead, shower in the morning, being careful to point out to everyone that it is a cold shower for your hangover.

2) Never wear pajamas. It will embarrass your roommate and elicit laughter in the hall when you go to brush your teeth.

3) Never flush the toilet. Some people like surprises.

4) Never go to bed before 2:30 A,M., unless you are sick. In that case, 2:00 A.M. is permissible, if you take whiskey for the aches and pains. Put your stereo on at full blast for as long as possible, and open your door so that others may benefit from your musical sophistication. If someone asks you to turn it down a bit, say, "Fuck off, wuss, it's partying time." Then turn it up louder.

5) Get high as often as possible. Never refuse dope. Pretend that you know everything that there is to know about dope, even if you can't tell it apart from Salada tea. Tell everyone how you used to do heroin, but kicked it, and now do only soft stuff like acid, cocaine, and Alka-Seltzer.

6)Make up stories about your sex life. Include in them such figures as the President's daughter or a female professor.

7) Never wear a good shirt together with good pants. Doing so implies that you are either a fage or a registered Republican.

(cont. on page 2)

CRAB WELCOMES NEW EDITOR

It is with great joy and a sense of awe and expectation that the Crab proudly announces a change in leadership with the swearing in of a new editor, the Rt. Rev. Harding F. Pard, D.D. Considered by himself to be merely "a supernova in a galaxy of rising stars", Pard promises to give the Crab a new direction, possibly vertical, in place of the "all-too--common horizontal."

For those of you who have not had a chance to talk with Pard, or "Rev", as he is affectionately known to his followers, and discuss such existential issues as the psycho-sexual relationship between the rise in price of a roll of Charmin versus the drop in the Gross National Product, the Crab is including here a personal biography of ol' Harding, so that you might become more acquainted with the man who has been called by some, "the Secretariat of the Seminary."

Harding F. Pard was born in the Sumerian city of Ur in the year 3271 B.C., according to the clay tablet that has been hermetically sealed inside a no.# 12 mayonnaise jar and kept on Funk and Wagonall's porch ever since. His father was a wealthy merchant and part-time bard; his mother was a cow(you heard right). During the third millenium, Harding was educated at the University of Babylon, Batimore County, where he studied animal husbandry and the ribald classics. At the tender age of 3013, he landed his first job, persecuting Christians in Palestine and Asia Minor. It was during a successful campaign in Syria that a light came down from the sky and threw him from his horse. A voice boomed from the heavens, "Harding, Harding, why persecuteth thou me?" To which Harding replied, "Well, it beats working."

(cont. on page 2)

Mc Nulty Named First Cafeteria Traffic Control Commissioner

Recently the International Board of China Makers and Glass Blowers appointed the Honorable Russell "Bongo" McNulty as W.C.'s first Cafeterian Traffic Control Commissioner. The Crab managed to catch Bongo on his way out of one of the windows of Foxwell Hall, where he had been studying the sex lives of prunes. Under some duress, the Honorable McNulty agreed to an interview.

Crab--Tell us about your job, your plans of attack.

Bongo--Listen, I'll tellya. I never seen such a mess.

(cont. on page 3)

INSIDE TODAY

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OUR POOR EXCUSE FOR AN EDITORIAL PAGE

An Open Letter to Ms. Melody Echard:

Your naivete is not to be believed. I read your letter in the Dec.5 issue of the Elm first with a brief eye and then with an intense search for an individual that obviously exists in a fog. I sympathize with your concern for the suppression of women in all walks of life and maybe at Washington College, but I resent the sexist attitude that you yourself have assumed in discussing a serious problem.

The problem is not only with women recognizing their plight or "realizing that they have been socialized." The problem is, men and women or should I just call them people. You complain of the lack of women's leadership in the SGA, yet I must complain of the complete lack of leadership regardless of sex. You say it is first necessary for "women to admit to themselves that there is a problem on this campus involving a lack of free-expression for women." Again I must complain that there is a lack of free expression regardless of sex.

I have the feeling that many women on this campus resent your over-generalization of them. Perhaps you see so much "ornamentation" in the cafeteria because you are looking so hard. All I see are people trying to at least keep themselves from being unkempt. Go to the city and then you'll see some ornamentation. As far as the W.C. café is concerned, I believe it is minimal.

I'm sure that it probably is difficult by "oneself to effect a revolution on this campus." I'm sure that it probably is "difficult in trying to liberate your friends." It must require endless patience, determination, and a great deal more courage, than is recognized or can be appreciated." But I'm also sure that it is probably equally if not more difficult to liberate yourself from the plastic women's lib impression that you portray. Why must you be a sexist revolutionary? Why can't there be a revolution among people? People recognizing people as equals. Not as blacks, ethnics, or women.

Your complete disregard for the emotions of men towards women is sad. Perhaps women try to attract men and men try to attract women because they need each other. William Shakespeare didn't write some 170 sonnets for nothing. He wrote them because he was in love and was moved to express that love and those feelings toward a woman. The feelings that one has when one is in love are almost indescribable.

I'm sure that you may have thought you've experienced those feelings before, but if you have, why have you neglected the realism of those emotions? Your idea for a campus discussion is fantastic, but how can we discuss anything with you when you won't let anyone get a word in edgewise?? And if someone did, you aren't prepared to listen anyway. You're as close-minded in your staunch pseudo-women's lib mind as the male chauvinists that you despise so much!

Love,
Larry Falk

P.S.-What are you doing Saturday night?

CONFORMITY (cont. from page 1)

9) Say "I was really fucked up last night at least 5 times a week. You will work up to it gradually.
10) Drink every beer as if it was your last. Pretty soon it will be.
11) Always keep a couple of Trojans in your desk drawer to show that you always come prepared. Failing to do this implies that you have given up hope.
12) Play poker at least once a week, losing as much money as possible, just to show that it doesn't really hurt. Then steal it back.
13) Say "It's the tits" a lot. No one knows what this means, but it sounds condescending.
14) Don't take Lit, Drama, Music, or Art courses. Those are for fairies. Take Chemistry, Physics, Math, or Economics instead.
15) Remember that showing consideration implies weakness. Act as if you are the only one alive in the world and, if everyone does so too, pretty soon you probably will be.

Take heed of these warnings, act on them wisely, and you too may know the unparalleled success of an "American college male" at Washington College. Why, you might even be asked to write for the Crab.

H.F.P.

CRAB STAFF CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard
Contributing Writers: Steve Bender, Ambrose Bierce, J.M. Crab, Larry Falk, Dave Knepler, and Crazy Ernestine

NEW EDITOR (CONTINUED)

Always known for his gift of repartee, Harding moved on a bigger and better things. In 43 A.D., he cut his first hit record, "Christians Roasting On An Open Fire." Later, upon moving to the U.S., he found nothing but success. He designed the Edsel, planned the Bay of Pigs invasion, directed George McGovern's presidential campaign, and produced "The Sonny Comedy Revue." Then he topped off everything by becoming a priest. And now he hopes to continue this great tradition here at W.C. Well, all we can say is, "Good luck, Rev, you couldn't have picked a likelier place."

TODAY'S FAMOUS QUOTE:

"Are school buses yellow?"--Anonymous

Maynard + the E.C.'s MUSIC REVIEWS

After having heard and considered the "outside" rock groups brought in to play at the Coffeehouse and Hodson Hall dances the Crab staff feels that it is time to give attention to some home-grown talent.

The primary W.C. quartet is "Maynard and the Executive Council." Maynard Kirpilani, a product of Darien, Connecticut, is the superstar of the group. Chosen to be the lead vocal, Maynard has done an adequate, although at times he has sung the wrong words. The Darien Deriviative has performed some solo efforts, most notable of these being the ever-popular "100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall."

Cool Carol Baker has spent many long hours learning exactly where she fits in with the group, and the work has paid off --Carol has become an expert on the player piano. She has neither penned any of the band's hits, nor has she attempted any solo performances. However, she is still there, nonetheless.

Violinist John Eigenbrot can bring tears to anyone's eyes. His rendition of Logginss and Messina's "Even Though We Ain't Got Money" has moved many members of the audience to weep uncontrollably. Dancing Bear, as John is affectionately known, would most likely become quite an accomplished star in the circus if the group didn't exist, as he continually keeps the audience in stitches with his uproarious attempts at balancing the budget with his eyes closed.

The latest addition to Maynard and the E.C.'s is Shaky Vin Trivelli on drums. Although his vocal attempts are often branded "off-key", he records all of the group's inspirations, sometimes even spelling words correctly.

As of yet, Maynard and the E.C.'s have made no efforts of any lasting influence. Their song detailing voting procedure, adapted from the Temptations' "Ball of Confusion," has not been followed up with the promised sequel, "We Can Work It Out." Perhaps the reason is that Maynard has been busy backing up the Rape Control's version of "Help Me Make It Through the Night."

The group has performed well in concert, despite interruptions from rowdy Matt Clark, who enjoys breaking into renditions of Carly Simon's "That's the Way I Always Heard It Should Be." They are at present relying only on tradition and not ground-breaking in any way. Nonetheless, they are considering carrying the tune of Larry Falk's revolutionary adaptation of the American Breed's "Bend Me, Shape Me." The success of Maynard and the E.C.'s relies on this.

D.K.

THE WEATHER

... will probably continue throughout the rest of the week and maybe even longer.

TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER

(cont. from page 1)

The traffic pattern in your cafeteria is horrible. The China Union of America is cleaning up! We are going to have to implement the world-famous "Right-of-Way Plan of the University of Bosnia."

Crab--And what is that?

Bongo--Actually, it's quite complicated. Basicly, liquids have right-of-way over solids. The problem arises in distinguishing which solids have the right-of-way over other solids. The messiest solids have top-priority, and solids -like steak- must yield. Spaghetti and chicken pot pie are equal. Both have right-of-way over lasagna and lasagna has right-of-way over roast beef. Unless the roast beef has gravy, and then they're equal. For the time being, we will play it by ear. But soon we will have a 2 week, 1 hour a day mandatory clinic on Bosnian rules.

Crab--What other difficulties do the Bosnian rules pose?

Bongo-- Well, liquid is also a problem. Soup in particular. There is a stain scale we use to determine right-of-way. We call it the Intensity of Stain Scale of ISS. Tomato soup has a 9.5 rating, while a clear broth has a 2.6 rating. Tomato has right-of-way.

Crab--Besides the Bosnian rules, what else can be done?

Bongo--We are thinking of putting a stoplight at the intersection in front of the main entrance. We have troubles with collisions between people dropping their trays and people emerging from the pick-up area. This must stop to improve our safety rating. Another idea is electric belts with turn signals and back-up lights.

Bongo had a pressing engagement on the 4th floor of Kent House so we let him go. Strange man. --J.M. Crab

-POET'S CORNER-

The "Poet's Corner" is our newest semi-regular feature. It features previously unpublished works that were too esoteric for the WCR. Today's poem is entitled "Love Like Birdies" by Selma Queynte.

All people need love
Like the birdies above
Who sing sweetly and ask nought but our Seed
They sing such nice songs
They right all their wrongs
And only on love do they feed
Big birdies do
Little birdies too
They chirp with their ma and their pa
So do like the rest
Be like Robin Redbreast
Who's got "Love" writ right on his bra.

***

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POLICY STATEMENT

For those of you who remember the Crab, we're back again at last. For all of you new-comers, we welcome you to Washington College. The Crab, hopefully, will continue to serve in your interest, presuming, of course, that we did so in the first place. In the past, our purpose has been to improve the Elm through competition, and to see our names in print. But the Elm has proved itself beyond our help, so we have embarked on a new course of existence--to improve these United States and the rest of the free world.

The Crab once again reminds its readers that we are interested in what you have to say, and will print any and all contributions so long as we deem it to have artistic merit, it conforms to the laws concerning libel and obscenity, it does not appeal to the prurient interest of Gerald Ford, it is not postmarked in Cleveland or Buffalo, and it is sealed in an envelope bearing a genuine Eisenhower stamp.

There are just lots and lots of ways to get your contribution to us. You can drop it off at the rooms of one of these people:
Steve Bender--Kent 115
Larry Falk--Kent 100
Dave Knepler--Kent 219
Jeff Merriam--Somewhere upstairs in Talbot

You can also send it to us by way of trans-Siberian camel, but that takes a lot longer and camels smell awful.

****

And before we forget, what kind of God-fearing, Commie-hating, Eastern Shore, real-type Americans would we be if we didn't take the time to wish each and everyone of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year? Well, for one thing, we'd be a helluva lot more realistic.

But, since 'tis the season to be jolly, how's about a little Christmas carol(or, how's about a little Carol for Christmas?) All right, all together now:

♫ I'll be home for Xmas/ You can count on me/ Dreams of snow and mistletoe/ And presents on the tree./Xmas Eve will find me/ Where the love-light gleams/I'll be home for Xmas/If only in my dreams. ♫

Kinda gets you right there, doesn't it? The only trouble is I stole this from somebody, and I don't know who, so whoever it is, please realize that I was only trying to cheer these people up for Christmas, so please don't sue me.

****

Someone is probably going to complain that we didn't include any sports, which is true, and the last page should have some sports. We wish we had a good excuse, but we don't, unless you happen to dig ignorance. So, tell you what--why don't you all go look up Andrea Kirby and see what you've missed. (We think you'll come out ahead.)

S.B.

RANDOM NOTES

The following disjointed pieces of reality were taken from the National On Campus Report. Any semblance between them and any fictional character, alive or dead, is strictly unintentional.

****Distribution of a student government "survival Guide" was ordered halted by U. of California at Los Angeles administrators who claimed the book encouraged violations of state laws and UCLA regulations. But before the distribution could be stopped, most of the banned books were already in the hands of students. The remainder were released after the U. had a disclaimer placed in each one. The administrators objected to advice contained in the book such as tips on smoking dope without getting caught, how to smuggle food from the cafeteria, how to forge UCLA permission slips, and how to use stolen lumber to bulid bookshelves.

****A Cornell U, psychologist's survey reports that 31% of all undergraduates there have cohabited with an unmarried member of the opposite sex for at least 3 months. The figure ranged from 5% for male engineering students to 50% for male arts and sciences students.

****The 280,000-student California State U. system has implemented a program being tried on a smaller scale at a number of other colleges: academic amnesty. After a five-year waiting period, a student may erase an entire year of poor grades and start over. Taking the approach a step further, the U. of Miami is beginning a disciplinary amnesty program. Students there can wipe clean a past disciplinary record or fulfill disciplinary probation by serving a period of community volunteer work.

****The anti-establishment, unkempt, stereotype of the 60's" student no longer applies, according to a survey done for the National Association of College Stores and Publishers Clearing House; nearly 100% of today's students use shampoo, toothpaste, deodorant, and soap.

****Barnard College was forced to eliminate a previously all-black dormitory floor in compliance with a state Board of Regents ruling. Since integrating, it's reported, black students have maintained a hostile attitude toward the white newcomers and many of the whites have requested to be moved to other floors.

****A $2500 scholarship offered to the winner of the Miss Texas pageant by Texas Christian U. has come under fire as being discriminatory on the basis of sex and marital status. The editor of the TCU student paper filed a complaint with the Department of HEW.

****A catchup drinking contest was held at the State U. of NY-Stony Brook.

****Are you ready for this? On Oct.22, 1974, 9 male students at Florida State U. ran naked around a dorm. "I hope this doesn't start a fad," said one observer.

H.F.D.

"ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE TIED"

THE W.C. CRAB

"A FREE PRESS... ...IN A FREE SOCIETY" FEB. 6, 1975.

SEARCH COMMITTEES PROPOSED IN WAKE OF KENT HOUSE AFFAIR

With the mounting pressures on the Dean of Men, Barry McArdle, and the Head of Maintenance, Raymond Crooks, high officials in the Buntagon are seriously considering the creation of two search committees for the purpose of finding a new Dean of Men and a new Maintenance Dept. Chief.(Ed. note: The following article, like most everything else that appears in the Crab, makes no claim to the truth. That being said, let us continue.)

With the recent Kent House fiasco, the Dean of Men has been under increasing attack by student publications and the target of outcries concerning his alleged inadequacy in the performance of his duties. Allegations of 'pussyfooting', 'laziness', 'no rapport with the students'(except for Sr. RA Peter Fitzgerald), and 'downright ineptitude'have been raised by various people in all segments of the college community. Public opinion of his performance is at an all-time low.

One of McArdle's major problems right now is trying to explain the discrepancy between what he has stated publicly that he told Raymond Crooks about changing the Kent House locks and what Mr. Crooks says he was told. This discrepancy has severely weakened McArdle's already suffering credibility.

Dean McArdle will probably not be fired or released because administration officials here at Washington are afraid that such action would be referred to as a "personal vendetta", which is how it usually is taken even if such action is genuinely warranted. Therefore, reliable sources report, McArdle will probably be "kicked upstairs" to assume the new position of Dean of Tickets and Traffic Control. No one doubts McArdle's ability to write out tickets or apply wheellocks, so he should be excellent in this capacity.

Raymond Crooks has likewise suffered in the public's eyes. Since the aforementioned Kent House Affair, in which Mr. Crooks neglected to change the locks in Kent after the master key had been stolen, many other instances and remembrances of Maintenance inadequacy have surfaced.

Mr. Crooks' major problem right now is the same as McArdle's: the discrepancy between what McArdle said that he told Crooks and what Crooks says that he was told. Regardless of who said what, the fact that the locks were not changed is in keeping with the Maintenace policy of not doing anything until it is too late. For instance, the Maintenace Dept. was supposed to move the harpsichord from Bill Smith to the Fine Arts Center at the beginning of the semester; it was done last week. The Dept. was supposed to paint a few walls in Spanish House; it only took them one semester.

(continued on page 2)

TODAY'S FAMOUS QUOTE:

"I wish I was a rhinocerarius, a hippopotamiae, aha ha ha ha."--Traditional

Curing Our Nation's Ills by Making Them Doctors

Recently there has been a great deal of controversy stirred up over the issue of preferred admissions to institutions of higher learning. Specifically, many white students feel that they are discriminated against by certain institutions that set higher standards for white admissions than for minority admissions. To get more insight into the problem, we talked to Dr. Arthur Harold Angelsing, Director of Admissions at a well-known Ivy League medical school.

Crab--Dr. Angelsing, how can you justify rejecting many white students with above average scores on their entrance exams in favor of minority students with just average scores?
Angelsing--I can't. But then again, that's not my job.
Crab--Well then, what is the basis for your admissions policy?
Angelsing--To right the wrongs of the last 400 years, to conquer the ravages of poverty and prejudice, and mainly to keep our federal and state aid checks coming in.
Crab--Dr. Angelsing, it has been said that your system caters to the weirdos and castoffs of society while rejecting those of average and satisfactory standing.
Angelsing--You'll have to be more specific.
Crab--Doesn't your school have a program whereby a convicted criminal is given preferential treatment with regard to admission to med school?
Angelsing--But of course. Medical school, in this case, is part of the criminal's rehabilitation. By committing a crime, a person has shown himself to be out-of-step with the rest of society. By giving him an education, we make him a useful member of society again.
Crab--If you were faced with the choice of accepting a middle-class student of average background or a hardened criminal with dozens of offenses on his record, which would you take?
Angelsing--The criminal, obviously, because he is in much greater need of rehabilitation. In the same vein, we favor rapists over draft resisters and kidnappers over litterers.
Crab--What about convicted murderers?
Angelsing--Oh, they get full scholarships.
Crab--What are the advantages of this program?
Angelsing--It allows us to praise ourselves endlessly over our enlightened stand against

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***All this and more in the Crab ***

Curing Our Nation's Ills (cont.)

prejudice and repression.
Crab--What are the disadvantages?
Angelsing--Well, we have to make sure when dispensing scalpels that the students operate only on cadavers, and not on each other.
Crab--Don't you think that by setting lower standards for minority students that you might be turning out an inferior quality of doctor?
Angelsing--It's better than having no doctors at all.
Crab--Would you allow yourself to be operated on by a minority doctor who was graduated despite lower-than-average scores on exams?
Angelsing--I can't answer that because I'm not sick. Besides, I don't know any minority doctors.
Crab--You're being deliberately evasive. Would you or would you not allow such a doctor to operate on you?
Angelsing--Yes, but only if I was dead first.
Crab--Well, if you don't trust them to operate on you, how can you let them operate on others?
Angelsing--By turning my back, I guess.
Crab--Then I call you irresponsible, unreliable...
Angelsing--(singing)♫...and it's undeniably true... ♫
Crab--Changing directions for a moment, Dr., you said before that people of unusual backgrounds have a better chance of being admitted to med school. Could you give us a profile of a person most likely to be admitted to med school?
Angelsing--Of course. This would be a person of the female persuasion; black, oriental, chicano, or all 3; a member of the Italian Communist Party; having affiliation with Cesar Chavez; a dope peddler; had participated in the takeover at Wounded Knee; a former inmate of Attica State Prison; a lesbian; and an avid fan of Carlos Castaneda and Andy Warhol.
Crab--And what would you say are the chances of an average white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant male, with nothing but good grades going for him?
Angelsing--Frankly, not a hoot 'n' hell.
Crab--What advice would you give to such a student seeking to go to med school?
Angelsing--Either get a good tan or learn to speak Spanish.

H.F.P.

SEARCH COMMITTEES (CONT.)

It seems as though Mr. Crooks has been the head of the Maintenance Dept. since its inception, and he now rules it with an iron hand. His accumulation of power and knowledge of the Dept. make it difficult for the administration to release him; as in McArdle's case, it wishes to avoid the appearance of carrying out a "personal vendetta"(despite the fact that an administration official once complained about Crooks spending about ½ of his time downtown in the gift-shop that he owns). Reliable sources in the Buntagon report that Mr. Crooks will more than likely be "kicked downstairs" to be head of the newly-formed Dept. of Procrastination and Delay, which will be responsible mainly for the tuning-up of the blue three-wheeled Cushman trucks.

L.F.

OUR SERIOUS SIDE — THE SGA GETS A NOSE-JOB

On Monday night, a newly written constitution and set of by-laws was introduced to the Student Senate by a Special Committee that was mandated to undertake the project at the last Senate session. The new constitution is innovative, dynamic, and totally reorganizes and revitalizes student representation and participation.

The SGA, under the proposed constitution, would be comprised of two representative bodies, the Student Union, elected from the dorms as the Senate is now, and the Student Academic Board, elected from within the academic majors. The Student Union would be responsible for social planning and the Student Academic Board would be responsible for all academic matters and the coordination of student opinion for the formulation of college policy.

There are many more interesting aspects of the newly proposed structure, such as the incorporation of the SRA and all student residence functions into the SGA, and the creation of a Coffeehouse committee of the Student Union for the purpose of coordinating student imput into the Coffeehouse. The Crab believes that this constitution is a major step towards effective student government and representation, and we urge all of you to attend the special meeting of the Senate, to be held on Monday, February 10, at 8p.m. in Hodson Hall, to discuss the proposed constitution. L.F.

UNCLE VANYA TO HIGHLIGHT SPRING DRAMATIC SEASON

The Washington College Drama Department will present Uncle Vanya by Anton Checkov on five nights this month.

Checkov wrote his plays around the turn of the century. They were performed in Stanislavsky's productions for the Moscow Arts Theatre. His plays continue to provide a meaningful experience both for those who pre them and those who are viewers. The dramatic qualities associated with the drama that preceded his works(such as the use of debates, rhetoric, and the big spectacular scene) and some of the drama written later seem to be lacking. This is not to say that Checkov' plays are less effective, however. He was a naturalist and his concern was with man in his environment.

In Uncle Vanya, as with most of Checkov' plays, the characters are placed in a potentially tragic situation, the irony and farce of which is emphasized, thus making the play quite comical.

The play is being directed by Mr. Timoth B. Maloney and the set is designed by Mr. William C. Segal. Stephanie Strong is the stage manager. The cast is as follows: Serebreiakov--John Holland; Yelena Andreievna--Sue Dunning; Sonia--Wendy Wooley; Maria Vassilievna--Mary Lou Lauricello; Uncle Vanya--Tom Middleton; Astrov--Jim Thomas; Telygin--Bill Barksdale; Marina--Jeanna Gallo; Yefin--Jim Devol.

It is the second major production of the year. The dates of production are: Feb.19, 20, 21, 23, &24. Seating will be on stage or

INFLATION MADE SIMPLE

In these troubled economic times, one often finds oneself huddled up in a dank, dark corner, despairing, head in hands, pondering the question, "Is there life in Milwaukee?" Which, as you can see, is patently ridiculous, as it has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with this article.

A more pertinent question would be: "How does our economy work?" For an insightful, comprehensive answer to this question, we went to none other than the world-renowned, critically acclaimed Wall St. expert and part-time bananna abuser, Sylvia Potholder.

"How our economy works is basically very simple," said Sylvia condescendingly. "Being a free enterprise capitalistic system, our economy is run by the laws of supply and demand."

"How does inflation come about?" asked this reporter.

"That too, replied Ms. Potholder, "is simple to understand, once you have a firm grasp of the laws of supply and demand. For instance, if demand is up and supply is down, dealers can charge more for their goods because there are more potential buyers and less potential suppliers. Therefore, prices will rise. If, on the other hand, demand is down and supply is up, the dealers have to charge more for their goods to make up for losses incurred from unsold stock. Therefore, prices will rise."

We thanked Ms. Potholder for taking time out from her exhausting schedule to talk to us. Ms. Potholder allowed as how it wasn't as bad as she had expected and said that she might be inclined to do it again some time, as long as we bring her another bananna.

S.B.

CHESTERTOWN RESIDENT TO FILE SUIT OVER STUDENT SNOWBALL ATTACK

Chestertown resident Caleb Farkel said today that he will file suit in U.S. Circuit Court, claiming $10,000 damages resulting from the snowball attack on himself and his car by approx. 60 male students outside of Kent House on the night of February 4.

The suit charges that this group of students were straddling 213 and systematically demolishing all cars attempting to pass thru with a furious snowball barrage. According to Mr. Farkel, he was driving past Kent in his hopped-up Ford Mustang when the students pummeled his car with dozens of well-packed snowballs. When he stopped his car and stuck his head out of the car window to protest, the students unleashed a volley at it that, in his words, "knocked the shit out of me."

Tex Andrews, John Marinaccio, Dennis Compton, and Dave Smith have been named as co-defendants. Mr. Andrews, when contacted by us, said he doubts the plaintiff's sanity. "After all, any guy who gets out of his car and yells at 60 guys with snowballs in their hands has got to be crazy," he laughed.

s.b.

UNCLE VANYA (CONT.)

raised platforms and is limited to approximately 100. Curtain time is 8:00p.m. There will be no show on Saturday because of the Birthday Ball.

The play will certainly provide a rewarding experience for those who come to see it.

THE ECONOMY

Nation's Madams Bite the Bullet to Spur Sagging Sales

In the face of the nationwide recession and general economic downturn, the National Association of Prostitutes(NAP) has announced a program of cash rebates to customers in order to spur sales.

According to NAP spokesmadam, Trixi Bushwhacker, the rebate program was decided upon by the national organization to meet the problem of a general decline in revenues that was forcing many madams throughout the country to "lay off" many of their best girls. Middle-age prostitutes were among the most severely hit by the squeeze, many of them reporting their assets to be "gravely sagging."

What is at the root of the problem? Ms. Bushwhacker thinks that the recession has a lot to do with it. "Men used to come in my houses for just about any reason," she remarked. "Now they come with a specific purpose in mind and they demand a lot more for their money. They also tend to ignore the frills and luxury items now, and instead emphasize the girl's performance, mileage, and repair work. Some of them are even asking us for a satisfaction guarantee, can you believe it?" As a result of these things, business has gone limp.

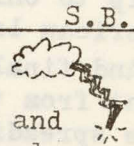
It is hoped that the cash rebate plan will get the consumer back in the buying habit, to "come again, come often", as they say in the trade. According to the rebate plan, there is set up a graduated series of cash refunds, given back to the customer by the madam in charge, after he has made his transaction, the amount depending on the age and model of the girl. For example, purchasing the services of a girl in her early twenties will bring the customer a $15 rebate from the madam. As the ages grow older, the rebates grow larger, until the customer is promised the top rebate amount of $50 for purchasing the services of a lonely 73 year-old granny whose children "hardly ever write me no more."

Explains Ms. Bushwhacker, "In essence, we are telling the customer to make his best deal with the girl, and then the madam will send him up to $50 on top of that. Now how can you top that for savings?! It's a call-girl cash carnival!"

And the plan may be working, according to the latest sales figure released by NAP. The profits curve, after a brief plateau phase, has started to rise again. Just when it will reach its resolution is anyone's guess, says Ms. Bushwhacker, but she is sure that positive actions, such as the present rebate plan, could bring on another rise should business begin again to drop off. "All it takes is the determination not to take everything lying down. Like this rebate program has shown, if you go flat out for something, you'll almost always come off a winner."

S.B.

THE WEATHER



...contains almost no calories and is low in abrasives. It's the only elemental force I let my kids chew.

THE CRAB SPEAKS

For those of you who think that this issue of the Crab stinks, remember your only recourse is to write us something better. Otherwise, we'll just keep on printing the same old stuff until either our money runs out or David Newell rejoins the monastery. Contributions can be dropped off at Kent 115 or left in the Bill Smith basement phone booth with a brown paper bag filled with small, unmarked bills. You will receive further instructions when the phone rings. Dos vedanya.**********

--TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME DEPT.: New Orleans police report that prostitution in the city reaches its peak around the end of the football season. The excitement begins at the Sugar Bowl game and builds to a thunderous climax at the Super Bowl.

--Ex-Opie and now "Happy Days" star Ronnie Howard on marijuana: "I'm not against marijuana per se...I'm just against its intoxicating effects." That's just what we like about you, Ron--you're never afraid to take a stand.

--STRANGER THAN TRUTH DEPT.: Bill Barksdale tells us that a cup of hot coffee will cool off faster if left to stand than if an ice cube is dropped in it. Yes, this is the same lad who first revealed to the world the startling fact that a square peg will fit in a round hole if its corners are sanded off. What?

--18 year-old Gardner Britt(his real name) on his girlfriend, Susan Ford, the President's daughter: "I don't think she'll do anything spectacular...She's not like those Miss Teen-age Americas who always have some fancy career in mind like nursing...A job is all right if they(women) can do an equal job, but I don't think they can."

Miss Ford agrees with him and admits that she is having trouble in school. It seems that although she tries hard, she is struggling to maintain a "C" average. Her main nemesis is reading comprehension and to remedy this, she has been instructed to read from ten to fifteen minutes a day! She says further that her primary concern now is just getting out of high school. Look out, Jerry, she may be after your job.

On her boyfriend's male chauvinism, Miss Ford comments: "I give in to him too easily." Regarding what, we won't ask.

--According to an informed source in Washington, those Nixon Presidential papers due to be released,pending the outcome of an appellate court decision on the matter, will reveal for the first time that the departure of then Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew was not under totally amicable terms and that a rift had been building between Nixon and Agnew for some time prior to the latter's resignation. According to those Nixon papers, the rift can be traced back to a speech that Agnew made in Memphis in 1973, in which he termed the President's trip to China as "a major breakthrough for American laundry."

--And finally, a public service announcement from the Kent County Hospital: Due to the spreading flu epidemic, everyone is requested not to breathe for the next three weeks. You may, however, exercise as usual, and watch TV. S.B.

FROM AROUND THE WORLD, ACROSS THE NATION, AND UP YOUR STREET

The following titillating tidbits are taken from the National On Campus Report. Any semblance between them and Shakespeare's sonnets is just not possible.

****Apparently motivated by rumors that the "College Bowl" television show will be resurrected soon, several Washington, D.C. area universities have begun selecting teams for local competition. "When the show returns, we want to be the first team ready," says one administrator.

"We'll be back, you can be sure of that," says Don Reid, creator and producer of the original "G.E. College Bowl.' "But I don't want to mislead the colleges; I can't say we'll be back on any specific date."

Reid says he has been working with prospective sponsors for the past eight months. Even if he is unable to secure a sponsor for a network show, he says the show will return soon. "At the very least, within six months we will have regional 'College Bowls' going and competition for a national championship.

"I've had letters from deans and other college people begging me to get the show back on the air. This kind of support is important when I deal with sponsors," says Reid. "I'm most interested in enlisting the help of colleges in lifting the curtain that was drawn on the campuses when the 'G.E. College Bowl' went off the air. There's more than just football on campus."

****When Jack Baker was elected to the student body presidency at the U. of Minnesota he received national publicity because he was a homosexual. The U. of M. students judged him a competent leader and reelected him for a second term.

Baker, today a Minneapolis attorney and continuing activist, claims he was legally married in 1971 to his male lover. No stranger to controversial and unusual legal matters, Baker is presently negotiating with the IRS over its disallowal of the couple's joint income tax return. Baker, a 4-year Air Force veteran, is also fighting the Veterans Administration because it refuses to grant him additional spouse benefits under the G.I. Educational Bill.

****To raise money for a scholarship fund, students a Northern Arizona U. staged an Evel Knevil-type tricycle jump. The event grossed over $600 but the featured daredevil, the student body president, ended up in the hospital with two cracked ribs after his trike flipped during the 13-foot leap.

****At all-female Wilson College(Pa.) the clock was turned back 50 years for one day last month. The women dressed in '20's attire and were subjected to the campus rules of the era: fines for smoking, strict chaperonage on dates, mandatory chapel attendance, tea at 4:30 p.m. and lights out at 10 p.m.

H.F.P.

CRAB STAFF CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard

Contibuting Writers: Steve Bender, Larry Falk, Judge Crater, Annette Funicello, Bill Barksdale, and a host of others who have not yet reached the age of reason and, therefore, cannot be sued.

P.S. THANKS TO MR. SHEEK + CO. FOR THE USE

"ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE TIED"

THE W.C. CRAB

"A FREE PRESS... ...IN A FREE SOCIETY"

MARCH 26, 1975

PATTY HEARST SAID TO HIDE OUT AT W.C.

After weeks of intensive undercover investigation, the Crab has turned up evidence that fugitive Patty Hearst and several suspected SLA companions may have been hiding out on the W.C. campus for as long as one week this past February.

This Investigation, headed up by Crab editor, Harding F. Pard, and its crack investigative reporter, J.M. Crab, began last week when an anonymous tipster phoned the paper's office in Kent House with information to the effect that "certain SLA operatives were in the area." When asked by Pard how he knew this, the tipster replied that he felt "the chill of a Communist conspiracy in the air" and hung up. Convinced of the caller's sincerity, the Crab's investigative department decided to look into the matter and J.M. Crab was assigned to search out clues.

The work went slowly at first, as people were understandably reluctant to talk, but after J.M. started to dig, a pattern eventually began to emerge. It seems certain now that Miss Hearst and 2 companions were here at W.C. from Feb. 14 to perhaps Feb. 21.

According to an informed source, Miss Hearst arrived here in an inconspicuous pink DeSoto sedan on the night of Feb. 14. This source said that the car containing Miss Hearst and 2 other people stopped him as he was walking along 213 and asked for directions to the Tavern. When we asked him how he knew that it was Miss Hearst in the car, the source replied, "Well, isn't it obvious? De Soto is a French name and France is a large manufacturer of hammers and sickles." The logic of this argument being indisputable, J.M. knew that he had a story.

From the Tavern, we traced Miss Hearst and her friends to a downstairs lounge in Kent House. A resident, who requested to remain anonymous, said that he first became suspicious of Patty and a male friend when they moved into the lounge on Saturday night Feb. 15. Apparently, they answered his "Good night" with a sullen "dos vedanya." He then surmised that the pair were heavily armed because, upon applying his ear to the lounge door, he overheard Miss Hearst telling the man to "hand her his rod." The resident, however, was unable to ascertain the motive behind this, for the couple departed the next morning, only leaving behind them the message "Destroy the American running dogs" scrawled on the wall in red ink.

From the Kent lounge, Miss Hearst then attempted to seek refuge in the classroom, passing herself off as a normal student. This ploy, however, backfired when she showed too much interest in the various lectures and began asking questions. Her cover as a normal W.C. student blown, she then took to hiding out in campus bathrooms, avoiding detection by locking the stall doors and standing on the toilet seat so her feet wouldn't show.

(cont. on page 2)

Newspaper Magnate to Purchase Elm; Radio Station Receives Tape From "Tanya"

Rumor has it that William Randolph "Randy" Hearst is trying to include the ELM in his large newspaper empire.

Hearst, who is better known as Tanya's father, considers the Elm an important acquisition in his attempt to bolster sagging circulation. Informed sources, however, feel that the real reason is that Patty is nearby, and another plea to her from her parents will be printed in the next issue of the Elm.

Another twist in the Patty Hearst Saga surfaced today. A tape of a woman's voice was received by WKHS, the Kent County underground station. The voice, who called itself "Tanya", told the anxoius broadcasting audience that the "imperialist pigs will regret the deaths of my comrades", and she also asked where she could score. She didn't leave a number where she could be contacted, but it seems that the aforementioned rumors have some element of truth in them(Don't they all). So, Tanya baby, wherever you are, we will beat the Elm to the plea printing. Your mommy and daddy love you and want you back, and some nice clean-cut young men with brown trenchcoats and Smith and Wessons want to ask you some questions. Why don't you go home and finish college like a good girl? Oh, by the way, Blair Thomas has some pretty good pounds for sale. Check it out. Drug Fair has a sale on handgrenades this week, too.

I.P.

WHO AND WHERE IS PATTY HEARST?; CONTEST ANNOUNCED BY THE CRAB

Where is Patty? Do you know where comrade Tanya is? Is Jack Scott holding out on us? Where will she pop up next: In a bar with Bill Walton in Philadelphia? In D.C. with Wilbur Mills? In Peking with Chairman Mao, with Henry K. in Israel, in Rome with the Pope, or in the cupola in Bill Smith?

The most recent winner of our "Who is Patty Hearst disguised as?" contest is now winging his way to Albania with his six of Heineken tucked under his arm. Said he: "It's a good deal if you can get away fast enough." Another past winner, a 5'3" brunette wearing Army fatigues who refused to be identified, said upon winning her six, "So sorry, I gotta run," and promptly ducked into a departing VW bus.

Now you, too, can be a winner, by telling us where Patty is or who, in directions of 25 words or less. The winner will receive a six of Heineken, courtesy of the Crab, and a visit from the FBI. Transportation to Albania is arranged by Third World Air Travel, Inc. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Members of the Crab staff are ineligible.

J.M.&I.P.

TODAY'S FAMOUS QUOTE:

"Sex-- the pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable."--Lord Chesterfield

PATTY HEARST AT W.C. (CONT.)

In his search of W.C. bathrooms, J.M. turned up numerous shreds of evidence indicating Patty's past presence and her future tense. It seems that practically everywhere she went, she left behind a note to inspire possible followers. For instance, in a Kent House bathroom stall was found the message: "Flush out graft--(Signed) Tanya". The words "Wipe out corruption--Tanya" were discovered in a Bill Smith men's room. And in a library basement bathroom, the words "The movement is inevitable--Tanya" now greet all can users.

Where did Patty and her friends go from there? A new dorms resident claims that it was Cecil House. Cecil has long been known to W.C. students as a meeting-house for left-wing anarchist organizations, its occupants supporting such causes as Zero Population Growth, fluoridated toothpastes, and vasectomies. J.M. concludes that if Patty and her comrades could find sympathy anywhere, it would be here.

According to the unnamed Cecil resident the SLA group stayed in the Cecil lounge for almost 3 days. Hiding in the dirt under the lounge furniture, they escaped detection until one morning, when a maid accidentally touched one of them with a mop. Thinking that she had found a large rat, the maid became alarmed and was about to phone the cafeteria to make a donation. Fortunately, the quick-thinking SLA-ers calmed her down by donning a 9-headed cobra suit and walking upstairs. Thinking that they were a W.C. student, the maid went back to work.

Once upstairs, the Tanya Trio slipped off their disguise and began preaching about the People's Revolution to the Cecil residents. Miss Hearst claimed that the SLA was responsible for such subversive activities on campus as the snowball attack on Caleb Farkel's hopped-up Mustang on Feb.4, the presentation of Anton Checkhov's "Uncle Vanya" on Feb.19-24, the smashing of the Kent House Coke machine, and the continued appearances of Norman James.

The Cecil residents were unanimous in their conviction that the girl speaking to them was, in fact, Patty Hearst. Why are they so sure? "Figure it out,"said one condescendingly. "She was white, of average height and build, in her 20's, with dark hair and eyes. Who else could it have been?" As additional proof, this student displayed a pair of semaphore flags with which one of the trio sent a message from the roof to a passing airplane with strange markings." Furthermore, he said, the trio finished off the night by toasting victory with vodka, and then went out to a Marx Bros. movie.

The Tanya Trio did not return to Cecil, but thru diligent Sherlocking, J.M. has come up with a few more clues. He believes that Miss Hearst's friends have departed, but that Patty may still be residing incognito in Chestertown. Who is she? Where is she? Only time may give us the answers. Meanwhile, urge your friends to quietly hum "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" to themselves, so that we can show these SLA pinkoes what a strong, God-fearing people we really are.

S.B.

RESEARCH TEAM CRACKS MYSTERY SURROUNDING BERMUDA TRIANGLE

A U.S. government-sponsored research team headed by paleontologist U.N. Earth of the University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople has apparently cracked the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle. For the uninitiated, the Bermuda Triangle is an area off the southeast coast of the U.S. which, over the years, has experienced more than its share of baffling airplane and boat disappearances.

At a news conference last week, Dr. Earth, or "Bones" as he is known to his colleagues, said, "It was really just a question of knowing what to look for. All of these half-baked scientists talking about supernatural powers when the perfectly logical answer was right there in front of our noses! It's absurd!"

The answer, it seems, lies in the discovery of the Texas Pterosaur, a flying reptile with a wingspan of 51 feet. Researchers who recovered the fossil remains of the creature in Texas' Big Bend National Park speculate that the giant reptile fed on fish and became extinct approx. 60 million years ago. Dr. Earth says that the theories about its feeding off of fish are correct, but that the Pterosaur is not extinct. "Our team has discovered the existence of Ernie, a Pterosaur hatched in Amarillo on Jan.14, 59999974 B.C."

Currently residing at an abandoned airport near Miami Beach, the ancient lizard is blamed by Dr. Earth for most of the previously unexplained incidents. "It's really not his fault. When you get to be his age, the eyesight goes and you just aren't as quick as you once were," he explained. "Ol' Ernie goes out looking for fish. He flies along and swoops down to snare them with his jaws. The problem seems to be that he sometimes mistakes boats for fish, and once he starts his dive, his reflexes are too slow to allow him to pull out when he realizes his mistake." As for the planes, "They just run into him. They really should be more careful," says "Bones".

Happily, the solution to the problem may be at hand. The Maritime Union, several airlines, and Bird Watchers all over the world are currently mustering a drive to fit the unfortunate predator with bi-focals. "The only real problem now," says a spokesman for the groups, "is finding an optometrist who will take the job."

B.H.

UNIVERSITY STUDY LINKS MARIJUANA USE TO BRAIN DAMAGE

In a recently concluded study at a large midwestern university, marijuana has been conclusively proven harmful to brain cells.

The federally funded project used chimpanzees as subjects because of their similarity to humans. Two groups of the apes were used in this bold experiment. The control group, A, was trained to smoke placebo cigarettes. The experimental group, group S (as in stoned) was trained to smoke joints of Acapulco gold. This, incidentally, took a lot of sacrifice on the part of researchers, because the chimps had to be shown

(cont. on page 3)

Fearsome Bananna Cult Comes Again

With the reporting last week of several more assaults made by the fearsome Bananna Cult, the affair has finally come to public notice, and is throwing the administration into a panic.

Private agencies have investigated the matter, and find it to be more serious than at first thought. The Cult consists of a tightly-knit group of students who make themselves known by leaving an unpeeled bananna in disconcerting PLACES. This Cult or body seems to be made up of female members, although there are reportedly some males connected to the group. So far the attacks have been centered around the New Dorms; however, isolated incidents have been reported in Caroline, and once at a chorus rehearsal, where a bananna was found in a girl's purse. For an unknown reason probably connected with superstition or the Cult's beliefs, the episodes occur around full moons, or when the cafeteria serves banannas.

So far the police have not officially been notified as to the Cult's presence--frankly, because the administration is ashamed that such a sect exists on campus. But the situation is getting out of hand, now that the Cult members have taken to growing their own plants. "Something has to be done," a spokesman for the administration said last week. "Either we're going to have to get some monkeys to sniff these banannas out.... or find some other, more natural outlet for these girls' energies."

A.B.

BRAIN DAMAGE (CONT. FROM PAGE 2)

how to use the pot several DOZEN times before they caught on. The two groups then proceeded to smoke the cigarettes and the pot for 168 solid hours. At the end of this time, the chimps who smoked the pot were asked some very simple questions, such as their name or sex, or who won the Super Bowl. The answers of the chimps were totally incoherent, thus proving once and for all that pot is harmful to humans. When the Crab inquired as to the answers of the control group, the scientists told us that all of the A group had died of lung cancer, emphysema, bronchial asthma, or nicotine poisoning. Science marches on.

M.A.

POET'S CORNER

CANNON STREET SHUFFLE

We ate our dog last night
She tasted like steak, or at least
What I think steak used to taste like.
I can't afford no steak.
I didn't tell the family that it was ol' Fletcher
I told 'em that a good frien a mine
up a da college, gave me da meat.--
Yeh, she was a little tuff,
but, we'll have Fletcher sandwiches for awhile--anyway, the kids is happy now
except for the dog, I told 'em
she got hit by a car down on Cannon St.
Well I can't afford to feed no dog anyhow.
Maybe da cat'll get hit tomorrow.

L.F.

CRAB EDITOR THREATENED BY ANONYMOUS CALLER

After turning up evidence implicating a certain faculty member in the English Dept. of harboring Patty Hearst and her SLA comrades here at W.C., Crab editor Harding F. Pard received a telephone call late last night threatening him with extermination.

According to Rev. Pard, he had just returned home from Matins services when the phone rang at approx. 1:30 A.M. When he answered it, the voice on the other end, that of the implicated faculty member, allegedly told Pard to either kill the Hearst story or else he'd find himself "...in a pair of cement overshoes at the bottom of the Chester River." The caller then laughed loudly in his characteristic manner and hung up.

Rev. Pard wants all of his readers to know that he will not be intimidated by such threats. He has refused police protection, and will continue to do so, relying instead on "the protection of the Almighty." However, says Pard, in the event that this proves insufficient, he has provided certain members of the Crab staff with keys to a safety deposit box being stored in a Chestertown bank, which contains a secret tape. "Should anything happen to me, that tape will be delivered to the FBI, and it will 'name names'."

S.B.

CRAB STAFF CREDITS
Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard
Contributing Writers: Steve Bender, Larry Falk, J.M. Crab, Bill Hallam, Bill Johnson, Iggy Pendergast, Mike Allman, Anne Bailey, Anna Bananna, Jeff Merriam

SLA Linked to KA Break-in

Informed sources are speculating that the SLA may have been responsible for the most recent break-in at the KA chapter room.

An anonymous KA official said, "The FBI should be in on it; after all, J.Edgar Hoover was a KA. It could have been the SLA because of the high turnover rate due to alcoholism in their organization." Another KA member said, "It could have been the SLA, but it probably was the White House plumbers."(More dirty trick operations?) Bill Walls, senior KA and man-about-town, said "I don't know what happened, I was asleep. I am in training for baseball." But as a students of political and econmic systems, he noted that "it fits Chairman Mao's revolutionary handbook. First, the odd hour at which the break-in occurred, then they hit us where it hurts most, in the beer keg. Guerilla tactics at their finest."

In our quest for journalistic truth, the Crab called the FBI in Washington, D.C. There an FBI informant was gracious enough to put down his mop and pail to talk to us. He told us that since the break-in, the FBI, in coordination with the Dean of Men, will spearhead an investigative probe. He implored the W.C. community "to stay calm in order to prevent another L.A. burnout." So if you see some strange faces on campus, or even returning friends, be wary. You could be asked to "put up some friends of mine" with shrapnel scars on their arms, or strange men might make collect phonecalls

(continued on page 4)

THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY ON THE WAY TO YE OLDE LACROSSE GAME

Weell, here it is again folks, that time of year we all know and love. That time when the West Coast is busy getting ready to play baseball. But here in the East it's lacrosse time. Remember the game where all of those funny guys run around with those screwy looking sticks? The game the Indians used to play in place of fighting a war? To the victor went the land, squaws, peyote(or whatever looms large in Indian lore). You remember that game?...Sure you do...

Weeelll, forget about for now, let's talk about the lovely car ride we get to take to away games. Now you can do a lot of things, get high, drink beer, see how many telephone poles you can knock down and still retain the front of the car. We have here some extra special, reasonably safe games for you to play that make the car rides as much fun as the game. They are all perfect for a few laughs. The biggest advantage is that when the lacrosse game is over you can face the coming back for dinner.(Just kidding, Chuck)

Now, props are always fun. For instance, buy a bunch of monster masks and wear them to the game. Watch the expressions of passing motorists, pedestrians, and truckers. Stop lights, 4-lane roads, and toll booths are the best places for this game. The game is especially good if you ask directions to the game. The best place to ask is at the other campus, you'll make quick friends. Another excellent and less expensive prop is the blanket. If you have one in your car--for some dark and mysterious reason--you're set. You take the aforementioned blanket and throw it over your head and lean against the car door. Of course, if you fall out, the trick may be even funnier so make sure you lock the door. People really freak out when they see a blanketed figure propped up against a window. This trick does not make it for the blanketee because he can't see anything. It may be necessary that the blanketee not be the driver.

Squirt guns are always fun. Squirt stoplights, road signs, unsuspecting policemen, or dogs at fire hydrants. Create a point value for each target. If you have 2 cars, arrange to have a war. Again, the driver should be exempt from fire(or water). Spitballs can be used in place of squirt guns, but this requires a protective glass compartment for the driver.

There are many propless games that can be played by you tightwads. Singing is always fun. The louder the better. Stoplights are a major highlight to this game because when you have your window down people will sing along. Failing that, you'll get a good looking at.At a long stoplight there is always the "Chinese Firedrill"--everyone out of the car, once around and back in. You can play graduated seats where you change drivers at each lengthy stop, or you can always leave the last person in the middle of the street. But that's not too cool.

Pull up to a stoplight next to a car with a redneck driver or just some turkey that looks "cool". Starting revving your engine. If he returns this, let him make an idiot of himself when the light turns green. At the next stoplight do a repeat performance. If he is bigger than you are, don't keep this up too long, otherwise bug him...Now if he doesn't react, try and look tuff and continue to pes-

(CONT. AT TOP OF NEXT COLUMN)

ter him. (Females are often oblivious to this for they lack that male "fast car" drive). 9 times out of 10 he will have to prove his wheels are the tops.

Stare at people in other cars. It drives them crazy. You can play a good game by rating them on a scale of 1-10(1 is a loser). The biggest loser wins. If you get daring, blow a kiss. Kiss blowing is especially effective on middle age ladies and teeny bops(as well as boyfriends, girls). The best time is when your target has his/her heartthrob in the car. Boyfriends get angry very easily. I'm sure that you young ladies will get amazing results.

More games to play at toll booths: Give the attendant at the bridge a dollar and a quarter, drop the quarter. Or just give 125 pennies to her--but you'd better have time to make your destination. Then there is the one-two-three shout "ARIBA!"(in a falsetto) If the whole carload does it,it is mind boggling to the attendants. If three or four cars in a row do it, they may forget what they are doing and stop charging toll. You can stall your car and hold up traffic. The attendants especially love it if you rev your car while in the booth and then stall. (It makes up for the people shouting "ARIBA!" and the 125 pennies they had to count.) Remember when playing this game tha there is a car behind you.

Back on the road--stop some place and ask directions in French, or if you know it Chinese. People are very helpful. Then ther is the old spot the cop game. To make it even tougher, spot the unmarked cop, the Republican, the Nazi, or the FBI narc.

A surprisingly exciting game is getting lost. To play this game you need lots of time and your Daddy's Gulf Oil card. Frustrations are minimized if you play it after the lacrosse game. The game is best when people are following you--take them into a church parking lot or a private driveway. If you really get nasty, ditch them altogether.

Well, now you are in college(I realize that might not mean much), so I'll leave you with a few tips on how to play and make up games. The reactions of other people are the greatest reward in game-playing. The crazier you are, the more fun it is for all concerned. But don't get dangerous because no one laughs with you then. -J.M.

BULLETIN

The SLA is suspected of complicity in the activity involving the simultaneous turning on of lights in Smith, Dunning, and Hynson Halls at 1:00P.M. Monday night. Communist slogans were also found.

KA BREAK-IN (CONTINUED)

On your hall phone to Washington. Some people might be wrapping a few hundred hamburgers in napkins, and saying thet were for their dogs. So, the question remains: How many of them are there? Whatever the case, a KA representative expressed concern that the probe be successful in removing the disruptive elements from campus.

J.M.+I.P.

"Goddamn, I love this country!"
--Gen. Farr Wright

"ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE TIED"

THE W.C. CRAB

"A FREE PRESS... ...IN A FREE SOCIETY"

APRIL 9, 1975

CHESTERTOWN AWARDED WFL FRANCHISE

Chestertown may be the last hope for the World Football League. In their never-ending quest for financial success, WFL owners have picked the small metropolis as a "fat" site for one of its transient teams. After one season, the team in question has already failed in New York, Shreveport, La., and Houston.

Considering the small size of Chestertown, the proposed franchise seems as stupid as the idea of the league itself. A spokesman for the soon-to-be "Easter Shore Mud-Muckers" is reputed to have justified the move by saying, "Who cares if no one lives there and they don't have a stadium, I like Maryland seafood."

The Crab has managed, thru painstaking and unyielding effort, to find the owner of the Mud-Muckers. "Ya see," he said, "the plan is this: We astro-turf the downtown park and on High St. Then we tear down a few minor buildings on the east side--like the court house and that stupid church, no one'll miss em--and build bleachers. On the west of High St., we charge the storekeepers $25,000 for season tickets. They can make it up by selling seats in their store windows. Now, I saved the best for last! During the week, we use the football field as a parking lot!" He then predicted no adverse reaction from C-town residents. "Hell, they put up with you pinkos at the College, there ain't nothin' as American as football."

An informed source at the Kent County Chamber of Commerce showed great pleasure in the "Muckers" choice of Chestertown. "It was between Chestertown, Easton, and Salisbury. I think the parking lot idea was what got them." In addition, he outlined a plan for a subway to the Western Shore. "We want an all-state team. The stadium will hold up to 35,000 people. So we knock down a few old buildings, Chestertown's history isn't worth two-bits without this franchise. Think of it, we'll be on the map!"

Chris Shaw, senior I.Studies major and debonnaire flying fool, pointed out the monetary gains that Chestertown may realize. "Think of all the extra business, bars, and restaurants we'll get. Shop-owners can make a killing scalping tickets. Sure, some people will have to find new housing and they'll need a new court house-church complex, but it'll mean construction jobs. People will finally discover Chestertown. 'Economic progress', I call it, something this pohick town needs. I wish it had happened when I was a freshman."

The Muckers' players and coaches are high are the idea of playing in Chestertown. The new head coach, Francis "Pussyfoot" Panthes, takes the whole thing as a challenge. "Chestertown has never had a WFL champ! The Muckers want to bring a winning spirit to a real American small town." Panthes went on to say that the team colors would be "soft violet and brutal pink", while the team in-

(cont. on page 2)

CRAB PRODIGAL SON RETURNS WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR SGA CANDIDATES

(Ed. note: Many of you probably remember Dave Knepler, one of the Crab's founding fathers and a real do-nothing in his own right, under whose leadership the Crab hit the proverbial toilet and has been sinking ever since. Well, Dave's no longer with us, either being on sabbatical, in prison, or in exile, we don't know which, but he sent us this article in the mail, and we're only too happy to print it--besides, we're desperate.)

* * * * * * * *

Yes, trivia fans, WC is warming up once again for the annual laxative pageant commonly referred to as the SGA elections. Deprived of my voting power, I nonetheless urge Crab readers to vote only for the candidate who promises the following reforms in these areas:

1)Elections--To make his position clear, and give us a sense of his honesty, the candidate should proudly wear an official SGA elections uniform--a polka dot clownsuit, big flapper feet, and a Mickey Mouse cap.

2)Somerset--It is unfair to the several WC students who are not delinquents that they could possibly end up living with vandals. So the perceptive SGA candidate should urge that a WC policy be instituted that allows anyone who wishes to, to live in Somerset, WITH NO ROOM FEE. No discipline will be leveled at any bent on destruction; however, no repairs will be made. The heat will automatically be turned on December 1, and will run until the boilers are destroyed. The dorm will be co-ed.

3)Marijuana--The Coffeehouse should be empowered by the SGA to sell marijuana, with all profits going to SGA funds and legal fees.(However, all dope must be paid for with tickets and not money. This makes a big difference to Kent County.)

4)Fraternities--The problem with the frats is that too many people with similar interests find themselves together by choice. This should never be tolerated, and, at an institution as small as WC, it can and has become dangerous. To avoid this unpleasant effect, and at the same time eliminate the trauma of "rush", the best SGA candidate could suggest a lottery in which the lucky freshmen would be selected blindly into the frats.

5)Cafeteria--(a) The SGA candidate should pledge that he will aid the cafeteria's attempts to cut costs by issuing an SGA loan for the establishment of the Linville Bakery, reducing bread buying expenditures. But the pure genius of this Bakery will be that its sole product shall be bagels, thereby establishing WC as the Bagel Mecca of the Eastern Shore, drawing in customers from the tri-state area. The cafeteria would soon turn a profit, allowing student food fees to be cut. Another advantage of the availability of bagels is that less Long Island students will transfer out of WC.

(b)Waiting in the cafeteria line is an

(cont. on page 2)

☞ SPECIAL PRE-FRESHMAN ISSUE THIS SATURDAY!

SGA SUGGESTIONS (CONT.)

out-and-out drag, especially when one remembers what he is waiting for. The SGA candidate should promise to enlist sorority girls as hostesses to serve out tea and bagels (see 5a) to those students waiting hungrily in line. This will also keep the Zetas out of trouble for at least 2 hours a day.

6)Courtesy--The best part of the Birthday Ball was the militiamen opening the Hodson Hall doors for students. This policy should be continued, with the militia being replaced by the faculty, who should be glad for the extra money they'll gather in wages and tips. This nicety will also sucker many freshmen.

7)Miller Library--It is unreasonable to expect that the College should spend any money on building up the Library's reference facilities, especially with the lacrosse season upon us. So the SGA candidate of vision should lead the following drive: Since most term paper writers must seek other libraries for vital information, their papers, collectively, constitute a veritable warehouse of knowledge that exceeds the Miller resources. So all the term papers should be gathered and donated(the student would be entitled to a Nixon-type tax write-off), thereby economically enlarging WC's reference service.

8)Swimming Pool--Swimming pool construction should immediately begin where Lake McArdle is presently located(the Somerset/Kent quad). Students can do the labor, being paid the same wage as the dishroom slaves.

9)Information--The SGA candidate should pledge to keep the student body informed, upon his or her election, on all progress in the above areas by STATE OF THE COLLEGE addresses, to be printed weekly in the Crab. If the SGA-President-elect wishes, the Crab will write the address for him.

D.K.

WFL FRANCHISE (CONT.)

signia would show a WC student drowning in mud with the words "sic semper tyrannis" in gold letters on a field of rain. Mucker quarterback Johnny Wasp said, "I can hardly wait to cruise WC for chicks...Chestertown is the only place I'll play for nothing." Other Muckers players, who haven't been paid since July,1974, also showed great pleasure in the selection of Chestertown.

However, team owner Pembrooke J. Blumpf III, renowned philanthropist and majority shareholder in Consolidated Pequots, and also the Muckers' holder on extra point conversions, didn't mince words, when he said, "If this city fails, I'll lose my ass! And so will the WFL!"

J.M.

CRAB STAFF CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard
Contributing Writers: Steve Bender, Jeff Merriam, Dave Kepler, J.L. Crab

OUR MAN FOR SGA VICE-PRESIDENT

[redacted]. But we're the Crab, and we don't have to pretend to be unbiased. Bill Hallam, one of our own, is running for SGA Vice-President, and we think that he should be elected because we know him, and we think he'll do a good job.

H.F.P.

NEW CONTEST ANNOUNCED BY FELLOWSHIP FETISH SOCIETY

The Fellowship Fetish Society of Chestertown announced today that it is now accepting nominations for its first annual Bedsprings Squeaking Contest.

Not merely a frivolous indulgence of the imagination, this contest has been in the planning stages a long time, says Society President, Haystacks J. Tuff. According to Mr. Tuff, the idea for this contest began surfacing around 6 years ago, "when my dog, ol' Blue, up and died, and I didn't have nothing to play with no more." Eventually, his attention turned to bedsprings and "the wunnerful sound them critters make." The Bedsprings Squeaking Contest was given birth.

The contest's format will consist of something like this: all contestants, grouped in pairs of course, will go thru a series of preliminary heats against other teams until the surviving field is trimmed down to 4 teams. These teams will be paired off into 2 best 2-out-of-3 semi-final matches, until only 2 teams are left to move onto the finals competition. Then a best 3-out-of-5 championship "squeak-off" will determine this year's grand prize winners.

All contestants will be judged for squeaking excellence in the following areas: the pitch of the squeak, the volume of the squeak, the rapidity of squeaks, the ability of a team to maintain or change tempo upon vocal instructions from the judges, and the longest period of sustained audible squeaks.

In addition to the team prizes awarded for the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place team finishers, individual team members will be eligible for awards in the following categories: Best Male and Female Lead, Best Female Performance in a Supporting Role, Best Choreography, Best Overall Soundtrack, and Greatest Individual Contribution to the Art of Bedspring Squeaking.

All prizes to be awarded this year have been donated by Cyrus Skunge, President of ABC-Dunghill Records and fundamentalist preacher of the Lizzie Borden Baptist Church. The prizes include such things as a year's supply of salmonella, a complete collection of 17th century bovine art, a 4-year scholarship to study sawdust at the University of Muldavia, a chalet in the Swiss Alps overlooking Chuck Kellogg, an undersea photograph of Jacques Cousteau in the nude, and a copy of the Bell Telephone Hour's hit single, "You Found the Dialtone of My Heart."

The second floor of Kent House has been designated as this year's contest site. Nomination forms must be picked up at Society Headquarters on High St. and returned no later than midnight, Apr.31,1975. Competition will commence in mid-May.

S.B.

Has the Maintenance Dept. Been Aiding & Abetting the SLA?

A Crab undercover investigation has learned that the Maintenance Dept. has, for some time now, been storing deadly military weapons, including 2 machine guns and a mortar. When asked by us whether the presence of the weapons had any connection with the Patty Hearst story broken two weeks ago, a Maintenance Dept. spokesman denied he had ever heard of the SLA or the $5,000

"ALL NEWS TO BE FIT TIED"

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGE CRAB

"A FREE PRESS... ...IN A FREE SOCIETY"

MAY 1, 1975

CRAB RESEARCHERS UNCOVER HISTORIC W.C. DOCUMENT

In case you haven't watched CBS television around 8:30 in the evening or been near a railroad track, then you will be glad to know that this is-Da da da daaaa---BICENTENNIAL TIME. You know, the shot heard 'round the world and all that. Well, in keeping with the spirit of the times, the Crab's Historical Research Staff has been combing the archives of WC and Chestertown in search of some local event that symbolizes this spirit. The results, at first, were most disappointing. The College archives were of little help. For example, in the folder labeled 1789 there was one lock of pubic hair in an envelope on which was printed G-----e W--------n; an 1844 3-cupped brassiere; a letter of intent by the Dean of the College to resign; and a slip of paper on which was scrawled the words "Death to Capitalist Pigs!" and signed "Tanya".

But our plucky researchers did not give up. Egged on by their fiery patriotism, a sense of duty to this publication, and a .32 caliber revolver held by the Editor, this spirited group returned once more to the dungheap of time. Much to the surprise of our glorious Editor(who had by this time grown weary of shooting out lights and was attempting to dislodge the pencil from behind this researcher's ear with a well-placed shot), this fine group of historians uncovered the following document (in rather poor condition, for it seemed to be covered with old beer) which the Crab has consented to publish in its entirety. - - -

A Most Truthful Deposition Given by the Most Honourable President of Washington College, County of Kent, in the State of Maryland, of this Most Perfect and Perpetual Union. Delivered Before the Most Honorable Judge Raisinbrand on the Second Day of May in the Year of Our Lord Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six. (The following was copied directly from the original; spelling has not been changed to protect the author of this.)

Be it Known, that I, Joseph MacCubbin, do Hereby Attest to the Fact that on the First of May last, I came under a most Vicious Attack b? a group of Nude Hooligans, Dressed ?ly in Boots and Hats in which was worn a so-called Liberty Cockade, th?s Group of Preverse Ruffians Attacked my Person accusing Me of being an Enemy to the Liberties of America, Washington College, and a Scottish Dictator. Having beaten Me into Submission, they Dragged m? bodily from my Lavish Office crying that I had Subverted the Revolution, Was Gulity of Hypocracy towards those Ideals, and was an Archconservative and Dictatorial. Upon reaching the outside, I was covered with Hot Tarr and a large amount of Chicken Feathers that had been gathered from the Kitchen. These Preverse Ruffians then led me around on a Rail through Every Room on Campus where we were greeted by Shouts of Approval from Students and Faculty alike. I must confess that I have Never b[illegible]ore Humiliated in all my Life. I still have [illegible]n unable to remove all of the Tarr. These [illegible]ooligans should be rounded up and brough to Justice for their Assault upon my Person and the Traditions of

(cont.on page 2)

NEW DEAN TO BE SWORN IN TODAY

The long search for a new WC dean is over at last. An informed source in the Buntagon has revealed to the Crab that a new dean will be sworn in during May Day festivities on May 1. Who will he be? None other than your favorite funny man and mine, ex-President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam. The Crab, in yet another display of unparallled journalistic excellence, has managed to obtain an exclusive interview with Mr. Thieu. Here is what this celebrated figure had to say on a number of issues.

Crab--Mr. Thieu, how did you land the dean's job at WC?

Thieu--Well, I guess what impressed the people around here about me was my ability to delegate authority, my coolness under fire, and mainly my knack for ripping off millions of U.S. dollars without batting an eyelash.

Crab--Then you think W.C.'s present financial situation had a lot to do with your appointment?

Thieu--Oh, definitely. South Vietnamese officials are known all over the world for their ability to embezzle millions of dollars in humanitarian aid meant for the starving masses and stick it in secret Swiss bank accounts. I hope to be able to do the same for WC.

Crab-- Have any concrete plans been formulated in this direction?

Thieu--Yes, in the near future I hope to corral food stamp money earmarked for the poor people on the Eastern Shore and divert it to a new sauna bath and geisha club for the male faculty members.

Crab--Mr. Thieu, many people would say that the plan which you have just outlined is typical of the corruption present in Vietnamese government officials. How do you respond to this?

Thieu--We do not like the word "corrupt" in S.Vietnam. We prefer the word "oppotunistic.

Crab--What's the difference?

Thieu--"Opportunistic" is when you take free food sent by the U.S. and sell it to your own starving people to turn a profit. "Corrupt" is when you take the same free food sent by the U.S., sell it to your own starving people to turn a profit, and then tax them for capital gains.

Crab--Are you bitter over the United States' "abandonment" of South Vietnam?

Thieu--You're goddamn right I am, American running dog. The U.S. made a commitment to S.Vietnam. Every citizen owes it to us to lay down his life for S.Vietnam. Just like every Vitnamese citizen.

Crab-- If you believe this so strongly, why aren't you over in Vietnam fighting for your country yourself?

Thieu--Are you kidding? Them Vietcong use real bullets. I could get killed!

Crab--Mr. Thieu, what are you looking forward to most in your stay at WC?

Thieu--Your lovely WC women. They're kind

(cont. on page 2)

MUSIC REVIEW: by

Brian Fallace and Dan Shaft (alias Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee)

Well this week we're reviewing the rising young composer and conducter Ludwig Von Beethoven. Even though his popularity is universal, we must take a critical look at his accomplishments and failures. Up the Downbeat Staff magazine says that "Beethoven has contributed more to music than any other composer" and we agree. Many of his themes can be heard on TV commercials and various other programs. Remember that Puffa Puffa Rice commercial and its fantastic orchestration?
--Hey, Brian, that wasn't Beethoven, was it?
--Well, anyway, I liked it.

Even though Beethoven has done a lot, we feel he's got a long way to go before he gets on the same level with our favorites like Grand Funk, Donny Osmond, and Chuck Kellogg. We feel his major problem is his overuse of repitition: it shows his boredom with himself and his uncreativity. Perhaps in time he will gain more control over his compositions.

Next week, we might take a look at Frank Sinatra's and Danny Kaye's new albums, so be sure to check this column. Until next time, keep listening.
--Come on, Dan, let's go charge up some more records at the Bookstore, the Elm won't mind.

Larry

NEW DEAN (CONT.)

of attractive in a kinky sort of way. I hope to score with one real soon.
Crab--Why haven't you?
Thieu--It has nothing to do with me, I can assure you. It's just that American women aren't used to my suave Southeast Asia charm or my irresistible Oriental animal magnetism. So they just don't know how to respond. I hope I don't have to rape one. About my love life--
Crab--I'm a stud, no doubt about it. No chicken or duck is safe when I'm around. That's how I got my nickname, "The Golden Rooster".
Crab--How's that?
Thieu--You know--my tremendous yellow cock.
Crab--Oh yeah, I get it. Any other interests?
Thieu--Well, there's my world-famous Dung collection. I have every type imaginable, from California condor ca-ca to Danish deerfly do-do. It's for people who are tired of the same old shit. Ha Ha, gosh, I'm funny!
Crab--Are you gonna participate in the traditional WC May Day celebration?
Thieu--Oh yes. My friends here tell me I am going to be given a position of honor that night.
Crab--What position is this?
Thieu--As someone called "The Maypole". Do you know what that means in French?
Crab--"Master of Ceremonies", I think.
Thieu--Oh hot dog! Maybe I'll get to do my Ed Surrivan imitation.
Crab--Mr. Thieu, good-bye and good ruck.

Steve

HISTORIC DOCUMENT (CONT.)

Washington College. I have no doubt that the processes of Justice will be Swift and Merciless.

Joseph MacCubbin

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The Crab realizes that history may not repeat itself, but...well..nuff said.

Todd

COLLEGE TO RECORD OPERAS

On Dec.2, 1974, the Music Dept. of WC signed a contract with the Opera-Grotesquique Theatre to record 3 operas by the infamously immoral composer, Phlegm Gotacough.

On Feb.13, 1975, the first part of the contract was fulfilled by the company's recording of "Gertrude", or Twelve Times Tolleth the Bell. Within 6 weeks of this, the other 2 operas, "Beulah", or The Skull and the Lightbulb, and'Ambrosia", or The Ambiguous Ambush, were on tape. This was definitely a major event for WC. How many other colleges of under 1,000 students can boast the sponsorship of 3 opera recordings?

Of even more importance than this, however, is the fact that 1975 is the 25th anniversary of this rather obscure nonetheless bad composer's death. At this point, I feel it only right to give a brief biography of Mr. Gotacough.

Born in 1850, Phlegm Gotacough was the bastard son of 2 Siberian serfs. Little is known of his early life, but during the potato famine in Ireland, he migrated to Germany and joined the monastic order of the Brothers of the Garden. Here he learned, among other things, what little about music he was ever going to learn. After 6 years of monastic life, he journeyed to Italy to study under the great composer, Joe Green. Following 5 years of study at the Warsaw conservatory in Milan, he moved to England, where he spent the rest of his life composing and decomposing.

Gotacough's output included over 3,000 operas(1 a day for about 10 years), 3 symphonies, a Mass(in B♯ major), and a Piano Concerto(in no definite key).

During the 1906 earthquake in San Francisco, Gotacough was vacationing at Monte Carlo, and although feeling no effect of the disaster, he did win quite a lot of money.

Whereas the compositional style of Phlegm Gotacough is most unusual, using as it does Polish Unisons, Polynesian Thirds, and Burbank Octaves(not to mention fourths, fifths, quarts, and half-gallons), the continuity of the estrangements is most remarkable.

The composer had his first work performed at the Liverpool Musical Theatre in 1950. The opera was "White Socks and Anvils", or The Crypt and the Crumpet. He met his death here by trying to keep the audience from leaving the theatre before the end of the first act. However, he did go on to write his autobiography in 1953. His widow, the contralto, Christina Smacksherassoff, remarried in 1942 to the great conductor, Eppingham Von Litvock, who nevertheless organized the Opera-Grotesquique Theatre which, aside from amateur performances at local asylums, is the only opera company in the world which still performs Gotacough's music.

Ward

CRAB STAFF CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard
Contributing Writers: Steve Bender, Larry Falk, Susan [illegible]icchio, Ward Tatnall, Todd Cooper[illegible]f Merriam, Bill Johnson

TOI[illegible]S FAMOUS QUOTE:
"It crawled i[illegible]to my hand, hones[illegible]"
--The Fugs

YOUR HOROSCOPE by Santha Ramu Ripoff

PISCES(Feb.21-Mar.21) This monthe the Zodiac gives you the greatest opportunity to express all your latent Piscean tendencies. For the next several weeks you will tend to be idealistic, sensitive, philosophical, & religious. But don't worry, a few beers can straighten that out.

LIBRA(Sept.23-Oct.21) You may fall into a little trouble this month. Your mind is, as usual, well-balanced, rational, perceptive, and mature. As a matter of fact, you may develop a great deal of foresight this month to such an extent that your projects and proposals may border on the workings of genius. So if you don't want to get run out of town, you'd better keep your mouth shut.

SAGITTARIUS(Nov.21-Dec.21) Well, for all you Sagittarian women out there, I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that you may meet a tall dark stranger this month. The bad news is that you will meet him in a dark alley and he will probably be armed. As far as all you Sagittarian men are concerned, all I can say is why do you have to spend all your weekends in those alleys when you could be leading lives of quiet desperation like the rest of my readers?

ARIES(Mar.21-Apr.21) Venus is in Aries this month. A peculiar conjunction also occurs between Mercury and jupiter. Saturn is in the Fifth house and Pluto is pulling a close Sixth.(The moon is still up there, folks.)So you see, Arian native, the planetary forces are now very close to your daily affairs. In other words, if you don't get hit by a meteorite, you have a 50-50 chance of surviving the month.

CANCER(June21-July21) This is your month! As far as your carreer is concerned, you will probably get both a promotion and a raise in pay. Love and Romance are also favorable right now. Someone is going to befriend you and don't be surprised if you wind up with a small inheritance or even a very large fortune. The invisible forces smile upon you and you will become a symbol of living peace, happiness, and success! Get lost.

AQUARIUS(Jan.21-Feb.21) In the past several years, Aqarius has gotten to be the most grossly overrated sign in the Zodiac. So stop whistling tunes from Hair and get with it.

GEMINI(May21-June21) This is the sign of the Twins and it represents duality in all things. The Gemini native often works at cross purposes with himself because he can hold two opposing views at the same time. One Gemini can hold two different opinions on the same subject and lead two different lifestyles at the same time. This month you may develop a multiple personality if you aren't careful. Then on the other hand, why be careful? Why not risk psychosis and have a little adventure at the same time? If you do develop a multiple personality, some of your friends might call you "two-faced"! That would hurt your feelings. Then again, what should you care what people think, you're a person too, aren't you? Well, I really can't be of much help because I am a Gemini myself. Well, that really doesn't have much to do with it. Well, yes it does, in a way.

(cont. at top of next column)

SCORPIO(Oct.21-Nov.21) You are a member of one of the strongest of Zodiac signs. Your nature is fiery, passionate, dynamic, highly intelligent, and forceful. You rightfully consider yourself the center of attraction in all your endeavors. This is because you usually have to endeavor alone since you are so awfully conceited. No wonder, considering all the compliments I have to dish out to you people each month.

LEO(July21-Aug.22) Yes, this is the birthsign of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. She was born on July 29, 1929. Now, have you got that straight? I am getting sick of telling you that in every one of these columns. I can get bored with this too, you know.

CAPRICORN(Dec.21-Jan.21) I am afraid that in last month's Capricorn section I made a little error. After checking the facts again, I discovered that it really isn't safe for Capricorns to cheat on their Income Tax this year. For the thousands who have already turned in their forms, all I can say is switch from an astrologer to a guru, and make sure your guru is also a lawyer. By the way, if worse comes to worse and they do put you in prison, remember this little-known fact: of all the natives of Zodiac, Capricorns are capable of making the best adjustments.

TAURUS(Apr.21-May21) The Taurus is the most persistent, bullheaded member of the Zodiac. The Taurus is always opinionated and rarely does he compromise. If any of you Capricorns are reading this, keep in mind that there are plenty of Taurus natives working for the IRS. The Taurus will persevere long after others have given in. This is because the Taurus just can't quit. This is a great characteristic although many Taurus natives die young since they can't quit smoking either. Do you remember the Japanese soldier from WW II who remained in his post til only a year ago orrso, hiding out for 30 years after the war was over? Typical Taurus material. As you read, this is my last horoscope. I am glad that I am not a Taurus, otherwise I might still be writing this column next month. Actually, I decided to retire. Well, I really wasn't the one who decided.

VIRGO(Aug.22-Sept.23) My special focus this month concerns the special problems of certain Virgos. I decided to write this special section after receiving a letter from a disturbed student Virgo. Virgos are ethereal, unearthly perfectionists and since the world is not perfect they must adjust to imperfection. (And please don't any of you write me the type of letter I got from that Sunday School teacher in Sweet Spring, Arkansas. She told me in her letter that it didn't matter whether this world was perfect or not since she is waiting for the "Next World"! Barring a planetary collision, which I do not see in the stars, she is going to have a long wait.)

Virgos often have feelings of guilt and unrest when they do not measure up to their unrealistic notions. This Virgo student wrote me complaining that he has guilt feelings whenever he oversleeps and misses a class. He informed me that he was so disappointed in himself one morning because he had planned to get up at 6:30 and read Virgil and Euclid, and then jog a mile before breakfast. How-

(cont. on page 4)

THE GHOSTS OF W.C.

On the bookshelves of stores throughout Kent County one can purchase, for a nominal fee, an entertaining little book called The Ghosts of Kent County. The book is amusing, thought-provoking, and well put together. However, it seems that the author has missed a few of creatures of the supernatural that call WC home. Everyone knows about the ghost in the Hynson-Ringold house, but what about the creature in Bill Smith or the ghoul in Somerset? You probably weren't aware of their existence. Be warned--the supernatural is everywhere.

The newest and biggest member of the WC Creature Club is Wally the Wombat, who lives in the Bill Smith auditorium. During the day Wally seems to be a harmless paper mache concoction, but at night he stalks the halls of the building looking for those people who awarded him 3rd place in the "float" contest, while awarding 2nd place to a marching band. Sighters of Wally say he carries a dictionary opened to the "F" section. Wally, who is well-versed in Lewis Carol as well as Tasmanian poetry, is kind to all bystanders. However, when he finds those judges it will be a "sticky wicket". Eveidence of Wally's wanderings include muddy paw prints, leaves, and the discarded skins of Kiwi fruit.

Dunning possesses the ghost of a confused French major, who accidentally walked into a Bio lab that was dissecting frogs. As a result of this occurrence, the Bio department has taken to dissecting Pigs in its lowest level course. The administration has consequently been forced to keep the police off campus, fearing another case of mistaken identity.

In the library during the last 2 weeks of each semester, a friedly spectre stalks the periodical shelves looking for a back issue of Foreign Affairs for his last paper. His name is Freddy and he is an International Studies major that never quite got his work done and, as a result, came under a witch's spell. According to Christopher Shaw, a world renowned expert on witches' spells and the 1975 winner of the Crab's "Mole of the Year" Award, Freddy will become human again when he finds the magazine or some strange little girl throws a bucket of water on the witch. When this happens Freddy plans to go into business as a door-to-door salesman of hen's teeth and other rare objects. Freddy has been known to attack sorority girls using the microfilm machines. As one disappointed coed explained, "He's just short of being human."

Even the campus dormitories are not exempt from the haunting activities of Washington's ghost population. Somerset possesses a hideous ghoul with bright bloodshot eyes, yellow teeth, "hippy-like" hair, and a strong sweet-smelling smoke coming out of its ears. This monster roams the halls, turning up stereos and inciting early morning lacrosse games in the hallways. Allegedly, this beast has small followings clustered throughout the building that can be distinguished by their bloodshot eyes, yellow teeth, "hippy-like" hair, and low grade-point averages.

The new dorms have a nude ghost who, while taking a shower was visited by the upstairs suite which fell thru the ceiling. The Nude Ghost spends his time trying to steal clothes from the washing machine and listening to private conversations thru the walls.

(cont. on top of next column)

The girls' dorms have a roving phantom that has been seen knocking on doors late at night. Typists that leave their doors unlocked while they sleep have awakened to find the phantom holding a $20 bill in one hand and an untyped paper in the other. Girls who have encountered him say to "tell him you want 50¢ a page, he'll disappear." This ghost dates back to 1965.

The Fine Arts Centre has a poltergeist named Harvey. Harvey enjoys breaking films and destroying tape recordings, particularly when they are enjoyed by large audiences. If properly prompted by moans and groans he will feed-back microphones and play with the spotlights. Harvey says that he is 500 years old and formerly haunted Ditchly Manor in England. "I got the revolutionary fever about 1776, but couldn't get over here until about 1920. The real reason I came to the colonies was because you people chill your beer, I can't stand warm beer."

A confused swimmer ghost resides in the gym. According to legend, "the swimmer" attempted a double gainer with a half-twist off the 3 meter board, discovering too late that not only was there no 3 meter board, but also that there was no swimming pool. The swimmer has been held responsible for the leaks in the gym roof. A spokesman at the Cain Athletic Centre justified this accusation by saying, "If you want a pool, build it yourself, but not on the basketball court."

You thought this campus was "calm", didn't you? What about the Kent House and KA break-ins? What about those strange noises in the hallway? There are ghosts all over hell! If you encounter one, be kind. Remember, these poor creatures of the supernatural may be here until the Eastern Shore finally sinks into the Atlantic.

J.M. Crab

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"I weary of witches," the Golux said,
"with due respects to Mother."
--James Thurber in the Thirteen Clocks

YOUR HOROSCOPE (CONT.)

ever, as it turned out, he overslept and missed his 9:30 class. He was despondent for a week. My advice to such Virgos is that they should develop a positive mental attitude. Virgos must not pity themselves. I told this boy what to do the next time his alarm goes off in the morning. Instead of moaning and groaning over his faults and the unplesant reality of human nature, he must develop a decisive attitude the next time that alarm rings. He must not say something like "I wish I had not stayed up so late last night over my nuclear physics. Now I'll fall asleep in class!" Instead, he must say in a positive, enthusiastic, dynamic way, "The hell with it" and go back to bed.

From the desk of your cosmic advisor,

SANTHA RIPOFF

Susan

Afraid to go out at night? Try Napsol(c), Napalm in an aerosol spray can. Fry a thug, roast a rapist, burn a burglar, sear a sodomist. Effective up to 50 yards and, most importantly, it gleeps.

"ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE TIED"

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGE CRAB

"A FREE PRESS... ...IN A FREE SOCIETY"

SEPT. 22, 1975

PEOPLE AT, OR AROUND W.C., THRU THE WARPED EYES OF J.M. CRAB

Well, here we all are after a long, hot summer of gin and tonics. Now that we are back at this social anachronism, what are we doing? Studying? On occasion...Partying? You could call it that...Looking at each other? That's it, and unfortunately, that's about all. Let's face it--people watching has replaced Monday night cumquat fights as the thing to do at W.C. The 260 new people are looking at the 540 old people and vice-versa. Now you may be wondering what some of those strange people are like. The Crab--in its pledge to inform the reader--has, by means of a bribe, convinced the quite mortal J.M. Crab to give you his views of this campus' wildlife this year. Remember that J.M. has been hitting the "old fisherman's surprise" pretty heavily this year, so any similarities to real people, although warped, are probably inaccurate too.

Now, we can divide people into many different categories; for instance, by sex, age, shoe size, number of working nostrils, or by class, like this: 1)The Freshmen--those strange new people that think college's higher education is achieved thru studying. You can observe freshmen spilling cafeteria trays or looking for the elevator to the water tower. Most freshmen believe that the Crab is an edible sea creature. 2)Sophomores --those people trying very hard not to be confused with freshmen. Anything short of shouting "I'm not a freshman" can be expected. 3)Juniors--those relaxed, beautiful people who still have 2 years to go. 4)Seniors --they, on the other hand, have the bitter realization that next year they must face the real world. Seniors may be observed walking into trees, mumbling "Oh God, next year, not next year..." If you meet a senior be wary of his/her condition.

There are, of course, a plethora of other classification roaming this campus--not to mention the faculty, and I won't.

The Preppy--Born with a silver lacrosse stick in his mouth which, at times, makes him hard to understand. Preppy's clothes are much too large for him; they consist of baggy khaki slacks, an even baggier sweater, and, of course, topsiders. However, the preppy can be trained and, in some cases, makes a very good pet.

The Head--(No, not the toilet) The Head is distinctive in that he has no whites in his eyes--he has pinks. All heads wear the same cologne--Colombian red. Heads can be dangerous if left alone with a stereo. Beware.

The Towny--The towny may be hard to spot. There are some on campus disguised as students. Their disguise fails, in that they keep making the honor roll. In general, the towny can be seen in his natural habitat from the hours of 6:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. At 7 the town is closed up, the sidewalks are put up for the night, and everyone watches Gomer Pyle. Look for the American flag pin on his lapel and listen for his Eastern Shore twang.But remember there are all kinds of townies, even liberals.

(cont. on page 4)

TRUE CONFESSIONS: "I DID IT TO SAVE THE REDWOODS"

Sometime ago, Lynnette Fromme, a member of the infamous Charles Manson family, made headlines around the world when she attempted to assassinate President Ford. Although information coming out of the jail in California where she is being held is scarce, our ever-resourceful crack reporter J.M. Crab managed to sneak into the compound cleverly disguised as a ball-and-chain and, with the aid of a miniature tape recorder hidden in his bowels, managed to record this exclusive interview with Ms. Fromme.

Crab--Ms. Fromme, exactly which organization do you represent?

Fromme--The People's Activist Mobile Mechanized Military Resistance and Suicide Unit, or the AFL-CIO for short.

Crab--The AFL-CIO?

Fromme--Yeah, well, those were the only set of initials I could think of at the time.

Crab--Do you have an ideology?

Fromme--Not since I went to the free clinic and got those shots.

Crab--No, I mean do you have a person whose teachings you believe in and follow?

Fromme--Oh sure. Karl Marx for one. Didn't he say "All the world's a stage?" Well, that's how we feel in the AFL-CIO. The eyes of the world are upon us.

Crab--Do you have a particularly favorite Marx work?

Fromme--Ooh, that's a toughie.(Pause)... Probably "Animal Crackers".

Crab--Have you studied Lenin?

Fromme--Are you kidding? I've got every Beatle record there is!

Crab--Ms. Fromme, why did you try to kill the President?

Fromme--I did it to save the redwoods. Oh yes. You see, these magnificent trees have been here for thousands of years and it's only now that the vagaries of our capitalist system threaten to destroy them. Things like highways, pollution, Euell Gibbons...

Crab--Then you consider yourself an ecologist?

Fromme--No, I'm a vegetarian.

Crab--Would you explain how killing the President would save the redwoods?

Fromme--Well, when everyone sees me shoot the President, then they'll realize how wrong they were and come out to California, where we'll all sit around and smoke dope and fornicate. And while they're doing that, they won't have enough time to make highways. Now, doesn't that make sense?

Crab--But you didn't have any bullets in the gun chamber.

Fromme--Details always kill me.

Crab--Couldn't you have pistol-whipped him instead?

Fromme--Listen, honey, any head that can take 13 years of college football without a helmet is more than a match for any gum butt.

Crab--How does Charles Manson fit in all this?

(cont. on page 3)

DEAR UNDERCLASSMEN: YOU CAN'T ALL BE LOSERS

Believe it or not, the Crab exists only because the students want it. We don't publish any official College crapola because we don't think you want articles that read like invoices. Instead, we try to produce chiefly offensive, and occasionally informative, articles whose purpose is to break the monotony of college life and to get your mind off that piece of raw, uncooked meat that you're probably barfing over right now.

But to survive, the Crab needs not only readers, but writers. The majority of the Crab's staff will graduate next year(we hope), so new blood is needed now. Jeesus, there's gotta be someone in the freshman and sophomore classes who can write. You can't all be losers. Does something at W.C. piss you off? Is there someone in the administration who's not doing his job? Well, then put something in the Crab about it and let the idiots know you've caught them with their pants down. You'll feel better for it, believe me.(Catch that nifty double entendre, freshmen?)

Contributions can be dropped off at Somerset 404(Steve Bender) or Cecil 216 (Jeff Merriam). Who knows, maybe you'll be the one who gets to guard this years's prefreshmen issue from the quick hands of Bud Andrew and Dean Kelly.

-COMING EVENTS-

WHEREIN are told news, many of them most truly very Marvellous to read, for citizens, honest wayfarers, & other worthy persons, of this and other parts and of what AMAZING matters are heard here and there, all from MOST TRUSTWORTHY correspondents:

-Sept.24-In the morning, for to celebrate Nostalgia Day, a watermelon swallowing contest, followed at midnight by a traditional panty-raid on all women's dorms. Those wishing to be raided should hang the customary items of tribute out their windows and smear lamb's blood on their doors.

-Oct.17-Always a favorite of fruit fans, this is Gay Day, when every queen emerges from his/her closet and butches bitch in public. It is to be capped off in the evening by a gay dance in Hodson Hall to the sounds of Kiss. Stag is $1, Drag is free. Dress is informal, but leotards are required. Thee you there, cutie.

-Nov.8*The veritable highlight of the year, the 193rd annual Washington Slept Here contest. In this event of events, the purpose is to sleep in as many beds in as short a time as possible. Washington, who started this event, slept in almost every bed from New York to Mount Vernon, but here on campus the scope has been limited to dorm beds only. The current record-holder is the late Steven O. Stevenson, class of '59, who slept in 133 beds in 10 days. Sources say he could have done better, only he died of dehydration on his way back from Reid.

Anne

CRAB STAFF CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard

Writers: Steve Bender, Jeff Merriam, Anne Bailey, J.M. Crab, Ward Tatnall, Jim Devol

Expert Stapelist: Mike Allman

TV REVIEW: THUMBS DOWN ON THE LYNN FROMME SHOW

One of the biggest disasters of the brand new TV season is the Lynn Fromme Show. The first, and worst, show of the series involved an assassination attempt on President Ford. The show falls down in many places, but its main problem is simply that its plot line is unpalatable. Who in their right mind would want to kill Jerry? Let's face it, inspite of your political opinion of the man, he is about as harmful as a fruit cake and equally as nutty.

The casting for the Lynn Fromme Show leaves a lot to be desired. One would think that after Lynn's disastrous performance as "Squeaky" in "The Manson Family" that the networks wouldn't allow her on the screen again. Not so! Here she is back in a starring role and doing a rotten job of it. She can't even load the gun correctly! As for the supporting cast, Jerry and his Secret Service boys, although not efficient in their work, are nevertheless quite lovable. But the people in the crowd scenes are all Orange County Republicans that graduated from the John Birch School of Acting and Social Change.

Lynn Fromme's director and screen play department are so caught up in symbolism that they ignore basics like dialogue and commercial breaks. Whoever put Lynn in a maroon outfit has got to be kidding. Of course, the significance is obvious--the redwoods. However, who in their right mind would attempt an assassination of the President of the United States dressed in an inconspicuous red? Want more shady symbolism? Jerry's drab business suit means he is 'the Establishment'. Worst of all, without a doubt, is the empty chamber in the gun that failed to go off; this particular bit of symbolism is so blatantly sexual that it was nearly cut from prime time viewing.

The Lynn Fromme Show will not make it thru an entire season. The action is drab, the actors bad, the plot far-fetched, and the dialogue--"Let her out of jail. She's given her word she won't run away."--although imaginative, is unacceptable. The show gets one star, however, because maybe the Secret Service, having viewed their sluggishness, will try a little harder to do their job.

Jeff

COLLEGE LIFE - IT AIN'T ALL THAT DULL, BUT IT'S BORING

Bright-eyed freshmen and transfers, faces flushed and eyes shining from the delights they left in the booming metropolises Baltimore and D.C. find their eyes dimming as they wander thru Chestertown. What is there to do in this dinky college in this dinky town, they wail. But God Almighty, there's so much to do that the initiated seldom have time to go to classes or snarl at underclassmen. All you have to know is where to look.

For math majors and other folk, a fun thing to do on wild Friday nights is counting the cinder blocks in your room. Only remember, after reaching the grand total, subtract 3, because people who count cinder blocks are always a little off.

(cont. on page 4)

BOOB TUBE HIGHLIGHTS

Incredible as it may seem, some people like to watch TV even more than they like to read the Crab, and so for those sickies, here is a list of this week's TV highlights.

Mary Tyler Moore--Lou takes advantage of wayward Brownie; eagle hatches Murray's head; Mary brushes her teeth with a widower.

Firehouse--A company of 30 crack firemen have carnal knowledge of a precocious 12 year-old girl, and teach her the meanings of such typical firemen's sayings as "Grab the equipment" and "Boy, have we got a hot one on our hands!"

MASH--B.J. Hunnicutt tells Hawkeye what his initials stand for; Hawkeye drinks heavily. Meanwhile, Maj. Burns becomes petulant when Hot Lips becomes tight-lipped.

Saturday Night at the Movies--Jaws starring Linda Lovelace. Con-men take advantage of good-natured Linda, who swallows everything in sight.

Beacon Hill--Fawn screws the butler; Maude screws the chauffeur; Beacon Hill screws the network; the network screws the public.

NBA Basketball--Girlfriend tells Bill Russell she's pregnant; next day, Bill calls her long-distance.

Big Eddie--Sheldon Leonard shows Sheree North why he's called Big.

All in the Family--Gloria goes braless and knocks out a wall.

Chico and the Man--Ed and Chico have words when Chico brings home a baby chick and Ed uses it to scrub the floor.

Columbo--While investigating a murder in a nursing home, Columbo says, "Excuse me Ma'am" and pulls open his raincoat. Show is abruptly taken off the air.

Steve

PATTY HEARST - GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

It is with great sadness that the staff of the Crab acknowledges the tragic capture in California of one of its partners-in-arms, Patty Hearst. Who can ever forget the saga of Patty's hideout here at W.C. last spring, including such memorable events as the snowball attack on Caleb Farkel's car and the bombing of the Kent House Coke machine? Fond memories all--but Patty needs more than memories now in her time of trial. She needs your support.

In the hands of her fascist captors, Patty is helpless. It is to be expected that, under severe duress, she will be forced to recant her former "heresies", disavow the People's Movement, or even worse, horror of horrors, marry that dork, Steven Weed. But you can make the difference. If each one of you sends but 1 6-pack of Heineken to Patty's cell in San Francisco, the forces of tyranny cannot possibly stand against us. Send the Heineken to: Patty Hearst, c/o The Crab, Washington College, Chestertown, Md. We'll take her the beer and give her your regards in between rounds. Power to the people and down the hatch!

H.F. Pard

Words to live by

"I love work--in fact, I could just sit here and watch it all day."
--Anyone in Student Affairs

"I DID IT SAVE THE REDWOODS" (CONT.)

Fromme--Oh my, well, he's just the inspiration of my whole life, don't you know. Yes, Charlie has shown all of us girls in the family how to rid ourselves of all societal inhibitions. We've actually succeeded in bringing sex down to the level of base animals.

Crab--How's that?

Fromme--We sniff each other a lot. Hee hee.

Crab--Why did you shave your heads?

Fromme--They weren't shaved, they were plucked. You see, in order to raise our universal consciousness, Charlie plucks out all of our body hairs one by one, and after each one, we try to think of a different kind of fruit.

Crab--I'm partial to persimmons myself.

Fromme--Oh really? Golly, I still have half an eyebrow left if you'd like to pluck me.

Crab--Would you still respect me in the morning?

Fromme--Why, Mr. Crab, aren't you the tease!

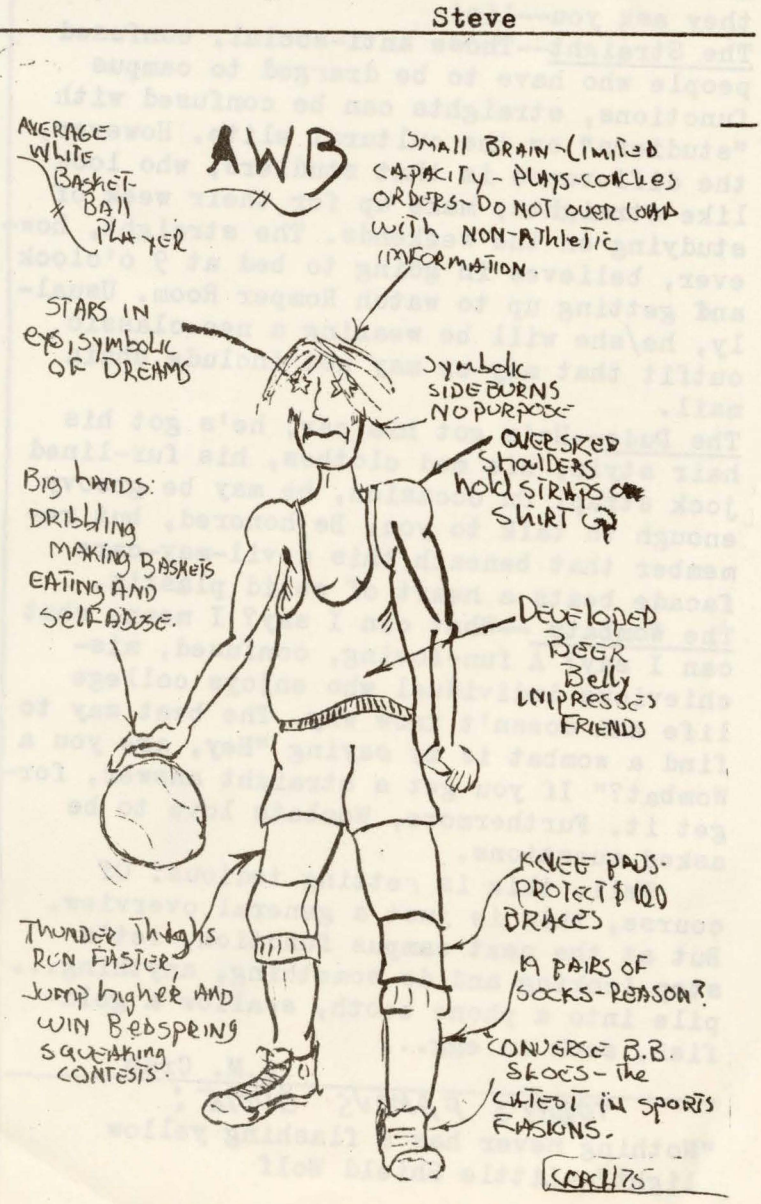
Crab--By the way, are you friends with Patty Hearst of "Tanya" fame?

Fromme--Who, that prissy publicity hound for the SLA? What's she ever done for world peace that can compare to the Tate murders? All she ever did was hold a machine gun. We actually killed people.

Crab--Ms. Fromme, in parting, do you have any message that you'd like us to convey to the American people?

Fromme--Just that people should love each other or die trying. And also, always remember the immortal words of that great Italian philosopher, Plato, who said: "Pussycats can go far."

Steve



MILLER LIBRARY

PEOPLE AROUND W.C. (CONT. FROM PAGE 1)

The Eastern Shore Redneck(Hickus Delmarvus) One of America's most uninspired species of fauna. These gentlemen fit the stereotype towny mold of thick southern accent, hopped up car, greasy hair, and bird brain. Their most popular topics of discussion include shooting things in the woods, the damn college kids, sex, and why America should destroy its 2 biggest enemies: Red China and Black Africa.

The W.C. Jock--The W.C. Jock may be hard to pin down; like the towny, he disguises himself. On occasion, you will encounter one wearing "jock clothes" or eating a lacrosse ball(in season). Jocks are usually intelligent and capable people who enjoy destroying each other in the name of athletic competition.

Sorority and Frat People--Or Greeks. These people walk around reading Plato and Homer while wearing togas and drinking Rolling Rock. A favorite pasttime of frat men is throwing beds off the roofs of their houses, while the sororities, dainty young ladies all, throw buckets of water. With very little practice, you will be ~~xxx~~ able to tell the "milk and cookies" KA's from the "freak" Sigs in the frat ranks. In the sororities you will learn the differenence between the "jock" AX's and the "foxy" Zeta's(That's for you, Nita and Donna). These creatures enjoy sitting on the wall outside of the Hill dorms where they watch people.

The American Tourist--(Americanibus Stupidibus)Complete with instamatic camera and Bermuda shorts. After all, W.C. is a national historical site(whoopee). They'll want to know all about the place. So be nice when they ask you--lie!

The Straight--Those anti-social, confused people who have to be dragged to campus functions, straights can be confused with "studiers" or the cultural elite. However, the difference is that studiers, who look like straights, make up for their week of studying on the weekends. The straight, however, believes in going to bed at 9 o'clock and getting up to watch Romper Room. Usually, he/she will be wearing a neo-classic outfit that may or may not include chain mail.

The Dude--He's got his car, he's got his hair style, his mod clothes, his fur-lined jock strap. On occasion, he may be groovy enough to talk to you. Be honored, but remember that beneath this devil-may-care facade beats a heart of solid plastic.

The Wombats --What can I say? I mean, what can I say? A fun-loving, confused, mischievious individual who enjoys college life and doesn't know why. The best way to find a wombat is by saying "Hey, are you a Wombat?" If you get a straight answer, forget it. Furthermore, Wombats love to be asked questions.

Well, this is getting tedious. Of course, this is just a general overview. But at the next campus function, let's stop looking and do something, anything... pile into a phone booth, swallow a goldfish, suck an egg...

J.M. Crab

TODAY'S FAMOUS QUOTE:

"Nothing never has a flashing yellow light"--Little Shield Wolf

SEP 23 1975
WASHINGTON COLLEGE

SAGE - DEAR CRABBY - ADVICE

Dear Crabby:

This summer I went to see the movie Jaws and now I am deathly afraid of sharks. Can you give me some advice on how to avoid being attacked by a shark?

Answer:

It's very simple: Don't go in the water when sharks are around. But if you feel the urge to swim anyway, take a few simple precautions. First, never swim alone. Take a few small babies along and if a shark starts to circle you, throw the babies in front of his mouth as diversions. But if that doesn't work, it's time for your secret weapon. When the shark comes for you, reach into your pocket and pull out a Miss Dee greaseburger. Even a shark won't eat that.

Dear Crabby:

Is there sex after death? I'm dying to find out!

Answer:

Yes, you'll probably have to.

**Dear Crabby will be glad to help you with your problems. Address all queries to: Dear Crabby, c/o The Crab, Box#24, Campus Mail.

KULTURE'S KORNER by Mona Blareit

Well, kiddies, it's really great to see you all back at W.C. again. Also it's nice to see some new faces. However, it's not so nice to see those fat bulges from summer's beer blasts and Mom's home cooking. So I've devised a good diet to help you reduce.

Sunday: B--½ cup weak tea
L--8 oz. diluted water
D--1 curd of cottage cheese

Monday: B--1 tsp. instant coffee(no water)
L--1 moth ball
D--1 small butterfly wing(but pour off the butter)

Tuesday: B--1 tsp. powdered milk(no water)
L--1 cumquat
D--1 pickled pussycat paw

Wednesday: B--5 grains of salt, 1 of sugar
L--1 hummingbird tongue
D--3 boiled callouses

Thursday: B--1 oz. freeze-dried dust
L--1 cherry skin
D--10 gnat knees

Friday: B--1 bearded clam
L--1 box lunch
D--25 Certs

Saturday: B--2 grape nuts
L--1 yearling amoeba
D--Are you still reading this?

IT AINT ALL THAT DULL (CONT. FROM PAGE 2)

Another good game to play when feeling the beer is the George Washington crack a grin game. This entails climbing up the statue of our esteemed mentor and beeping his nose. So far, he hasn't changed his expression, but the law of averages says it has to work sometime.

A game for New Dorms inmates to play is water fights. All that's needed is a candle and a chair. Stand on the chair, put the candle under the silver things on the ceiling, and voila! Waterworks! The only problem now is moving your furniture to high ground.

Anne

ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE FLIED
CRAB
Feb 9, 1976

THE CRAB

W. C.
A FREE PRESS
A FREE
SOCIETY

The Eastern Shore: A Winter Wonderland

Who says that winter is dull on the Eastern Shore? The hard-looking winter sport enthusiast will find Kent County an exciting area for skiing, ice-skating, and, of course, that old Eastern Shore tradition of ice-crabbing. The biggest advantage of this winter area is that it is still undiscovered and crowd-free. While the skeptics point to such places as the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Colorado Rockies, the Crab says give Kent County a chance.

For instance, where else in the world can you mudshoe through fields of bleak corn stalks? The traditional winter sports nut will fall back on the rather dull sport of snowshoeing through the frozen forests of far-away Maine. Who cares! Here in Kent County, one can make like pigs and slop through the sludge to classes at Washington College or the corner bar at the thriving metropolis of Tollchester. What fun! Think of the additional hours of excitement spent scraping the mud off your shoes! Up yours, Wisconsin!

What about skiing? Have you tried Mount Betterton? Mount Betterton has the added dimension of not having snow on most days of the year, thus giving the skier an extra sense of enjoyment and appreciation when it does. But what about the skiing, you say? Well, Mount Betterton has a forty-five foot vertical drop and no lifts! Not only will you get more runs in an afternoon, but you also will not have to shell out $10 a day for lift tickets! Even you beginners can handle this slope that features a scenic panorama of the Chesapeake Bay. In fact, if you can't stop at just the right moment, you might just drown.

I'll bet very few of you realize that the Olympic sport of tray-sledding was discovered at Washington College. In fact, WC has one of the most harrowing tray courses in the world. Some say it is the double hill that makes it tough; others say that the WC tradition of night time "keg sledding" makes survival of the course a miracle; but the real problem is that tray sledders make such a tempting target for snowball throwers. Speaking of snowball throwing, the Eastern Shore, famous for its slushy snow, is also famous for its easy-to-pack, easy-to-throw --painful-- snowballs. What could be more worthwhile than bloodying a few noses with a volley of slushballs? And who can resist bombing the redneck-mobiles of 213?

As for ice-skating...the Eastern Shore is a major recruiting ground for such NHL teams as the Washington Caps and the California Golden Seals. A county ordinance now requires all ice skaters to pass a simple five-month course in survival swimming. This added dimension of excitement is unique to the middle and southern Atlantic regions of the United States and cannot be

(continued on page 4)

The CRAB's Guide for the Harried Man

This is a strange time around WC, those final few weeks leading up to the Birthday Ball, and by now most of you guys are noticing that there is something funny in the air--for the first time, you have gained the upper hand in the dating situation. This is mainly because of the presence of the SAC--the Social Action Corps.--which is a group of girls who haven't gone out all year and are absolutely desperate for a chance to show off their new gowns before calling this year a failure. This group will do anything--short of lodging a paternity suit against you--in order to secure a date for the Ball, so for your own protection, guys, here are some of the ploys you should be watching out for as we count down the days till the "big event."

(1)The "Suddenly We're Friends" Ploy--This approach is so unsubtle that you may be unaware of what is really going on. A girl with whom your sole conversation to date has been: "Can I have the salt?" "Sure, here."--will come up to you and say something like: "I hear you have goldfish. Oh, I love goldfish! Not to eat, just to watch, you understand. I think they're just like people. Sometimes they mate right in front of you. That's so dirty. Do you like dirt? No? Well, can you show me your fishbowl sometime? Like tonight? In your room?" The only way you can respond to this is by giving her exactly what she wants: a guided tour of your fishbowl--from the inside looking out.

(2)The "I Have a Friend" Ploy--This is the most dangerous approach of all, in that the number of potential victims is so great. A girl will say to you benevolently: "You don't have a date for the Birthday Ball? Well, I have this girlfriend who doesn't have a date either. She's very nice, and she has the most uncanny knack for embroidering horses." Right away, you know what this means --she looks like Ernest Borgnine on a bad day. But if you refuse to take her out, both girls will hate you forever. On the other hand, if you do ask her out, you will hate yourself forever. You must weigh these things in your mind.

OK, let's assume that you've made the wrong choice, and now you and the girl are at the Birthday Ball. Immediately, you notice that, without having danced a single dance, your girl's as high as a kite. This is because her girlfriends have seen that she is "there", and now she can talk with them about all the people who are "not there."

You, however, are not content with merely standing around and talking. After all, you shelled out good money before the dance when she roped you into taking her out to dinner, and then she didn't even like the burgers and shakes at the Freeze. Anyway, you want to dance. Unfortunately, the music is provided by an old-fogey band and all

(continued on page 4)

Another Scathing Editorial

We at the Crab would like to congratulate The Elm for winning the race. That's right, folks, The Elm got an issue out before we could. The Crab is glad to see that The Elm is not simply rushing into things. It isn't easy to come out every week and be as funny as The Elm. Let's face it--there just isn't anything to write about on this campus. What difference does it make that The Elm has a huge budget or that it claims to be a weekly paper? If you gave the Crab staff that kind of money, we'd take off for Colombia.

But seriously, folks, The Elm will return the money they don't use and they no longer make the claim of being a weekly paper. We're not picking on them, but the Crab's constitution states as one of our purposes to make The Elm a better paper. This means that we have got to slap it around a bit, but the time has come to slap some of you around too! The Elm needs help--it needs fresh ideas and constructive criticism. At the same time, The Elm needs to learn how to take criticism and grow from that criticism, instead of getting defensive and blaming everyone else for its inadequacies. To The Elm, the Crab says get off your high horse and approach students as if they were humans and not scum--don't take our job away from us. To the students, the Crab says if you feel an inclination to see your name in print, go to The Elm and see what happens--you can't hurt it. On the other hand, if you feel that you have real talent, come see us--the Crab. All kinds of talents are accepted, even those that have to do with writing.

CRAB STAFF CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief: Harding F. Pard
Contributing Writers: Steve Bender, Jeff Merriam, Scott Browning, J.M. Crab. Also Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen; Comet, Cupid, Donder, and Blitzen.
Graphic Blandishments: Mike Allman
Renaissance Artwork: Steve Harrell
Distinguishing Marks: A wart on the left thigh, and one nostril is missing.
The Meaning of Life: Peach Ice Cream and Wheaties.

In Search of Ancient Astronauts

A noted geologist says that, without a doubt, Chestertown has been visited in ancient times by extraterrestrial visitors and "maybe even beings from outer space."

In an interview recently granted by him to the Crab, Dr. Eric von Dummkopf, former drill-site critic for Rock and Stone magazine, said that evidence of such creatures can be found all over the WC campus. Perhaps his most startling discovery to date in this field came when he was invited to a Somerset bong party and looked down on Somerset's front lawn from a fourth floor window. From there Dr. Dummkopf said he could clearly make out a series of mysterious tracks that criss-cross the grass. Fourth floor resident and party-goer Larry Foy insists that these markings are really a message left by ancient astronauts in alien language, and he has gone so far as to translate themm. What do they spell? "Xrpla," says Larry. What does this mean? "I haven't figured that out."

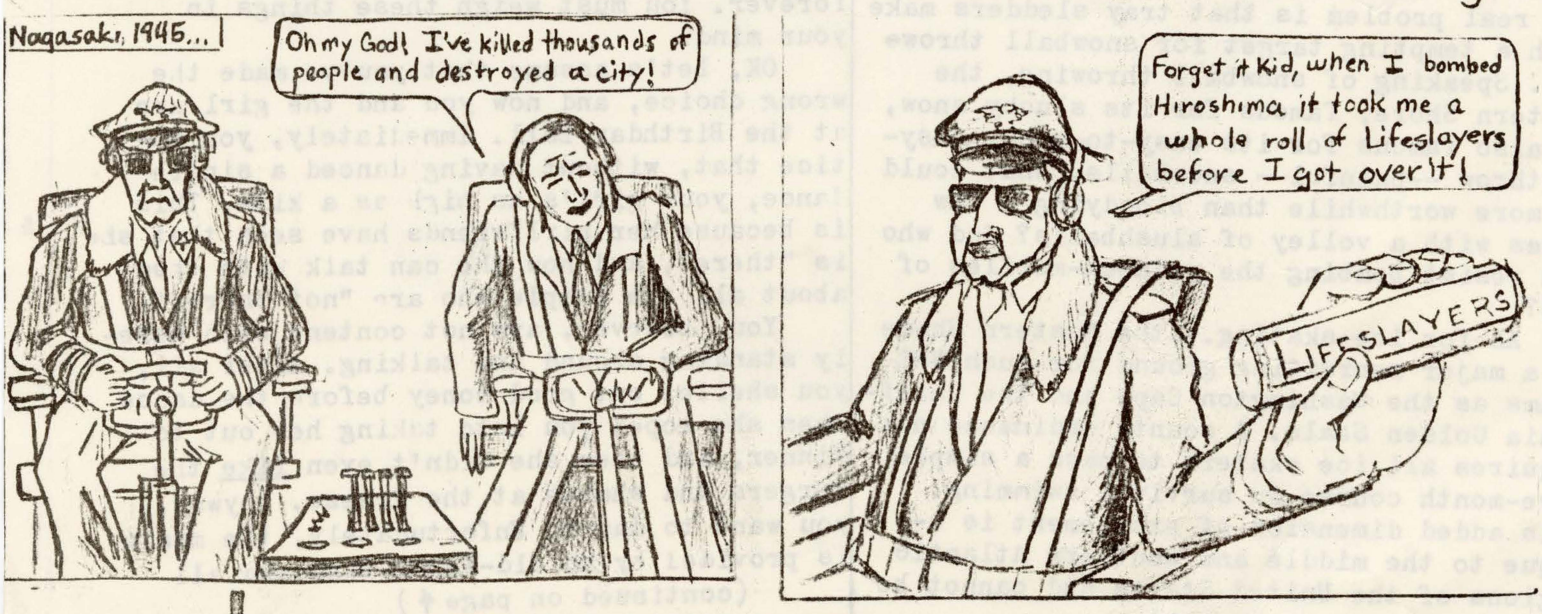
Dummkopf, however, disagrees with Foy's analysis, and maintains that the tracks are in fact ancient landing strips for UFO's. Accordingly, Crab Editor Harding F. Pard has vowed to sit in his window and watch until the UFO's come back, but so far all his search has recorded is the erratic flight of a crested bullfinch suffering from periodic cramps, and a college jock pinning his steady on the lawn.

There is much more evidence than just the tracks, says Dummkopf. For instance, he has discovered a mysterious statue located in the midst of some bushes a short distance from Middle Hall which, he claims, was probably built by prehistoric Chestertown residents in honor of their alien visitors. "Of particular interest is the visage, or face, of this statue. Note the stern and somewhat haughty expression, and the eyes that seem to look off into the heavens. It is clear that the aliens resembled this statue, and they may even have worn powdered wigs."

Then there is the case of the strange

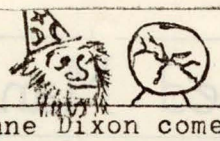
(continued on page 3)

Bicentennial Notes: Great Moments of American Advertising



LIFESLAYERS - a WAY OF LIVING

Our Predictions For 1976



We all know that Jeanne Dixon comes out semi-annually with her list of predictions for the upcoming months, but since she is a complete fraud, one is apt to feel a bit insecure about what the future holds in store. However, never fear. The Crab's cracked staff of prognosticating experts has come up with a number of predictions for 1976 that we absolutely guarantee to take place.

(1)By the end of this year, 75% of the freshman class will be semi-literate, 25% will be able to tie their shoes, and 100% will be paper-trained.

(2)John Moag will be elected to the vital post of Baltimore City dog catcher. His first act will be to cut out free beer for city dogs.

(3)Jackie Kennedy will dump the Shah of Iran and marry Howard Hughes. Unfortunately, she will discover that Hughes is dead, but only from the waist up.

(4)Doctors will discover a massive cerebral tumor in Jerry Ford's head. However, upon removal of his brain, Jerry will be as good as new.

(5)J.M. Crab predicts that in 1976 there will be no nuclear wars, no outerspace invasions, and no second coming of Christ until after the Raiders win the Super Bowl.

(6)Dean Hansen will make a decision. However, what it will concern he hasn't yet decided.

(7)The American foreign policy of detente will be scrapped as Secretary of State Henry Kissinger will be replaced by Barry McArdle, whose new foreign ploicy will be entitled, "Hey, c'mon guys, let's cool it."

(8)Presidential candidate Ronald Reagan will be offered the leading role in a new motion picture. However, he will reject it upon discovering plans to cut $90 billion from the film's budget.

(9)Plans to begin digging out Phase I of the Chestertown Subway System will be temporarily postponed due to the unfortunate death of the mole.

(10)An infirmary doctor will sneeze while performing a vasectomy and thereby help to fill out the chorus' soprano section.

(11)The next President of the United States will not be a myopic Albanian dwarf with a sheep fetish. Albanians cannot be President.

(12)A new fad will replace streaking on the college campuses. It will be called "leaking." It will involve the entire male student body organizing their bodily functions to recreate the text of the Book of Job in the snow. Females will provide the punctuation.

(cont. at top of next column)

TODAY'S FAMOUS QUOTE:

"Strike a light or light a lantern!
Something I have hold of has no head."

--The Golux in "The Thirteen Clocks"

(13)Jerry Ford will appear at Washington College as part of a local fund-raiser for his Presidential campaign. In an attempt to raise more money, he will offer to run head-first into a wall for 10¢,and will stop only after the students have run out of dimes and the College has run out of walls.

(14)Paris will unveil a new fashion in underwear dress for men--onion dip jockey shorts. This, of course, will result in an immediate run on potato chips, and a number of arrests for assault with intent to snack.

(15)To prove that Washington College does indeed have admission standards, the Admissions Office will reject the application of Lassie...on the grounds that the dog does not know how to play basketball.

(16)Miss Dee will discover a way to make hamburgers totally out of grease, thus reducing her expenditures for meat by 10%.

(17)Joe McLain will finally consent to coed dorms, provided that all girls agree to wear chastity belts and he gets to keep the key.

(18)A certain philosophy professor's office couch will be donated to the Institute for the Performing Arts.

(19) Dianne Larrimore's vocal cords will be bronzed.

(20)To preserve The Elm for posterity, its entire staff will be put in a time vault. For Elm subscribers, this news is both good and bad. The bad news is that the next issue won't be seen until the year 7006. The good news is that by that time they'll probably have thought of something to write.

Well, there you have it--our predictions for 1976. Remember, these are guaranteed. If they don't come true, simply clip the top off the nearest Wheaties box and mail it to them for a full refund.

J.M. Crab & Harding F. Pard

Ancient Astronauts (CONT. FROM PAGE 2)

objects that have been found in several girls' dorm rooms. These objects, which are from 7-10 inches in length, cylindrical, and slightly tapered at one end, emit a curious humming vibration if held in the proper manner. Dr. Dummkopf specualtes that they might be some sort of alien power cell. He notes that when females touch these objects, they are often heard to utter a series of low moans. "Could this be some form of alien communication?" he asks.

Another source of suspicion for Dummkopf is the D.A.R. rock, which, he claims, was probably left here by some "spacey characters." He points to the fact that the rock is obviously too heavy for several men or even a female gym instructor to have carried it to its present location, "so alien beings must have transported it there thru the use of some kind of anti-gravity device--maybe a bong or perhaps even a winged bidet."

The origin of math in Chestertown has long been a puzzle to researchers, but Dr.

(continued on page 4)

A Christmas Story

The Bowser family piled into their Buick LaSabre and headed towards the open fields of Bowlerville. Mr. Bowser was driving as his wife busied herself by tying her kids' shoelaces together. The old, paternal grandfather was stuffed up against the back window so that his wife would have room to stretch out and loosen her joints.

Mrs. Bowser wondered if the car could make it through the fields without snowtires, but grandad insisted that the car was stronger than any of the horses that pulled his family's sleigh. So with smiles of glee on their faces, they bounded over a ditch and through a portable "john", and off they went into the night. They sang Christmas carols and threw mistletoe at grandad.

"Boy, this is a funzy-wunzy," said Mr. Bowser as they burst through the five-foot snow dunes.

Suddenly, the car was halted in its tracks as if ordered by God. Calm, cool, collected, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mr. Bowser went to check what was wrong. Discovering that the problem was merely that the car was stuck on some ice, he joked with his family and had a snowball fight. After they were tired from laughing and playing, they dug grandma out of the snow bank she had been cascaded into. When she was dried off, Mr. Bowser(known to his friends as Bowser-rouser), placed her carefully under the rear tires, and with the help of granma as traction, the car easily rolled out of the ditch. The laughter and the singing resumed once more as the children massaged the tread marks out of grandma. As they neared the end of the field, Bowser again blasted through the "john", and headed for home.

When the family arrived home, Mrs. Bowser ran in to repair the turkey(it was past the point of being prepared). The kids devoted their spare time to scraping grandad off the back window.

Five hours later, after proving that they could devour more food than a herd of buffalo and a token hippo, the family slumped back in a bloated stupor. The only movement in the night came when grandad mentioned midnight Mass, only to be answered by a turkey leg, thrown by Mrs. Bowser.

Suddenly, near calamity struck when Herbi(the oldest child) said he was losing all feeling in his head; but things returned to normal when he pulled it out of the freezer. The evening came to an end, finally, when Mr. Bowser perched on his stomach and recited the evening prayer:

> "Dear God, thank You for a wonderful evening with my loved ones, and all the luck we have and prosperity, and please help the tire marks go away. AMEN."

Scott

A JUDICIOUS REMINDER-----

An article in Ladies' Home Journal suggests that menstruation may not be necessary. Wise up, girls.

Harried Man (cont.from p.1)

they are going to play is ballroom music, which you don't know how to dance to. No matter--you are getting so drunk that you will attempt anything. You move out onto the crowded dance floor, stepping on a few prone bodies along the way, having decided to be clever and fake it. Accordingly, when the band plays a polka, you sit down and spin. When they play a foxtrot, you run in place. And when they play a waltz, you drop to the floor and look for a contact lens. However, just like Nixon, you don't fool everybody--an old geezer comes up, pats you on the back, and says, "Nice try, young feller." So you pull the cord to his pace-maker and watch him crumple.

Suddenly, the band plays a fast number. You can hardly believe it, but you know it must be true, because all of the old men are clutching their sides and heading for the bathroom. You smile sardonically, sensing your opportunity to show them all what real dancing is. The music grows louder in your ears, you're really getting into it....Only trouble is, your date is still on the other side of the room, talking to her friends. You begin to hate her friends, and contemplate such horrible things as having them all boarded up. You walk up to the stoic statue of George Washington standing there in the middle of the floor. You grab it by the coattail and ask: "Was Martha ever like that? Is that why you slept around?"

Steve

Ancient Astronauts (cont from p.3)

Dummkopf says that this too can be traced back to an extraterrrestrial influence. He has discovered that if you multiply the width of Bill Smith Hall by its height and then divide by 1782(the year that WC was founded), you come up with Pi. This proves conclusively that the builders of Bill Smith must have talked with aliens, because no Chestertown residents knew about Pi until after the discovery of speech here in 1914.

Though Dr. Dummkopf's extraterrestrial theories are pooh-poohed by skeptics, he remains unfazed by their criticism. "If the Americans don't want me, them maybe the Communists do," he says. Personally, we hope this never happens, because then we'll be faced with an endless stream of "Eric the Red" jokes, and we've just barely gotten over the death of Little Boy Omar.

Steve

Winter Wonderland (cont.from p1)

found in such humdrum spots as the Grand Tetons. That flat, gray Eastern Shore scenery is so much nicer too.

And you say this isn't a winter wonderland! You just haven't looked hard enough. Don't forget the Rock Hall winter festival with everybody's favorite contest for the best mud sculpture. OK, OK, so maybe it isn't Squaw Valley, but what the hell do Californians know about living anyway?

Jeff

"In A Free Society"

THE CRAB

"All The News Fit To Be Tied"

Vol. IV No. 2 Oct. 26, 1976

CRAB INTERVIEW: ELM EDITOR

As those six or eight of you who read the Elm know, its editor Roger "the Dodger" Rebitsky (alias Chicken Little) has recently been the centre of a good deal of controversy. In an umprecedented step, Crab editor Sir Crispian VD Slits successfully interviewed the usually uncommunicative (at least to the Crab) Rebitsky by posing as a mirror, thereby capturing his attention for a full thirty minutes. Atranscription of the tape of the interview (made with a microphone hidden in one of Rebitsky's shoes so as to be near his mouth most of the time) is presented here.

Roger Rebitsky: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

Sir Crispy: Fara Fawcett Majors. Now it's my turn to ask you a question.

R R: What, what? I own the mirror, I ask the questions.

Sir C:Now, now, just relax and stare at yourself a while. I just want to ask a couple things. To start with, do you think you've been successful with the Elms you've produced this year?

R R: Obviously; look how many people wanted extra copies of the last one.

Sir C: You have been accused of having a swelled head, a large ego. Is this true?

R R: No, never. I'm way above that sort of thing.

Sir C: Could you briefly summarize some of the Elm's philosophies?

R R: The most important principle of of the Elm's journalistic philosophy is to report accurately all facts and events that are important to its leadership. This includes anything I hear, see, or make up. I'm also into implications - a good implication is usually worth two or three good falsehoods. Look what I've managed to do with the Bud Andrews story. I simply believe in the students' right to know what I want them to.

Sir C: What is your response to the attempts to intimidate you? I understand you singlehandedly fought off the entire Theta fraternity when they attacked several hundred copies of the Elm.

R R: AW, it wasn't much. I did have to put out my cigarette, though. But the Elm's bark is worse than its bite. This paper will not be bent, will not be folded, will not be spindled, and will not be mutilated. The Elm is the only interest group the Elm is interested in.

Sir C: You have expressed the opinion that the school is going through a period of crisis. What information do you offer to back up this claim?

R R: Well, as you know, three people retired from the maintenance staff last year; also, John Linville left, as did Chuck Kellog before. When your number one and two men in the dining hall quit on you, you know there's trouble. Plus, the school no longer supports the wrestling team - and wrestlers need supporters.

Sir C: What would you say is your basic feeling towards the school?

R R: First, I'm pissed off at them.

MENU

Cont. on back

Recently the dining hall menus have been little more than a guide to what won't be served at that particular meal. The Crab is proud to have acquired a copy of next week's menu, and presents to you what you probably won't be eating next week.

BREAKFAST:
Poached nuthatch eggs
Sunken donuts
Potcakes
Cream of sheet
Assorted fruits

LUNCH:
Cream of frog's leg's soup
Goatburgers
Hash
Eel salad sandwiches
Buffalo chips
Clam cakes with chocolate icing
Hair pie

DINNER:
Burn and serve rolls
Chester River trout
Disected fetal pigs
Ostrich fu yung
Fried rutabaga roots
Treated parsely flakes
Porn
Cumquat pie
Cyanide-butter almond ice cream
Onion pastries

Good luck. Keith

TODAY IN HISTORY

On this day in 1784, the first "George Washington Slept Here" plaque was erected on a desk in Bill Smith Hall room 21. Commented George, "It wasn't much of a nap. There was too much banging and pounding for me to get a good rest." The plaque was placed by the local chapter of the DAR.

EDITORIAL

Has this year's freshman class been herded into a convoy of buses headed for Acapulco? Were they all exported to Rhodesia as slave labour to try and get the school out of debt? Rumour has it that a few people claiming to be freshmen have been seen on campus this year, but these sightings occurred only during the middle of the school week.

I remember we had freshmen last year; as a matter of fact, they were a fine group, dedicated to the principle of "Mental Health Through the Periodic Relief of Tension." Parties and events would be filled to the brim with eager, new faces. Every night, the freshmen would make their rounds, stalking through Somerset or Minta Martin, or, if they had a little class, Middle Hall. This year, one must search like Sherlock Holmes to find just a trace of a freshman, and even old Sherlock would have trouble finding one on a weekend. Why this sudden drastic change? We all know that the workload here allows for occasional weeknight outings; and the entire class can't be going home to water the plants every weekend.

A large portion of what a student can learn at Washington College comes outside of the classroom (for some, all of what they learn comes outside of the classroom): learning how to cope with people and situations. This is what you will be doing for the rest of your life, in one form or another, unless you make a career out of lighthouse keeping or plan to boycott deodorants for a while. If you don't know anyone on campus, it's because you haven't made the effort to meet people yet - almost everyone here is friendly and occasionally even coherent. It is now time for you to get out of those miniscule rooms you've been stuck in and invade the campus, sporting all your many charms. We're all waiting anxiously.

Sir Crispy

APOLOGIES AND THANKS

The Crab apologizes to Dr. MacLain for spelling his name correctly in the first issue; it was purely unintentional.

The Crab would like to express its appreciation to the Thetas for their contribution to the upgrading of the quality of available campus publications. Their actions of Friday the 15th, the removal of about one hundred copies of the Elm, shows considerable wisdom and taste.

Many thanks (seriously) to Tom Shreck in Central Services for his help in printing the last Crab.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

One of the objectives of the first Crab was to get a response from the campus community, in which it was certainly successful. I did think the three letter bombs and the box with the scorpion enclosed might be considered overdoing it (though one of the letter bombs had an Elm return address on it, and under interrogation the scorpion admitted to being an associate of Elm editor Roger Rebetsky). However, virtually all written responses were sent anonymously, the result, I conclude, of fear. If it is fear of notoriety, relax, no one has ever been arrested or flunked for being associated with the Crab, and last year's editor even got a job because of it; if it is fear of me, I haven't killed anyone who criticized me in almost a month.

I mention this for two reasons: one, some of the articles contributed were excellent, but I need to discuss them with the authors (where are you, Cat) before printing them, because I will not print something I have edited without the author"s consent; second, though some of the criticisms were valid, I at least sign my name to what I write, and I think I deserve the same from you critics. It is all too easy to complain and criticize when you don't have to take resposibility for the complaints and the criticisms.

Keith

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(This is an open letter to Dr. Pink)

Dear Dr. Pink,

On the first day of classes here, you revealed that you were an out-of-the-closet gay. At that time, you insinuated that the reason you came out of the closet was a dislike of this type of room. Then, you told your classes that due to restorations in Bill Smith you were back in a closet at Ferguson Hall. Furthermore, you implied derogatorily that, since your office door had the wrods "D. Small" on it, the D obviously stood for Dwarf.

Well Dr. Pink, we, the Dwarf Friends of American Closets (DFAC) demand an immediate apology. You may have missed the many finer points of closets, large or small, but we happen to thrive on them. How can you ignore the true joys of a closet? Such real pleasures as watching mildew grow, feeling floors settle, a midnight tryst with a coathook, and then, true love! ♥ your first doorknob.

It is impossible for us to ignore this insensitivity towards a group that, though small in stature, is large in political clout. With your crass eth-

(next page)

LETTER CONTINUED

nic jokes about dwarves and closets, you have just about knocked yourself out of the running for our annual Soapy Care prize, which last year was worth $14.50.

The Dwarf Friends of American Closets await your sincerest apologies. Until then, we recommend that you arm yourself before going into any closets alone.

Till next we meet, we remain,

Hopping mad at you,

The DFAC

Bob

TV PREVIEW

As you know, not all the TV shows that began so grandly in the fall reappear after more than a few weeks. Already the networks have begun to devise new shows to replace the old, so for those of you with sets (who haven't gone blind yet) the Crab is providing a preview of some new shows that are scheduled to come your way. Under the courageous leadership of Sir Crispian VD Slits, a team of Crab sneak thiefs (recruited primarily from the maintenence staff) infiltrated each major network's office and pilfered these resumes.

"Odd Job" (CBS, 8:00-8:16 Wed.) Bruce Snookums, a black, Jewish, gay, crippled ex-handyman turned detective chases criminals in a wheelchair through the backwoods of Maine. His friend on the force, Maine State Police lieutenant Chico Swisher, a Puerto Rican, Mormon, gay leper helps Snookums in many ways. The first episode: Swisher is suspended from the force for having flowers on his uniform. A good detective show for viewers with pacemakers who can't take too much excitement.

"The Almost Greats" (ABC Tuesday 4:30) Variety. Each week, a different actor who was almost great will tell about the big break he didn't get. Already scheduled are Mort Snerd, who almost won the lead in "Kung Fu" except he was black; Tootsie Barrot, who missed the starring role in the porno classic "Deep Ear" when her false teeth and eyeball came out while in an interview on the director's couch; and Fido, who lost the lead in a revival of "Lassie" because he was an Icelandic Turtlehound. Recommended for insomniacs.

"All In The Garbage Can" (CBS 2:00 Mon.-Fri.) This game show features contestants rooting through garbage cans trying to find Cheerios amongst the garbage within a certain time period, receiving cash for each one they find. The amount is determined by the condition of the Cheerio (new, half eaten, soggy, etc.). Losers may challenge winners to "sudden death" play off finals, where each contestant is given a machine gun and placed among the audience.

"WE Will Bury You" (NBC, Thur. 9:30) Comedy. Funeral home director Frank Feelemup and his family of seven illegitimate children go through such hilarious antics as placing the wrong person in a coffin just before a memorial service and murdering people to drum up business. KKK, the oldest of the youngsters, is a promising letter bomber; his ability to play dead and his favorite phrase, "dy-na-mite" allow him to steal the show and most everything in it.

Keith

FRESH IMPRESSIONS

As a freshman here at WC, I feel it is only fitting that I comment on my "higher" education thus far (Not necessarily academically speaking). Being only a naive eighteen, I had not yet experienced the fruits of my newly discovered freedom as an adult. Of course, things changed drastically in a very short period of time (and of course, one can only learn the hard way).

Washington College being the academically sound insitution that it is, I was amazed that the curriculum didn't include a course in ark-building, a skill seemingly necessary in Chestertown's monssoon season. It seems that the water supply is extremely abundant except when there is more than one person taking a shower in the same building. Hot water? Only after one of the cafeteria's world-renowned gourmet dinners, and it seems that everyone is flushing the toilets at the same time.

Socially WC is known for its thirst. Did you know that this campus consumes more Miller than any other location in this dealership? Do you have enough brain cells left to care? Strangely enough, parties at WC have demonstrated to me that it is easier to get picked up here than on 42nd Street in New York. Keep it quiet, though - what the parents don't know can't hurt 'em.

Then comes (ugh) Monday morning... well, let it suffice to say that one learns quickly enough the invaluable techniques of sleeping and taking notes at the same time. Not that the weekends provide a break from the routine furthering one's education. Just so you don't get lonesome for

(cont. on back)

CREDITS AND BLAME

Editor: Sir Crispian VD Slits
Head of Staff: Dave Newby
Writers: Bob Folkman, Isabella Islander, Ann Transplant, Keith Twitchell
Haircut: Paul Boertlein
Inspiration: Roger Rebetsky and the Elm

CHICO AND CHUCK

The scene opens with Chico in his office, fidgeting around, staring at the room with a slightly puzzled expression, whipping his arm in a throwing motion, and murmuring "Gettem, gettem. Gottem, gottem."The door flies open, and enter Chuck.

Chuck: Rats, rats, rats.
Chico: (startled) Oh, hem, excuse me. I was just practicing my Thurman Munson imitation. Hopefully, he's going to be our commencement speaker this spring. We're giving him a B.A.T. degree.
Chuck: Rats, rats, rats, rats!
Chico: (jumping up on the desk in alarm) Where? (pulls out a squirt gun) I'll shoot the little bastards.
Chuck: No, I din't mean in here. It's just an expression.
Chico (climbs down slowly) That's a relief. Earlier today I was attacked twice, once by a badger that had escaped from an old copy of The Wind in the Willows, and once by an opossum that was looking for a crab or something. Anyway, what's your problem? I mean, for right now?
Chuck: Well, I just had my 492nd kite of the month get tangled up on me, this time on the power line that goes through the fire lane. I seem to be the only person on campus who can't fly a kite. It's very frustrating.
Chico: Now calm down, I'm sure you'll get the hang of it sooner or later. By the way, I hear you are the new coach of the resting club. I'd like to get involved in that - I could sure use a good rest.
Chuck: Actually, it's called Wrestling. Two guys go out and try to throw each other on their backs. It's alot of fun.
Chico: (looking at him warily and backing up) I'll bet.
Chuck: No, no, it's nothing like that. Anyway, I have a question I'd like to ask: the president says there is no apathy here, and the Elm editor says everyone is apathetic except himself. I want to know who's right.
Chico: I really don't care. I had a talk with Doc Joe the other day, and he said you were doing a good job, except to watch out on one thing. He feels that this business with some Thetas breaking into the women's dorm is just a fad, and will blow over soon, so you're not to submit to the gimmickry of fadism.

(There is a great flash of light, and SGA president Paul Noto appears as an angel of the Lord)

Angel: Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy. Chico, you have been chosen to see the light, and to be free from warts forever.

(Another flash, and the Angel disappears. When the dust and smoke settle, Chico's glasses are clear instead of tinted)

Chuck: (coughing) What was all that about?
Chico: (rushes to the window) I can see! Unbelievable! O, brave new world that hath such creatures in it. Good Lord, I need a drink.
Chuck: I have some tomato juice in my apartment, if you'd ...
Chico: I, uh, was thinking of something a touch stronger. Look, you better go back to your room so they can penny-lock you in again. See you later.
(exit Chuck)
Phew. I better go hit one of the dollar drunks; I'm not sure I can handled this seeing stuff. I think they fire people who have their eyes open here, so word of this better not get around. Hmmm;;...
(he leaves, tripping over the desk, while humming "See me, feel me...")

Keith

INTERVIEW CONTINUED

The Board of Publications took away my personal Elm phone just because it would save them a couple hundred dollars. In general, I'm very negative. One of my policies is to always find the negative in anything.

Sir C: What plans do you have for the future?
R R: I'm thinking of running for God. The current Heaven administration has yet to prove the "increased ripresentation" it has so often promised. It is the CHA's duty to assure people's awareness of action before it is taken -including the expenditure of $2500 on a Jimi Hendrix-Duane Allman concert.
Sir C: Thanks very much for your time, and I hope your circulation reaches double figures by the end of the semester.
(at this point, a fly buzzed by and hit Rebitsky in the head; he ran out screaming "The sky is falling! The sky is falling!")

Sir Crispy

FRESH IMPRESSIONS CONT.

that intellectual stimulation, the SGA kindly provides Popeye movies - he beat up Sinbad last Friday night. But weekends aren't always the peak of college life.One recent occasion, only 3 girls and a rat were left in my dorm.

(to be concluded next issue)

A free press in a free society"

THE CRAB

fit to be tied"

Vol. IV No. 3 Dec. 13, 1976

S/M Club Formed

After placing a request to SGA president Paul Nodose, The Washington College Sadism/Masochism Club has finally been recognized. Led by S/M president Bill "Whip" Lash, the torture team has now received permission to set up headquarters in a plush section of a Bill Smith bathroom.

Mr. Lash was openly ecstatic over the decision. "Well burn my britches...please," he said, "I think Paul Nodose deserves alot of credit for keeping his nose to the grindstone. He took a few licks in getting the administration to OK this."

Lash elaborated on the spacious facilities in Bill Smith. "It's not just a whipping post you know, we have room for bondage, chaining, and flushings. It's a nice place to hang our leather boots.

As for immediate upcoming plans, Mr. Lash is reserved: "We know we were lucky to get this much, so we're going to sit tight for awhile. Face it, Nodose is strapped down when it comes to allocations for us in the near future. However, we are planning a fund raiser this spring. We're gonna go over to Kibler Field and help the lacrosse team work on slashes and body checks. Those guys are nice fellows."

Reached for comment, SGA boss Nodose was pleased. "This is just one more beating the administration has taken. I'll help any special interest group with a little cash, provided my hands aren't tied."

M.N.

Stairway To Rippedness

There's a hippy who's sure
All that glitters is gold
And he's buying a stairway to ripped-
ness

When he gets there he knows
If his eyes are both closed
With Visine he can see what he came
for

There's a scale in the room
But he wants to be sure
'Cause you know sometimes "ounce"
has two meanings

In a room down the hall
A stereo sings
Sometimes all of our words are
drowned out

There's a feeling I get
When I smoke of the best
And my spirit is crying for par-
ties

In my thoughts I have seen
Rings of smoke (Lebanese)
And the voices of those who sit
smoking

And its whispered today
There's some coke on the way
And the dealer will lead us to
rippedness

And a new high will dawn
For those who smoke long
And the whole world will echo with
laughter

K.P.

"Jimmy Carter's a head."
-John Chancellor, NBC News

EDITORIAL

Gary Gilmour, who as all you news freaks know is the convicted Utah murderer who is incredibly psyched for the lectric chair, has recently risen from a total unknown to front page news in Peru, Ohio, which is not bad for a convicted murderer. His extraordinary saga from the time he first declared his wish to die has included getting engaged, a couple of suicide attempts (including a dual pact with his fiancee of two days), a hunger strike, several stays of execution, and now, an appeal to be set free based on an obscure Utah law stating that prisoners sentenced to execution must be set free if not dead within a certain period of time, which has now elapsed.

Since thw whole story reads more like a National Lampoon satire than the question of a man's life, it seems only logical to conclude that Gilmour will indeed be released. He must then face the question of possible careers available to a graduate of one of our leading penal institutions. Unfortunately, the job Gilmour seems most suited for was just filled (and by the way, good luck, Mr. Carter), so he will have to look a little further. The Crab, always one to support any poor and any minorities as long as they don't move in next door, would like to aid Mr. Gilmour in his search for employment. Since he does seem to have a strong death wish, we hypothesize that he would only be truly happy in a job with a very high risk factor, and our suggestions are made with this in mind. After considerable research by the entire staff, we have developed the following list of job possibilities for Mr. Gilmour:

Trouble shooter for an atomic power plant

Roof maintenance for the World Trade Center

British soldier in Belfast

UN observer of the Lebanese cease-fire

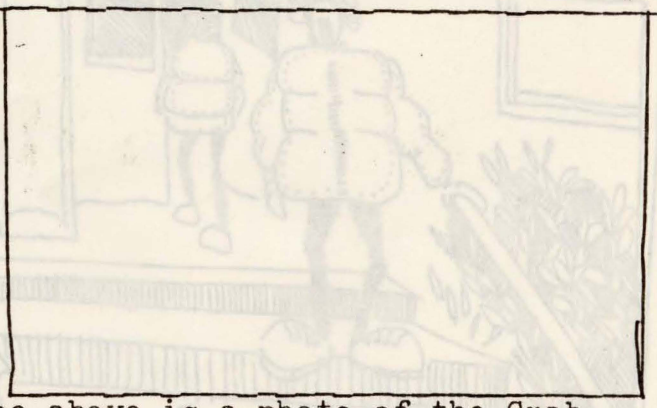
Subject for experiment on unique theory of the obsolescence of the skeletal structure in humans

Head Rabbi of the Russian Orthodox Jewish Church

Food tester at the WC dining hall

As an alternative suggestion, we would like to propose to Dr. McLain, who is so concerned with increasing the ~~caliber~~ quantity of students at Washington College that he recently in effect abolished the Admissions section of the Admissions and Academic Standing Committee, that perhaps Mr. Gilmour would be a fitting candidate for a scholarship to WC. He certainly seems to be an interesting character (and how many convicted murderers do we have at WC?- only a handful at best); he is reputed to be rather intelligent even if he did get caught. With our apparent need to get our hands on every body in sight, a golden opportunity like this should not be missed.

Sir Crispy



The above is a photo of the Crab staff Xmas party. A close inspection will reveal the entire staff behind the smoke.

STAFF

Editor in Chief: Sir Crispian VD Slits
Head of Staff: D.P. Newby
Writers: Maurice Nelson, Keith Twitchell, Tooloosela Treck, Isabella Islander, Ann Transplant
Art (and many thanks): Jean Dixon
Midnight Meal: the dining hall
Early Morning Alarm Service: the maintenance men who dug the Chestertown Canal through the MIddle Hall basement
-Thanks to Roger Rebetsky, for putting out a readable Elm, and for keeping the Crab inspired

FRESH IMPRESSIONS (last issue)

However, weekends are not always the peak of college life. On one recent occasion, there were only three living things left in our dorm by ten p.m. Friday night: two girls and a rat. A rat with a five inch tail was spotted in Caroline Hall, carrying one of the garbage cans out on its back. At any rate, the next 3½ years here should prove interesting.

I.I. and A.T.

CRAB BUMPER STICKERS

One of the most popular outlets for the American creative genius over the past few decades has been the bumper sticker. The Crab takes this opportunity to present a collection of these marvellous literary devices, both real and imaginary:

Honk if you love geese

America- buy it or bag it

If heads are outlawed, only outlaws will have heads

(for a van) Don't laugh, your daughter may be in here

Eat oysters, love longer

Chestertown is for perverts

Don't follow me, I'm lost too

Support your local left-handed Italian kamikaze pilots association

Warning: I brake for stop lights

I'd rather be partying

Amputees do it half-assed

Marbles- fastest game on knees

Take it easy, or any other way you can get it

KT, with help from several friends

=NEWS FLASH=

Madison, Wisconson has decriminalized Marijuana because rumours of an approaching bust caused so many toilets to be flushed at the same time that the town's water pressure decreased significantly. At the time, a fire in the town's business district had just about been brought under control, but the pressure drop caused the fire to rage on until early morning, leveling four blocks of the business district. Wishing to avoid a similar occurence, the town laws were changed and dope is no longer a criminal offence.

Thanks to WKTK earth news

NIGHT BEFORE FINALS

(continued from p. 4)

And to the pipe he gave not a look.
Then I lay my finger on the side of his nose:
Shotgun! and up to Venus he rose.
So came the midnight, and we all gave a shout
We all told each other what life was about,
And we all exclaimed as we moved out of sight,
Merry rippedness to all, and to all a good light.

Paul Sullivan, 1973

CRAB CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Since this is the Christmas season, and this is the time when traditionally gifts are given and everyone tries to make the world a better place until about January 15th, by which time all those great New Year's resolutions are dim and distant echoes of the past, the Crab would like to give the following gifts to the following worthy people on campus:

Dr. McLain: A new pair of glasses, in the hope that they will give him a more realistic view of the campus

Paul Noto: an invitation to the next Democratic national convention

The lacrosse team: that one big game that will get them ranked #1

The dining hall: one dinner where they don't run out of everything

Minta Martin: a moat to protect them from the rest of the campus (and vice versa)

Maintenance: an unlisted phone so they can ignore students' complaints entirely

The registrar: a new abacus

Somerset: urban renewal

The Thetas: a lump of coal in their stockings for being such bad boys

Gerald Ford: a peanut farm

Jimmy Carter: speech lessons (to get rid of his accent)

Everybody: the best year possible in 1977. There are many people on this campus who have a great store of potential, as does the college itself. I hope they can begin to realize some of it in the coming year.

Sir Crispy

"Will someone shut that brat up?"
-inkeeper, Jerusalem, 2nd day AD

CRAB CHRISTMAS PAGE

It has come to our attention that traditional Christmas Carols no longer seem relevant. Honestly, who has the time to pick holly to be strewn about the corriders? You'd probably get arrested anyway. Thus, in keeping with the Crab's policy of giving the students what they deserve, we present,

WRECK THE HALLS

Note: Any similarity to real persons is your own fault.

Wreck the halls for fun and folly
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Why be studious, lets be jolly
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Break the windows they won't hear
Fa la la la la la la la la
Let's go drink another beer
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Why not waste our parent's money
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Sure we're drunk, but ain't we funny
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Be it Kent or Minta Martin
Fa la la la la la la la la
Lots to do yet, we're just startin'
Fa la la la la, la la la la

T.T.

THE NIGHT BEFORE FINALS

Having now dealt with the spirit of Christmas Present at NC, we now go back to the first year of the Crab for a nostalgic look at the Spirit of Christmas Past:

'Twas the night before finals
And throughout the frat house,
Not a student was stirring
Not even a mouse.
The Greeks were all nestled
In their studies with care,
With naught to relieve
Their crushing despair.
The pipes were put away
In drawers, with great sorrow,
In hopes that tonight
Would soon be tomorrow.
And Steve in his Bio,
And I in my math
Were just settled down
For an evening of wrath,
When suddenly, to my delight
I sniffed a strange scent,
So I sprang from my studies
To go talk to the gent.

Away to his door I flew in a flash,
Broke off the lock and perceived all his stash.
The black light on his walls
Gave the lustre of heaven all down the halls;
Then suddenly he said,
"I've got what you need,"
And passed me a bowl of that magical weed;
Then a long smooth inhale, so tasty and right,
And I knew in a minute- Venus tonight!
Quicker than I thought, the rush that then hit me,
And I whistled and shouted, and called out in glee
Come Laura, Come Larry, come Mary and Jim,
Come Carol, come Karen, come Kevin and Tim,
To Christopher's room, just down the hall,
Now smoke away, smoke away, smoke away all.
As the brown leaves burnt wildly and bright,
Our studies quite soon were clear out of sight
So up to the heavens we flew and we flew,
With a sleigh full of joy and our Mary pipe, too.
And then in the hall I heard such a noise,
Everyone was coming, every girl, all the boys!
As I pulled on the pipe, I looked all around,
And saw what a truly great party I'd found.
We started the party, and never did cease,
And believe it or not, we were living in peace.
It looke like an old colonial meeting
Everyone saying "hi"- all giving the greeting;
Our eyes how they twinkled, our smiles so big,
Lighting the pipe and enjoying the gig,
Our mouths got so dry, we were in such high gear
So everyone opened a bottle of beer.
The stump of the pipe I held tight in my teeth,
The smoke circled the campus, like a heavenly wreath.
I had a blonde chick, with a cute little belly
That shook when she laughed like a bowl full of jelly;
She was taller than I, slender and slim,
She toked, then said, "What's the matter with him?"
A wink of his eye, and both of us saw
He didn"t get high- what a terrible flaw!
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his book,

(cont. om p. 3)

"A Free Press In a Free Society" THE CRAB "All the news fit to be tied"

Vol IV No. 4 January 26, 1977

CRAB INTERVIEW: SGA PRESIDENT

The Crab has concluded that part of its duties to its readership involves presenting the views of various important individuals on campus through the medium of the interview. Unfortunately, Miss D wouldn't talk to us, and we got to the gym equipment room too late to catch Chuckie, so we had to settle for SGA president Paul Noto. He agreed to the interview because "I don'tkthink the Elm would be able to print it straight. Vicious rumours can get started from misprinted quotations."

CRAB: Could you start by giving us your overall view of WC?

Noto: Well, I see Washington College as one of the few true waterbeds of learning on the Eastern Shore. The average freshman entering this institution scored well over 200 on each of his SAT's, and generally was near the top of the bottom third of his or her reformatory school. By the way, you want to hear a good WC joke? What's the difference between WC girls and garbage cans?

CRAB: The lids?

Noto: No, garbage cans get taken out once a week.

CRAB: Speaking of social life, what activities does the SGA have planned for this semester?

Noto: The biggest event of the semester will be my birthday party, for which we've rented the grand ballroom at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York. Also, we never had an inaugural ball for me, so we've contacted the committee that planned Carter's, and they've agreed to do mine.

CRAB: How do you expect to finance all this?

Noto: We've taken out loans at several banks in town, and we're financing an operation to import a ton of top grade Colom-

p4

CRAB FINAL EXAM QUESTIONS

As has been pointed out by the SGA, final exams were easier than ever last semester; to point out how truly dangerous the threat of grade escalation has become, the Crab presents a cross-section of final exam questions from last semester.

Define the universe and give three examples.

Compute π.

Propose a revision of the current United States economic system.

State what you think is wrong with the world today.

Summarize, briefly, the works of Shakespeare.

Describe the process for splitting an atom.

Discuss the Roman Empire's legacy to the world (5 points).

Why does water exist?

List and discuss briefly all sexual references in British Literature.

Discuss your favourite form of deviant behavior.

Comment on the effects of war in global history.

Defend dictatorship as a form of government.

Comment on the signifigance of the Bible.

Psycho-analyze and propose a program of rehabilitation for any three: Charles Manson, Hitler, Ghengis Khan, the Boston Strangler, Dr. Brown.

Briefly outline the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas.

Write an essay of your thoughts concerning the various theories of the evolution of man and their validity.

Keith

"Drug taking, orgiastic mystery cults worshipped a certain sacred mushroom, said Allegro, and he went on to claim that Jesus Christ had not been a man, but a code name for that mushroom."
-High Times

"Lord, what fools these mortals be."
-Puck

EDITORIAL

The Crab urges the SGA to reconsider its decision to remove the ladder from the water tower. We feel that the disadvantages of such a measure clearly outweigh its virtues, and that the situation will actually turn out to be more dangerous. As many people know, the water tower is the best place on campus from which to view the usually magnificent sunsets; also, the night view of the moon reflecting off the Chester River is incomparable, especially if one has had the foresight to bring a bottle of wine along with them. Moreover, it is an excellent place for reading philosophy assignments, and many students have found it a satisfying medium through which to express theirlartistic concepts. On warmer nights, it serves as a discreet place to take your girlfriend/boyfriend if your roomate refuses to vacate the premises. Athletically, its potential as a frisbee launcher is as yet undeveloped but appears to be remarkable. With the use of a few backpacks, an ambitious group can carry up the necessities for quite a good party, during which students may experience the true meaning of the word "high." It is vital that the tower be easily accessable as a lookout post in case WC is threatened by Indian attack, or assault by crazed townies. Perhaps the most unique and innovative use of the tower has been by William Mullin, '49, who proposed to his girlfriend there, and Hugh Scotber, '68, who made his fortune by blackmail, using pictures taken from the tower with a zoom lense.

At any rate, the motives are many for climbing the tower, and it seems fair to assume that various urges will continue to prompt people to scale its heights. This can be done by climbing the diagonal cross pieces that lace the tower supports, although it is considerably more dangerous than climbing via the ladder. With the ladder gone, however, venturesome students will have no alternative but this somewhat precarious path; this does not appear to be much of an improvement in the current situation. It is worthwhile to point out that, to the best of our knowledge, no student has yet managed to plunge from the ladder to his/her untimely demise. While admitting that the possiblity for such occurance does exist, it should be noted that there are also certain perils involved in crossing the street, eating the dining hall food, and entering the girls dorms after midnight. Unless it is made utterly impossible for aspiring mountaineers and other interested parties to scale the tower, they will attempt to do so. Until a way of suspending the tower on some sort of skyhook is developed, it will retain contact with the ground, thereby providing means for scaling. Therefore, to make climbing the tower more difficult and more dangerous seems quite illogical; rather, the SGA should be investigating the possibility of installing an elevator in the tower, or at least a dumb waiter. Remember, if the ladder comes down, so may a few students- suddenly.

Sir Crispy

CREDITS AND BLAME

Editor-in-chief: Sir Crispian VD Slits

Head of Staff: D.P. Newby

WRiter: Keith Twitchell

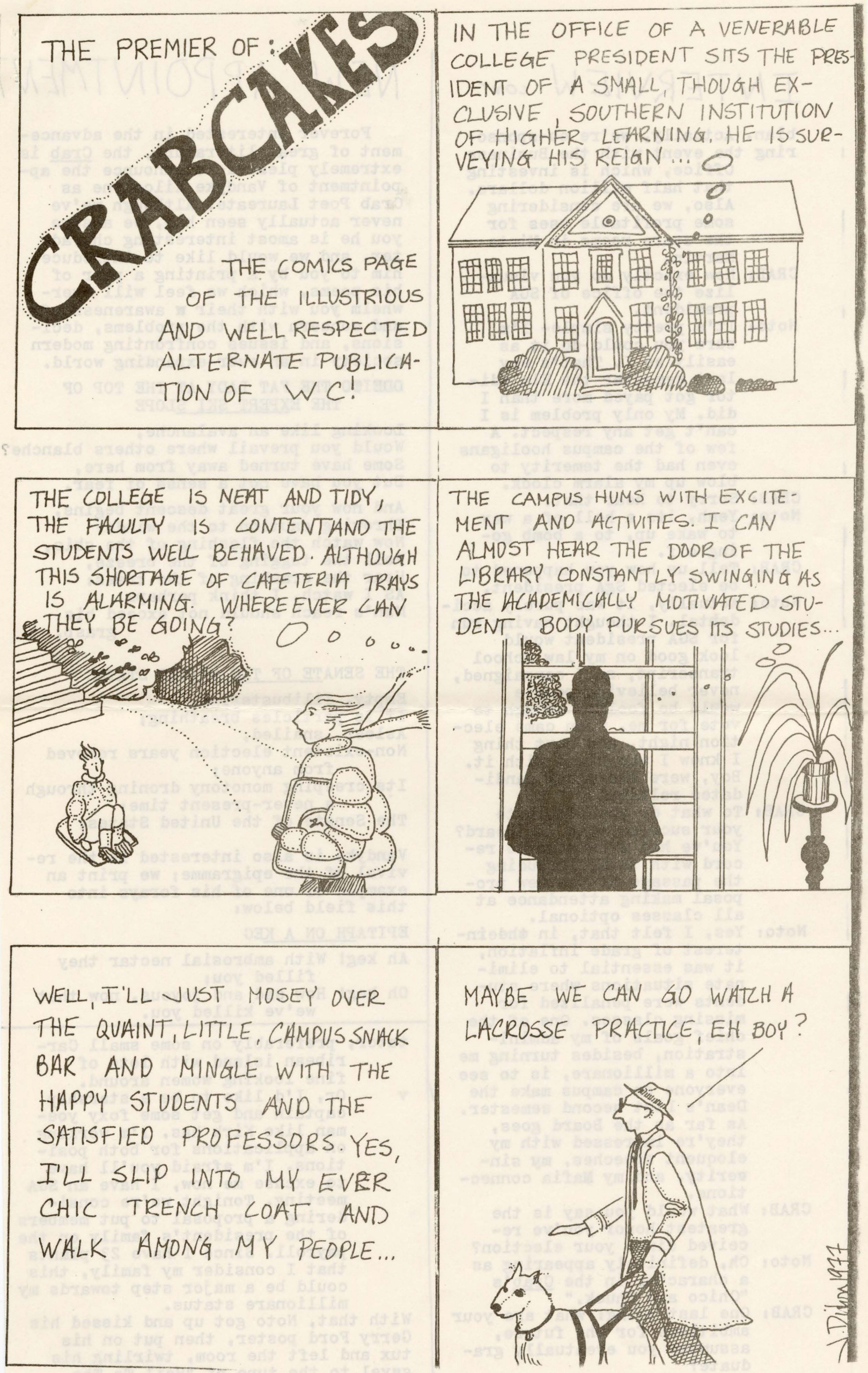
Art: Jean Dixon

Ideas: Mary Quinn, Wayne Warren

Frustration: Dr. Halstead

Typewriter: The Sunken Treasure Co.

Poet Laureate: Vandyke Kilcoiyne


THE PREMIER OF:
CRABCAKES
THE COMICS PAGE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND WELL RESPECTED ALTERNATE PUBLICATION OF WC!
IN THE OFFICE OF A VENERABLE COLLEGE PRESIDENT SITS THE PRESIDENT OF A SMALL, THOUGH EXCLUSIVE, SOUTHERN INSTITUTION OF HIGHER LEARNING. HE IS SURVEYING HIS REIGN...
THE COLLEGE IS NEAT AND TIDY, THE FACULTY IS CONTENT AND THE STUDENTS WELL BEHAVED. ALTHOUGH THIS SHORTAGE OF CAFETERIA TRAYS IS ALARMING. WHEREEVER CAN THEY BE GOING?
THE CAMPUS HUMS WITH EXCITEMENT AND ACTIVITIES. I CAN ALMOST HEAR THE DOOR OF THE LIBRARY CONSTANTLY SWINGING AS THE ACADEMICALLY MOTIVATED STUDENT BODY PURSUES ITS STUDIES...
WELL, I'LL JUST MOSEY OVER THE QUAINT, LITTLE, CAMPUS SNACK BAR AND MINGLE WITH THE HAPPY STUDENTS AND THE SATISFIED PROFESSORS. YES, I'LL SLIP INTO MY EVER CHIC TRENCH COAT AND WALK AMONG MY PEOPLE...
MAYBE WE CAN GO WATCH A LACROSSE PRACTICE, EH BOY?
J. Dillon 1977

INTERVIEW CONT.

bian. Actually, we're co-sponsoring the event with the Business Office, which is investing that half million dollars. Also, we are considering some profitable uses for the spare rooms in Minta Martin.

CRAB: How exactly do you visualize the office of SGA president.

Noto: It's pretty simple- I'm sure you could do it as easily as I. That's why last semester the Elm editor got payed more than I did. My only problem is I can't get any respect. A few of the campus hooligans even had the temerity to blow up my alarm clock.

CRAB: Sorry to hear that.

Noto: Yeah, its a hell of a way to wake up, to a bomb going off.

CRAB: Tell us how you happened to be elected SgA president.

Noto: Actually, it was purely accidental. I thought having run for SGA president would look good on my law school transcript, so I campaigned, never believing people would be foolish enough to vote for me. Then came election night, and next thing I knew I was stuck with it. Boy, were the other candidates relieved.

CRAB: To what do you attribute your success with the Board? You've had a remarkable record with them, including the passage of the new proposal making attendance at all classes optional.

Noto: Yes, I felt that, in the interest of grade inflation, it was essential to eliminate situations where students were penalized for missing classes. One of the chief goals of my administration, besides turning me into a millionare, is to see everyone on campus make the Dean's List second semester. As far as the Board goes, they're impressed with my eloquent speeches, my sincerity, and my Mafia connections.

CRAB: What would you say is the greatest honor you've received since your election?

Noto: Oh, definitely appearing as a character in the Crab's "Chico and Chuck."

CRAB: One last thing: what are your ambitions for the future, assumong you eventually graduate?

Noto: I see myself as most qualified to be a benevolent dictator, preferably on some small Carribean island with lots of fine looking women around.

v Or, I'd like to be a starship captain and get some foxy yoeman like Kirk has. I'm working on applications for both positions. I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me now, I have an SGA meeting. Tonight we're considering a proposal to put members of the president's family on the payroll. Since I have 23 plants that I consider my family, this could be a major step towards my millionare status.

With that, Noto got up and kissed his Gerry Ford poster, then put on his tux and left the room, twirling his gavel to the tune of "Hail To The Chief."

Sir Crispy

NEW APPOINTMENT

Forever interested in the advancement of great literature, the Crab is extremely pleased to announce the appointment of Vandyke Kilcoiyne as Crab Poet Laureate. Although we've never actually seen him, we assure you he is amost interesting charadter, and we would like to introduce him to you by a printing a pair of his poems, which we feel will overwhelm you with their awareness of and concern with the problems, decisions, and issues confronting modern society in an ever-expanding world.

ODE TO THE FAT LADY AT THE TOP OF THE EXPERT SKI SLOPE

Looking like an avalanche,
Would you prevail where others blanche?
Some have turned away from here,
But you have not a sense of fear.

And now your great descent begins,
Throwing caution to the winds;
Now watch the flashing of the skis,
Fell the tugging of the breeze,
Hear the crashing of the trees:
AS I watch, I think perhaps
Man's reach should not exceed his
grasp.

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Empty, filibustering,
It is particles breathing;
Asleep, snailed,
Non-existent election years removed
from anyone;
Its creeping monotony droning through
a never-present time:
The Senate of the United States.

Vandyke is also interested in the revival of the epigramme; we print an example of one of his forays into this field below:

EPITAPH ON A KEG

Ah keg! With ambrosial nectar they
filled you;
Oh keg! How sad and joyous, now that
we've killed you.

A FREE PRESS IN A FREE SOCIETY

The CRAB

ALL THE NEWS FIT TO BE TIED

Vol IV, No. 5 March 3, 1977

CRAB PROFILE

Rippedness is a national fact of life. Now WC senior Rich "Rip" Rippemoff is measuring the impact of Colombian and good hash on Washington College students. An economics major and well-known campus dealer, he plans to go into big time drug importing after finishing here and to specialize in hash. Before he graduates, he hopes to have gained enough experience to successfully enter the business world.

Rip feels that his courses here, particularly those in economics, have been invaluable to him. "I have learned many techniques of distribution and understand the finer points of supply and demand, both of which are essential to dope dealing," he says. He credits his department with "a keen awareness of the practical aspects of economics." Rip feels that the school has prepared him adequately for the "real" world, but favours the establishing of a career counselor: "The students could use a good connection." He is looking forward to facing the real world, but admits to experiencing a few qualms, or "reality rushes," about it.

Studying WC as a market has been a fascinating experience for Rip, and although he realizes that the students do not provide a true cross-section of the consumer market as a whole, he feels that an acceptable representation of the drug market may be found. Rip also notes that inflation has hit the dope trade as hard as any other: "Prices are definitely getting higher, as are the students. One common way to avoid spending more money is to grow your own, and many students are doing this. In fact, one room on 1st floor Somerset in the wing near the Little House, I think some guy named Chuck lives there, is almost completely devoted to being a greenhouse." He feels that this practice is also an example of practical, career-oriented education at WC, and that in a state like Maryland, "agricultural training makes an important contribution to a higher standard of living."

Rip's final comment to his fellow students is that he feels "the free enterprise system is a very valuable part of our national economy and national ripped-ment controls on the dope trade, although their contributions in the fields of research and production are immeasurable. Incidentally, I picked up a bale of government grown last week, and I'm offering an excellent buy on it."

Keith

POET's CORNER

Before presenting our own poet laureate Vandyke Kilcoiyne's works this week, we would like to present a poem he recently discovered, written by the hitherto unknown poetess Anna Banana, wife of the well-known London tailor Robin Starveling (designer of the first 18th century mini-skirt). A poem distinguished for its classic portrayal of Romantic style and form, we give you

LONELY AS A COW

I wandered lonely as a cow
That eats the grass on vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A Guernsey could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company;
I grazed- and grazed- but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought:

For oft, when in my stall I lie
In vacant or in bovine mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my maw* with pleasure fills,
And redigests the daffodils.

*stomach.

Anna

Vandyke's latest foray has been into the field of limericks. Here, we present a collection of a few of his more lewd ones:

There was a young lady named Jane,
Who frequently got into pain;
She always was pleading
For bruises and bleeding,
So she took up bullfighting in Spain.

continued on p. 4.

"It's always nice to have something warm to hold in your hand during class."

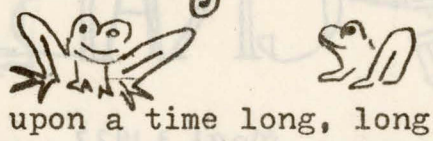
-one WC history prof

"This campus has a way of spreading diseases easily."

-another WC history prof

Editorial

A fairy tale



Once upon a time long, long ago, there was a distant land known as the Eastern Shore. In this land, it happened that there was a lily pond of some size, in which a large number of frogs lived. There were some older frogs who ran the lily pond, and professed to know a lot about a lot of different things; there were younger frogs, both boy and girl frogs, of whom it may be said that generally they knew less than they thought they did. All the frogs had lily pads, and sometimes at night the boy and girl frogs would even share the same pad (although this usually meant either the boy frog or girl frog kicking his or her roomate frog off the pad). The first time they did this, it was called a "one-nighter," but if they kept it up, it was called a "relationship."

For some time things went smoothly, but then the situation took a turn for the worse. The girl frogs complained that the boy frogs weren't paying enough attention to them, and that they never got asked out to any of the frogternity parties that the boy frogs were always having. The girl frogs had parties sometimes, but the boy frogs tended to find them too sedate and avoided them. It was true that there were not many girls at the frogternity parties, and some of the boy frogs were saddened, but most became less saddened as they downed shots of Old Croaker or Rebel Ribet. Nevertheless, it was clear that the situation needed improving.

It came to pass, as it did every year, that the frogternities invited new members (or tadpoles, as they were called) to join them. This was always a time of great celebration and mirth, with a large number of parties. Many of the boy frogs, who knew that perhaps they really hadn't saw this as an opportunity to rectify all that, and made plans eagerly. They cleaned their pads, and made sure all their etchings were hung neatly; in the chapter pads, plans were made for large amounts of Millpond beer to be on hand.

However, as the parties approached the boy frogs found to their dismay that the girl frogs had a thousand and one different excuses for not going out with them. "I don't know, I think my Aunt Esmerelda from Afghanistan might be dropping by that night." Or, "I planned on polishing my nails that night." Or,"I Have to study for finals." All in all, the boy frogs felt very let down (and shot down), and as usual, there weren't many girl frogs at the parties.

Finally, the biggest event of the year in the pond, the George Washingtoad's birthday hop, arrived, and as if by magic, almost all the boy and girl frogs got themselves dates. True, some of them imported frogs from other ponds, some from far away lands beyond the mystical path known as 213, but just about everyone was happy. As usual, many one-nighters and several relationships resulted, and gallons of such favoured drinks as Grasshoppers and Gin and Swampwater were consumed. Afterwards, a new feeling of harmony reigned in the lily pond, marred only by some stomach disorders and a few hangovers. Whether or not they lived happily ever after, though, is up to all the frogs in the pond.

Sir Crispy

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Art: Jean Dixon
Writers: Anna Banana, Keith Twitchell
Graphic Emblandishments: Mike Allman
Typewriter: The Sunken Treasure Co.
Worthless but Well-meaning Suggestions: Most everybody
Inspiration:

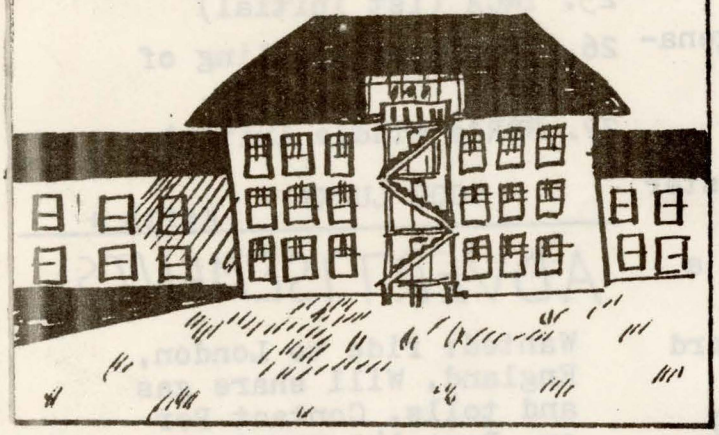
JOINTS BY SNUG

VOL I, NO 2

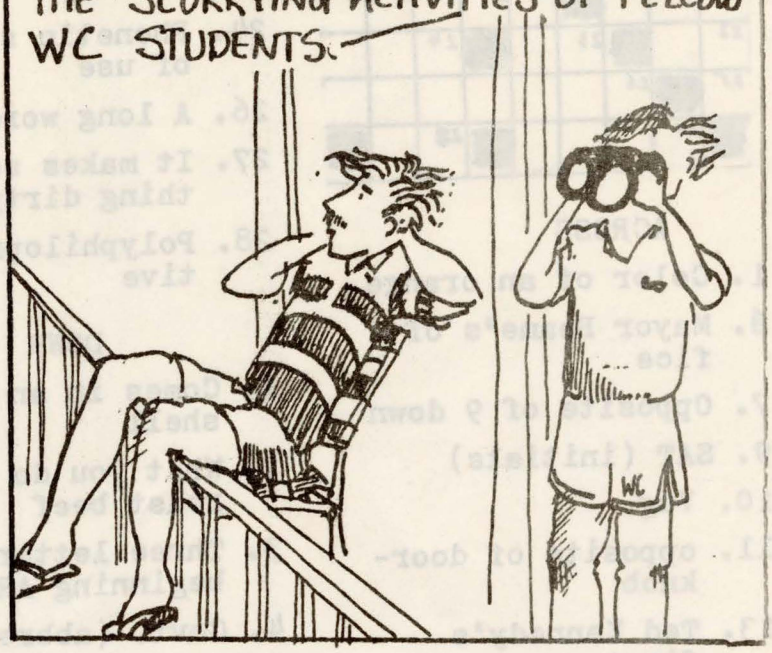
CRABCAKE ST

THE 2nd INSTALLMENT OF NICELY DRAWN COMICS FOR AN IRREVERENT AND DISREPUTABLE & THOUROUGHLY WIDELY READ COLLEGE PUBLICATION.

THE RESIDENTS OF SOMERSET, TO HONOR THE BELIEF THAT SPRING IS COMING, SIT ON THEIR FIRE ESCAPE. THE ONLY SOUNDS ARE LACROSSE BALLS MOVING ACROSS THE QUAD, AND THE OMNIPRESENT WHISPER OF ICE CUBES.



THE LOUNGING BODIES COOLY REGARD THE SCURRYING ACTIVITIES OF FELLOW WC STUDENTS.



WHILE THE COAST SEEMS CLEAR, WITH ALL THE STUDENTS PACKED IN WEST HALL FOR A PARTY, THE SLEUTHS ON THE PORCH WATCH AS 4 FURTIVE FORMS CREEP FORWARD FROM THE SHADOWS OF BILL SMITH HALL. THEY ARE WEIGHTED DOWN WITH KNAPSACKS, OR GRAPLING HOOKS & ROPES. THEY MOVE TO SOMERSET, AND ULTIMATELY TO THE INFAMOUS, EVIL, RISKY, AND HORRIBLY DANGEROUS

WATERTOWER

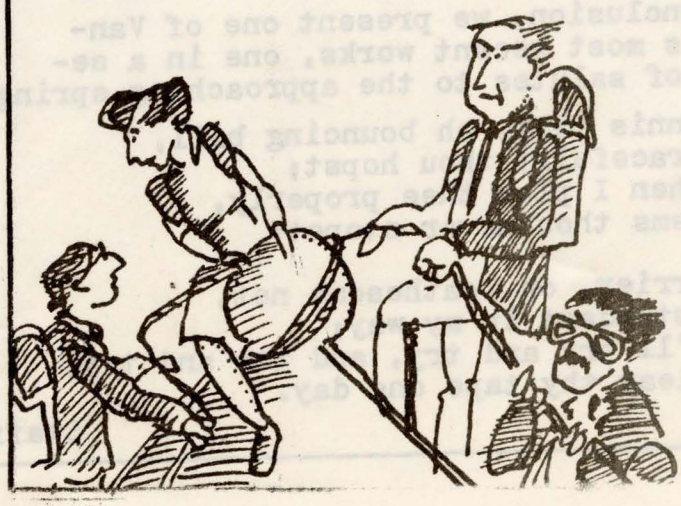
THEY CLIMB IT AWKWARDLY: FEARFULLY GLANCING OVER THEIR SHOULDERS WITH EACH STEP TAKEN. SOON THEY REACH THEIR OBJECTIVE AND HAVE MADE IT TO THE SUMMIT.

GEE. THIS IS PRETTY NEAT!

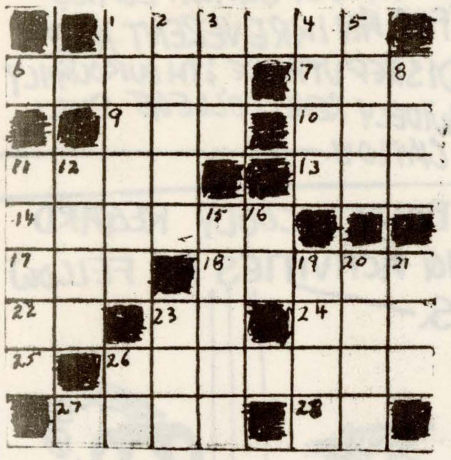
I NEVER KNEW THE VIEW TO BE SO AESTHETICALLY PLEASING, OR THAT THE ATMOSPHERE BE SO BRACING.

WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS AGAIN NEXT WEEK, MAYBE TO WATCH THE LACROSSE GAME.

JESUS! YOU FORGOT THE CUBES AGAIN, PAUL!!



CRAB CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Color of an orange
6. Mayor Beame's office
7. Opposite of 9 down
9. SAT (initials)
10. Vug
11. opposite of doorknob
13. Ted Kennedy's first name
14. To Kill A _____ Mockingbird
17. Airy element
18. Lithuanian monetary unit
22. Roman numeral LX
23. What most WC coeds say
24. Phonetic spelling of use
26. A long word
27. It makes something dirty
28. Polyphiloprogenative

DOWN

1. Comes in an oyster shell
2. What you do to a roast beef
3. Three letter word beginning ART
4. Govt. (abbrev.)
5. Jim _____
8. Lower half of a cylinder
11. Italian's home country
12. Song title.
15. Writer Kilgore Trout
16. Opposite of maybe
19. Role of Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream
20. Rock group
21. He's buried in Lee's tomb
25. YMCA (1st initial)
26. Incorrect spelling of my
27. FDR's middle initial

GOOD LUCK! Keith +

There once was a man named Eugene,
Who invented a free-sex machine;
Concave or convex,
It served either sex,
But oh what a bastard to clean.

There was a young lady named Bright,
Who could copulate faster than light;
She started one day
In a relative way,
And climaxed the previous night.

There once was a man named MacNameter,
With a tool of prodigious diameter;
It wasn't the size
That gave the surprise,
But his rhythm: iambic pentameter.

There was a young lady named Dee,
Who had often made love in a tree,
On the roof, in the sand,
In the air, and on land,
But preferred a small tub out at sea.

In conclusion, we present one of Vandyke's most recent works, one in a series of salutes to the approaching spring:

Oh tennis ball, oh bouncing ball,
How gracefully thou hopst;
And when I play thee properly,
It seems thou never stopst;

Oh barrier, oh loathesome net,
Thou standest in my way;
But I'll try and try, and try and try,
And clear thy tape one day.

Staff

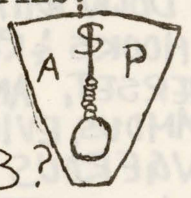
ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted: ride to London, England. Will share gas and tolls. Contact Percy, Room 143 Somerset.

Wanted: money. I collect cash in any denomination. Large bills preferred. See Gene, in the Business Office.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES!

SENIORS: NEED A JOB?



BE AN ALABAMA TROOPER

JOIN OUR FUN! LEARN OUR SONG*!

"Oh I'd love to be an Alabama Trooper,
That is what I'd truly like to be,
For if I was an Alabama Trooper,
I could shoot the black♠ folks legally."

INTERESTED? CONTACT:

Sherriff "Porker" Buttgut

*sung to the tune of the Oscar Meyer Wiener jingle

BE A CAMPUS DEALER!

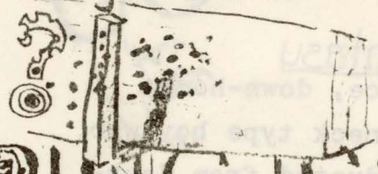
We can supply you with good Mex, Colombian, hash, speed, and Anacin in quantity. Current specials include:
Siberian Suicide Weed $600/lb.
Contac: 100 tabs for $50
Hash oil- Lebanese red $650/oz.
Afghanistan black $500/oz.
Corned beef clear 35¢/oz.
DRUG FAIR inc.

"A free Press in a free society"

The Washington College CRAB

"All the news fit to be fired"

Vol 4 #6 3/23/77



SPECIAL FIRING ISSUE

Interview: the President

In an attempt to delve to the bottom of the great issue on campus (other than will the lacrosse team go all the way this year), the Crab decided to go straight to the source of all the problems. The result is the following interview with WC president Joseph McClarthy:

CRAB: President McClarthy, what was your reson for firing Dean Manson?

McClarthy: In the first place, I would just like to say that I love Washington College more than anybody. Washington was a fine school when I was a student back in the 30's, and she remains unchanged now. But goddammit, Manson doesn't know piss about lacrosse. It takes balls, real balls, to come to this school not knowing at least something about the game. Why, that little worm probably never held a lacrosse stick in his life. Balls.

CRAB: But is this a justified reason for Manson's dismissal?

McClarthy: Look, buddy, how much do you need your scholarship?

CRAB: I'm not on scholarship, sir, I pay full tuition.

McClarthy: Oh. Are you a Chem major?

CRAB: No sir, English. Were there any other reasons for your actions?

McClarthy: Yes, there was another reason. Mr. Manson didn't like to drink. Oh, maybe some little pansy cocktail now and then...do you know what it does to me to see a grown man drink a banana daiquiri? God! I simply can't put up with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Chico AND Chuck

The return, featuring depiction of the ultimate tragedy for one of our characters, of the famous Crab soap opera. The scene opens with Chico at his desk, working on a stack of papers and twirling his mustache. A knock, then enter Chuck.

Chuck: (trips over rug, lands on desk, scattering all the papers) May I come in?

Chico: I would say that you already have. Who the hell are you?

Chuck: I work for you.

Chico: Oh, yeah, the broom's in that closet there, the trashcan needs-

Chuck: No, no, I'm the Dean of Men, remember?

Chico: Hmm, let me see. Since I got new glasses, I see things somewhat differently. You do look sort of familiar.

Chuck: I was here when you got zapped with your new specs.

Chico: That's right. It's coming back to me now. What have you been up to since then?

Chuck: Not much. You told me not to do anything, that was part of the job.

Chico: Well, I must say you've been pretty successful at it so far. Anyway, what can-

suddenly enter SGA president Paul Noto as an angel of the dark Lord. He leaves a plain white envelope on Chico's desk, shakes his hand, and exits.

Chuck: Who was that masked man?

Chico: Got me. What's this, I wonder/? (opens envelope, reads letter) Jesus, look at this: I've been fired.

Chuck: What does it say?

Chico: Not much except that someone else will be using this office as of July 1. There's a clipping with the unemployment office's address on it, and a clipping of "HelpWanted" ads from the Kent County News.

Chuck: No reason, huh? That's funny.

Chico: Perhaps it was completely arbitrary.

McLen - A fantasy

McLen was a nice, down-home Eastern Shore redneck type boy who made good. He graduated from Washington College in 1936, took his doctorate at Johns Hopkins, and, after bettering the world through the development of such items as napalm and the aerosol can, returned to his old alma mater to teach chemistry. After a few years and a number of shrewd and deceptive political manouvers, he became president of the college, and other than an intense feeling of paranioa he was very happy.

McLen was very serious about his office as president of the college, putting only personal matters ahead of his job. Inevitably he acted for the good of the college (unless it conflicted with his personal interests to do so), and as a result, enrollment decreased, attrition increased, the faculty turnover rate rose, and the school became financially unstable for the first time in several years. McLen carefully removed all those who threatened his position and stood as a stalwart obstacle to any change or progress at the college. He spent much of his time chatting aimlessly with professors at the college snack bar or parading behind the team bench pretending to be a knowledgeable old lacrosse buff during games. He was very popular in his office in the Buntagon, and his liquor cabinet soon became the bestostocked one on campus.

McLen kept close contact with those most important of people, the students. Despite frequent criticisms and complaints from the Student Government, campus publications, various organizations, and individual students, he felt that things were going very smoothly, especially since the Thetas and the lacrosse players were doing just fine. Equally good were his relations with the faculty, whom he never lied to or tried to hide anything from. The school itself looked nicer and nicer each year, with lovely patches of chewed-up grass spotting the grounds; the dorms were clean, well-kept, and quaint, and treated with respect by the students. It was just like when he had been a student there.

The years passed, and the college's bicentennial approached. Coincidentally, it was also the same year as McLen reached retirement age. He would lead them triumphantly to this distinguished mark, and then go out in a blaze of glory. Despite all predictions to the contrary, the great day finally arrived, complete with fried chickend dinners and flowing kegs. At the ceremony, McLen gave an eloquent and moving speech; as he left the podium there was not a dry eye in the house. His family, both students, and the faculty member rose as one to give him the ovation he richly deserved. His work was finished, and so was he.

Sir Crispy

MORE FIRINGS

Although it is not yet apparent who is responsible, lacrosse coach Don Kelly and snack bar manager Ruth Dickerson reportedly have both received pink slips.

There is much speculation surrounding the actions, especially in the case of Mr. Kelly. SGA Vice-president Jeff Goober feels it is the doing of President "Joltin' Joe" McLame, whom he says is responsible for turning Dean Hanson's first name back to Tom. Citing the lacrosse squad's victory over Hopkins last year, Goober says the 13-11 verdict enflamed McLame, an old Blue Jay himself. A testimonial had been planned for the lacrossemen-

(pg. 4)

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Art: Jean Dixon
Writers: Anonymouse (1), Dave Douglass, Keith Twitchell
Graphic Emblandishments: Mike Allman
Innocent Bystander: Dean Hanson

"Wait- there's been a slaughter here."
-the Doors

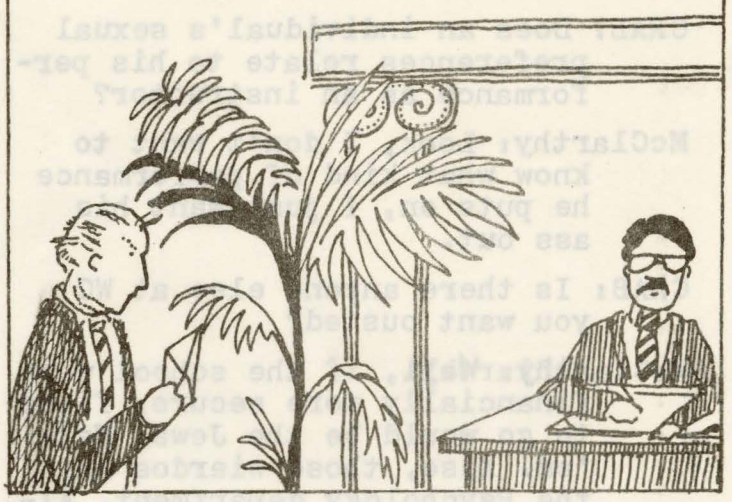
THIS IS AN EXTRA-SPECIAL, HOT-OFF-THE-PRESSES-EDITION OF THE

CRABCAKES

COMPLETE WITH DRAWINGS & TEXT REGARDING THE MYSTERIOUS AND FEARFUL NONSENSE HAPPENING ON THE CAMPUS OF WC.

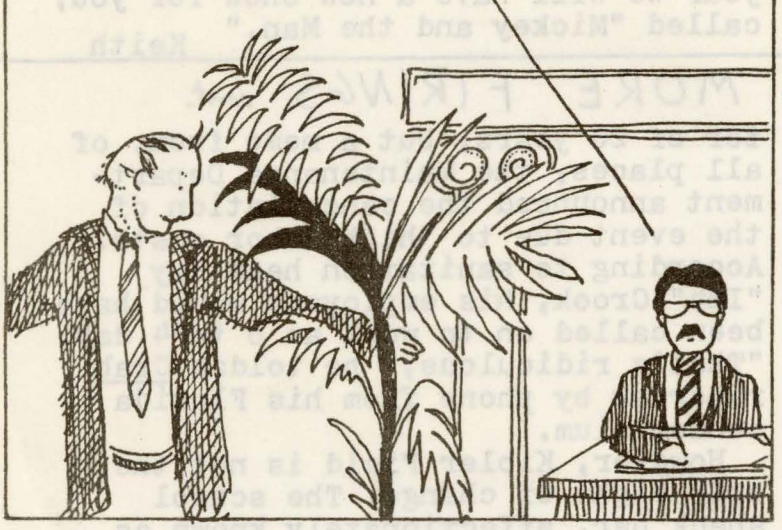
VOL I NO 3

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF A HIGH ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICIAL IN BUNTING HALL WE SEE A FIGURE GINGERLY MOVING TOWARD THE OFFICE DOOR, ON TIPPY-TOE...



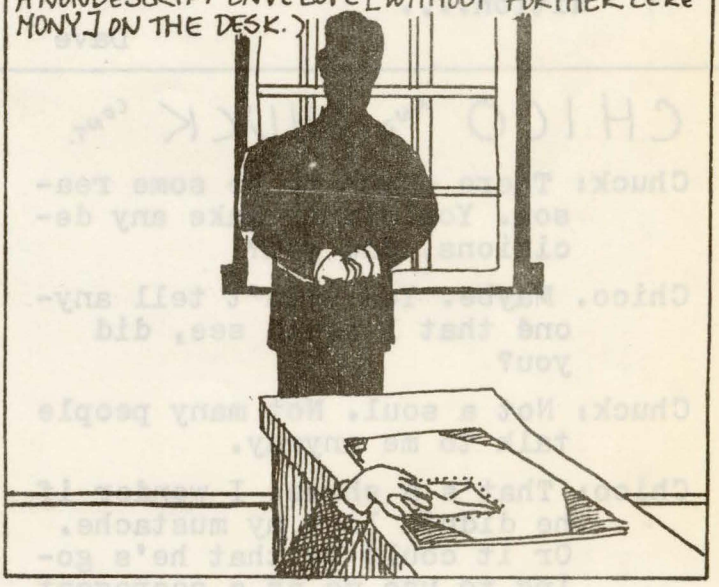
"I THINK I'LL HEAD OUT FOR A CUP OF TEA."

(OUR HERO FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL AT THESE WORDS.)



"THEN AGAIN, I SHOULD WAIT UNTIL LUNCHTIME. I THINK I'LL JUST STARE BLANKLY OUT THE WINDOW FOR A WHILE."

(SURREPTITIOUSLY, OUR DYNAMIC LEADER SLIDES INTO THE DOORWAY, OVER THE CARPET, AND PLACES A NONDESCRIPT ENVELOPE [WITHOUT FURTHER CEREMONY] ON THE DESK.)

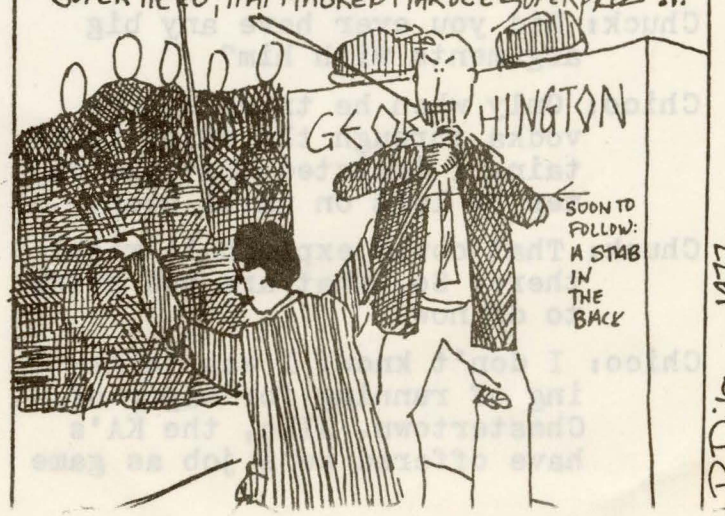


BUT, WITH A HUE & A CRY, THE MAN AT THE WINDOW TURNS, SEES OUR MAN OF ACTION, WHIPS OUT A HANDY RAPIER, AND THE TWO POWERS THAT BE ENGAGE IN A DUEL THAT ONLY ERROL FLYNN COULD APPRECIATE. IT IS A SILENT, WORDLESS STRUGGLE, AS THE FIGHT MOVES OUT OF THE OFFICE, DOWN THE STAIRS, ONTO THE CAMPUS & IN FRONT OF GEORGE HIMSELF...

AS UNINFORMED CROWDS GATHER, THE FIGHT IS ENDED...

"LOOK, I WON'T TALK ABOUT IT, IF YOU WON'T EITHER —"

"MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT THE DEANS OFFICE HAS BUT ONE LIFE TO GIVE TO ME - THE CRUSADING, VALIANT, NOBLE, & CONSTANTLY ALTRUISTIC SUPER HERO; THAT MASKED MARVEL: SUPERKEZ ..."



DTW — 1977

INTERVIEW continued

that.

CRAB: Will there be any other dismissals in the near future?

McClarthy: Hopefully, I'll be able to boot that little faggot in the math department. He's really had it coming.

CRAB: Does an individual's sexual preferences relate to his performance as an instructor?

McClarthy: Look, I don't want to know what kind of performance he puts on, I just want his ass out.

CRAB: Is there anyone else at WC you want ousted?

McClarthy: Well, if the school were financially more secure, first to go would be the Jews. Hate 'em. Also, those wierdos in the Psychology department. Also those fairy Language and Literature nuts. That little fish-faced kike, what's his name? I'd like to eliminate the blacks, but the College would lose it's federal subsidies. Besides, somebody's got to play basketball. In addition....

Dave

CHICO AND CHUCK CONT.

Chuck: There ought to be some reason. You didn't make any decisions, did you?

Chico. Maybe. You didn't tell anyone that I could see, did you?

Chuck: Not a soul. Not many people talk to me anyway.

Chico: That's a shame. I wonder if he didn't like my mustache. Or it could be that he's going to use me as a scapegoat in the business about the Speaker's Bureau.

Chuck: Somebody has to take the blame. Perhaps he thought you were trying to get him kicked out of the presidency.

Chico: He thinks that about everyone, that couldn't be it.

Chuck: Did you ever have any big arguments with him?

Chico: Only when he tried to run vodka through the water fountain. I insisted that the water be left on until noon.

Chuck: That could explain it right there. So, what are you going to do now?

Chico: I don't know. I was thinking of running for mayor of Chestertown. Also, the KA's have offered me a job as game room attendant in Middle Hall at $2.00 per hour, whcih would be a significant increase over my current salary. You have to look at the bright side of these things: at least I didn't affect the school's Dean turnover rate.

Chuck: What's that?

Chico: The average Dean at Washington College lasts less than two years, and I'm proud to say that I have been no exception.

Chuck: What about my job?

Chico: What's that?

Chuck: Dean of men, remember?

Chico: Oh yes, sorry. I think you're pretty safe, 'cause Joe's forgotten about you. If you can avoid letting him find out you exist, you should last a while.

Chuck: Okay, thanks, and good luck with whatever you do. (exits)

Chico: I wonder if this means I don't get my reserved parking space anymore? Maybe I'll just use his. Well, I guess I'll go climb the water tower now.
(exits, humming "Nowhere Man")

Future programming is always hard to predict, but rumour has it that next year we will have a new show for you, called "Mickey and the Man."

Keith

MORE FIRINGS cont.

for of 20 years, but a memo from, of all places, the Maintenance Department announced the cancellation of the event due to "high labor costs." According to sanitation head Ray "Ima" Crook, his employees would have been called on to work an 8 to 4 day. "That's ridiculous," he toldaa Crab reporter by phone from his Florida condominium.

However, Kibler Field is not the only sight of change. The school snack bar, affectionately known as Miss D's, is bidding farewell to an old friend. Mrs. Dickerson received her notice from the office of food services. Refusing to engage in controversy, Dickerson is taking it in stride. She preferred insteadto 10ok back onher days in a manner even more touching than in her recent Elm profile, discussing her move from her original location behind the railroad tracks to Hodson Hall.

A replacement for both came in the campus calamity "Cheesedog. The Cheezer, an old hand at the restaurant business who has appeared in 35 Pegasus photos, will take over the helm in both cases. His first team practice, held yesterday in the track sandpit, did not impress him: "We need to work on ground balls," said Mr. Dog.

The reason behind these Nixonish events is unknown. It is rumoured, however, that next to go are night watchman "Pops" Iseenitall and Vandyke and Glazer.

Filed by the Chestertown

"All the news fit to be tied"

THE COLLEGE CRAB

"A free press in a free society"

1976-1977

Soap operas are gaining popularity everywhere, so the Crab, never afraid to jump on the bandwagon (Carter for president!), presents its very own soaper:

CHICO AND CHUCK

1st episode: Chico meets Chuck

The scene: A small liberal arts college in Eastern Maryland...Chico's office, formerly the Lithuanian poetry section of the old college library. A knock, then enter Chuck.

Chico: Come in, you must be the guy whose name I can't pronounce..I understand you're looking for a job.

Chuck: Yeah, I had a job playing Atom Ant in a kid's show, but I got fired when the kids started bringing cans of Raid. I came here because I heard you might need a wrestling coach.

Chico: Well, I don't know. The wrestling team did much better last year than it had in a while, so we may drop the sport. What else can you do?

Chuck: Hmmm. I used to be into boxing.

Chico: That's good, we need someone to move boxes around. Why don't you talk to Mr. Crook down in the maintenance department?

Chuck: That isn't exactly what I had in mind, but if you need people in maintenance, I'll do anything once. By the way, it's awful dark in here, how come you have sunglasses on? You haven't been smoking that funny stuff?

Chico: No, no, it's nothing like that. I just don't have any eyes. Maybe you saw "The Man Who Fell To Earth?" Actually, the story is about me. My -

(the phone rings)

Chico here. What's that? Barry's

(continued on back)

DEAN OF MEN DISAPPEARS, CRAB OFFERS REWARD

After a dozen weeks of fruitless effort, the Dean Search committee is almost ready to give up hope of finding the missing Dean of Men, Barry McCardle. McCardle vanished sometime over the summer, although no one is able to estimate closer than within two weeks the exact time of his disappearance. Any information in regard to this matter should be forgotten as soon as possible.

Several theories have been advanced, and rejected, as to the cause of this strange disappearance. At first, it was believed that McCardle had been kidnapped, but two factors combined to shoot down this theory: first, there was no ransom note; secondly, it was pointed out, who would pay for his return? Dean Hanson reported that there was no room in the budget for a ransom even if the school did want to pay it; Doc McClain did not comment other than to break into uncontrollable laughter.

It was next suggested that Barry had wandered into the pickle factory and been mistaken for a cucumber (those familiar with McCardle will recall his tendency to look green in the mornings). Upon the manager's insistence that he would have been refused because of not being Kosher, however, the committee was forced to abandon this possibility, and as of now admits it is totally baffled.

The Crab has and will continue to conduct its own investigation, and is in fact offering a reward for Barry's return. The reward, amounting

(continued on Back)

The seat of learning and the flush of success relieve the constipated mind.

- 10 CC

The Crab never ran editorials until the slings and arrows of an outrageous Elm editor gave us no alternative at the end of last year. The idea was appealing to us, and so they will continue through the rest of this year, assuming that the Crab does too. Before continuing, it is advisable to read the editorial from this year's 1st Elm.

once upon a time long long ago there was a group of people that everyone called "students" and most people didn't like them 'cause they wore glasses and carried books and wanted everybody to learn and not party but they spoke a language nobody understood so nobody listened 'cause it was easier not to bother with books (grades don't comeeasy) so pretty soon there weren't any students left 'cause nobody listened and it wasn't worth lecturing to no one so they all split up and some joined the majority that blew their brains out every night and some went off to themselves in musty old librarys and used book stores so there ain't too many people left talki' about books 'n learning and the good ole WC library - happy groundhog day Clifton Miller! 'cause the students really believed in you and your ideals which were their ideals which were there in the Honor Code but nobody listened and now the students are gone

well just because the students are gone don't mean a book don't get used as a pipe rack every now and then and somebody occasionally puts pen to paper and scrawls some gibberish under a tree and studying don't mean actually booking real hard but you can use a paper as a good excuse to talk to that gorgeous blonde you've been eyeing for half a semester - Washington College needs gorgeous blondes and anyone else who can laugh at most of what goes on around because you'll go crazy if you don't, won't ya?

welcome class of 1980 and everyone else no Somerset was not condemned last summer and best of luck yes they may actually get heat in Reid this year or next 'cause you're really people and deserve the best

if anybody reading this likes to laugh at cripples and lepers and make really rude remarks to little old ladies please stop by and we'll party and see what you can do and write for us 'cause up here at the crab we have no ideals (or taste) and really don't give two shits about much and just like to write funny things and welcome anyone who wants to join in the fun

Sir Crispian VD Slits

STAFF

Editor: Sir Crispian VD Slits

Minor Assistance, such as writing, etc: Keith GC Twitchell

Ideas and Dinner: Lowell Fox and Clifford Ferrara

Promising Young Writer: Bob Folkman

YEARBOOK REVIEW: FAILURE

Pegasus, the winged horse, dropped his annual load of shit off at WC in the form of the 1976 yearbook. As he left campus, he was heard to say, "Christ, I'm glad to be rid of that crap." The man responsible for dumping the load on the college, Dan Scharf (who most of you will remember from his great Elm record reviews of such memorable albums as "The Complete Rock Zither" or "Greatest Jazz Hits of 1659"), is reportedly hiding in a fortified cave in southern Tanzania.

Based on the principal of student illiteracy, the yearbook makes only a minimal number of attempts at captions. Unfortunately, few of these attempts are successful; the volume has an astonishingly high EPRP (errors per ritten page). Another unusual feature is the four pages given to Cheesedog, Miss D's youngster, and the numerous photographs of the Thunderguards and other irrelevant people. Although this was done at the expense of most of the senior photos, the ex-

citing colour and personality it lends to the yearbook is enough to put most readers to sleep.

Being more serious for a moment, the 1976 Pegasus is a disgrace, both to the college and to the people who are actually willing to put their names to it (brave souls!). Prospects for this year's product are not too promising, as last year's assistant editor becomes this year's editor, if he survives. Perhaps he will learn from his mistakes. We at the Crab fervently hope so, because if he doesn't, we're gonna get him.

Keith

No Dope On Campus

As most of the student body has probably noticed, there has been an extraordinary shortage of reefer on campus this year. As this is rather unusual at WC, the Crab decided to investigate the matter, and after talking to a few contacts, discovered that the shortage is nationwide.

Not content to stop there, we dug further and have uncovered what may be the greatest government scandal since the teapot dome: the reason for the shortage is that the United States has agreed to sell 1.6 million pounds of marijuana to the Soviet Union. Pointing to the drought that caused most of Russia's 1976 crop (including the famous Siberian suicide weed and the prized Kremlin killer red) to dry up and die prematurely, a spokesman for the US Agriculture department said the sale was the only "humane" thing to do. He also said that the US commitment to the policies of "detente" and "rippedness" made the sale imperative, though noting that "Kissenger was probably high when he signed the deal." Also included in the agreement are 50,000 bhongs; 90,000 pipe cleaners; 200,000 roach clips; 5 million books of matches; and Jeff Hirsch.

Soviet assistant ambassador Boris Rippemoff called the deal "historic" and "good news for the heads of Russian government." Rippemoff mentioned that his government was in the process of reaching trade agreements with several large manufacturers of potato chips, pretzels, ice cream, waterbeds, black lights, and Pink Floyd records.

The Crab has also learned that the coffeehouse is thinking of opening a branch in the red square. Anyone interested in working there (you may find something dark green and powdery besides oregano) should see one of the coffeehouse managers.

It is our opinion that this sale infringes on our right to the pursuit of happiness, is unlawful, and should be halted immediately. As an alternative, we suggest the USSR try Panama: red for the reds! We need as much of our natural resources as we can preserve. Remember, Mr. Ford, this is an election year!

Keith

Among the lesser known events that took place during Freshman Disorientation Week was a dastardly attack on the life of Crab editor Sir Crispian VD Slits. The attempt occurred during Thursday night's fire lane party.

Sir Crispy's moment of peril arrived at about 10:30 when he was on his way up to the Crab office on 3rd floor Middle Hall to interview a young lady interested in working under him. As he made the turn at 1st floor landing, totally unsuspecting and rather ripped, he was suddenly faced by nine pounds of snarling opossum. He held his ground, though, and called out the window to KARA Gunning Gordon Gorab, informing him of the situation. Some 20 seconds later, Gordo responded. Afirst suggestion to attack the creature with a shotgun was rejected in favour of an attempt to capture it. Sir Crispy bravely held the animal at bay by reciting Shakespeare to it while RA Gorab snuck up from behind and, in a heroic maneuver, jammed a box over it. The two then carried it out as an offering to the statue of George Washington. After repeating a few passages from the Koran and the Crab,

(continued on p. 4)

they kicked the box several times and fled the scene.

Unfortunately, Matt McKelvey was taking a nap some ten feet away; luckily, the possum retreated too rapidly to notice him.

Although the source of the attack had not been definitely determined by press time, one theory produced by the team of investigators led by Dean Frank "Charlie Brown" Kasperwicz was that the Elm was behind the attack and that Elm editor Roger Rebetsky had personally hired the possum. The matter is being delved into further at this time.

Sir Crispy said he would not be cowed by such assaults, and will continue to lead the Crab in the finest traditions of yellow journalism.

Keith

Dean Of Men continued

to $500 in replica Confederate money and a choice of a one way trip to the sight of the China earthquakes (bring your own stepladder) or tickets to the next American Legion Convention along with an all expenses paid weekend at the Bellvue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, is good if Barry is returned dead or alive. The current Crab theory is that he is simply lost and doesn't know where he is. Reported sightings in Missouri of an individual with a dazed expression and a WC Crew shirt wandering about aimlessly give hope to the theory that Barry is indeed alive and well and as far away as possible.

Sir Crispy

Hate talking to people? Adu

Can't cope with life?

Then try new

De-Cope™

Breath stencher,

and no one will ever talk to you again!

been lost? No shit. Okay, I'll get on it right away, Doc. Ten-four. (hangs up phone) Uh, Mr. uh...mmm...

Chuck: Just call me Chuck.

Chico: Okay, Chuck. Look, our Dean of Men seems to have gotten lost, and we can't find him. The job's yours if you want it; the president says he doesn't have the time for such trivial matters as a new Dean.

Chuck: Well, like I said, I'll try anything once. Why not?

Chico: It's really not a very tough position to handle. The last guy we had didn't do very much except try to figure out where he was and mumble about his father, some guy named Dad Vail. Just agree with everyone and try to avoid making decisions and you'll do fine.

Chuck: Thanks for everything, and I hope you get back to whatever planet it was you came from. By the way, where am I going to live?

Chico: Oh, yeah. How about a beautiful two room apartment in our luxurious Somerset House? It's a great neighborhood.

Chuck: Sounds great. Can I bring my dog Snoopy?

Chico: Sorry, we don't allow dogs...it seems the body odour of the people of my planet is similar to a dog in heat, so when they hired me, the dogs had to go. Well, I'll have someone show you to your room. (presses buzzer. a moment later, enter SGA president Paul Noto in a bellhop uniform) Take Chuck here to the Somerset apartment, would you, boy?

(they leave, and the scene closes with Chico humming "Rocket Man")

TUNE IN NEXT CRAB FOR THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE OF CHICO AND CHUCK!

Keith

From the memorial being erected to Barry McArdle: "Confusion will be my epitaph." -King Crimson

VOL. V, NO. 1

THE CRAB

VOICE OF THE WORLD

SEPT. 1, 1977

Each year the CRAB attempts to be a destructive element at Washington College by aiming sarcasm and indiscriminate criticism at whatever target presents itself. I, Bushrod Spuck, offer no apologies to those institutions and individuals upon which the CRAB distastefully dumps; but rather note that if you can't stand the heat, then you should get out of the kitchen.

This year's first CRAB is dedicated to all new students at Washington College in the hopes that it will help to acclimate them to the W.C. environ. If not, well, tough titties. At any rate the CRAB should succeed in diverting student's attention away from Dave Knowles' answer to euthenasia, if but for a short time.

HOW TO BUM OUT YOUR RA

As we all know, RAs can be a bothersome and annoying addition to one's hall. An occasional prank will keep your RA in line and on his toes, and will help you to vent aggression and exhibit hostility in an acceptable manner. Here are some ideas:

Drive your fiend's car on to the grass right under your RA's window on Sunday morning. Play tapes of "Frampton Comes Alive" and "Band of Gypsies" loudly. When the RA comes racing out with head pounding and (should it be

CP3

SON OF RUTH CAPTURED

Dave Knowles, manager of Washington College Dining Hall, admitted in a CRAB interview that he had "poisoned many students just for fun" last year.

In a bizzare and mysterious atrocity which resulted in a decline of the school's population from nearly 800 to a low of under 700, Mr. Knowles was dispensing fouled pancakes, meatloaves, burgers, casseroles, soups, and salads to a frightened student body.

Knowles, when questioned about his motive,stated that he was acting on the commands of a local canine. The dog, according to 'Dinner Dave', was a liason between himself and a sixty-five hundred year old woman who was identified only as Miss Dee.

Authorities located a Miss Ruth Dickerson who fits the description of Miss Dee. She operates rival eatery near the school cafeteria. "I don't know what that dumb son-of-a-bitch up there is talking about," Miss Dickerson is quoted as saying. The dog has been identified as a mongrel named Cheese.

CREDITS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Bushrod Spuck

TYPIST.....Susanne Brogan

SPECIAL THANKS TO.....nobody

A couple days ago a confused looking freshman came stumbling and weaving toward me. He was concentrating on balancing the books and papers and notebooks that were mounded precariously on his arms.

"Can you help me?" he said. "I am wayward and forlorn, and need some clear direction and guidance to steer me through this mire of confusion."

Naturally I was taken aback by these words.

"Fair freshman, I am as a Beacon of Light Upon a Hill, for all to see, Wherein lies your confusion?"

"There," he pointed, "in the Castle of Smythe. I am an aspiring broker of power and wealth, and the good Knights of King Joe have me all in a frenzy."

"And what is the cause of this frenzy?" I inquired.

"Alas, for they all have such strange occupations and titles, and their names and their duties are all twisted in my mind."

"Who is it, name one brave knight you've met."

"A brave and formidable man the breadth of two men. His stature is awesome and his power is great. He speaks with clarity and is called Sir Pete. Is this the one whose shield is the Advocate?"

"Nay, Sir Pete is the Seer and the Dancer About the Fountain of Merriment. He is a goodly and robust warrior of King Joe."

"Also another knight diligent and fair who is known in the court as Sir Norman the Gainly. Is it he who is said to have travelled to the Ninth Circle?"

"Nay, Sir Norman the Humble no longer rides his swift steed, but in modesty walks to the Court of King Joe, to the Castle of Smythe. He is a slender and soft-spoken Knight."

"But yet there are more. Sir Martin who calls himself Knower of All things, and Klauss whose warship is mighty and sleek--is there one among these whose mark is the Pansy?"

"Nay, none of these mentioned is the Knight of the Flower, none is Sir Pat, the Gay and Limp-wristed. But what is your reason for asking of him?"

"I hear muted works of a plot to castrate him--I hear that the King would have oysters for lunch. If this be the case I would send word to Sir Pat, for he should make haste to the city of York."

"Good freshman," I said to this frantic young prince, "relax and be still, and I'll buy you a mead. King Joe is the wisest and oldest in Chester, his words are like tapestries trampled by troops. He is the Orater, the Speaker of Speeches, and at this fine craft there is none who is more better. So if the wise King should desire seafood it is altogether fitting he should eat of the lamb."

And with that the freshman seemed satisfied and returned to his room.

Gordon Gorab) shotgun or meat cleaver waving, conceal your identity and speed away dounding the horn as a symbol of defiance. Leave ruts in the grass. Avoid your friend for a few days.

Go into your RA's room when he's not there and place on his desk a mirror, knife, bic pen barrel, and a small quantity of powdered aspirin. Leave the phone numbers of the Uptown Club, one of those fraternities which disregards the law, and Harriett the Cafeteria Lady. Phone the Chestertown police anonymously.

During exam week have serious emotional problems which require lengthy advising sessions with your RA. Tell him that you need constant companionship and that you have contemplated slitting your wrists. If he doesn't offer to let you stay with him for a few days, plead and grovel on your knees. After you move in, display bizarre habits and hint at having homosexual tendencies.

If these examples don't work you can always do things like spread rumors about your RA's covert relationship with Penny Fall or stuff peanut butter into the underside of his turntable. But remember that this is a liberal arts institution--you owe it to yourself to be creative.

CRAB CLASSIFIED

HELP WANTED-- college professors for small financially unstable country-club type college. Must have unswerving loyalty to President. H.S. diploma req. Ask for Joe, 778-2800.

HELP WANTED-- students for small financially unstable country-club type college. Will unscrupulously promise substantial financial aid. Must read and write some. Ask for Joe, 778-2800.

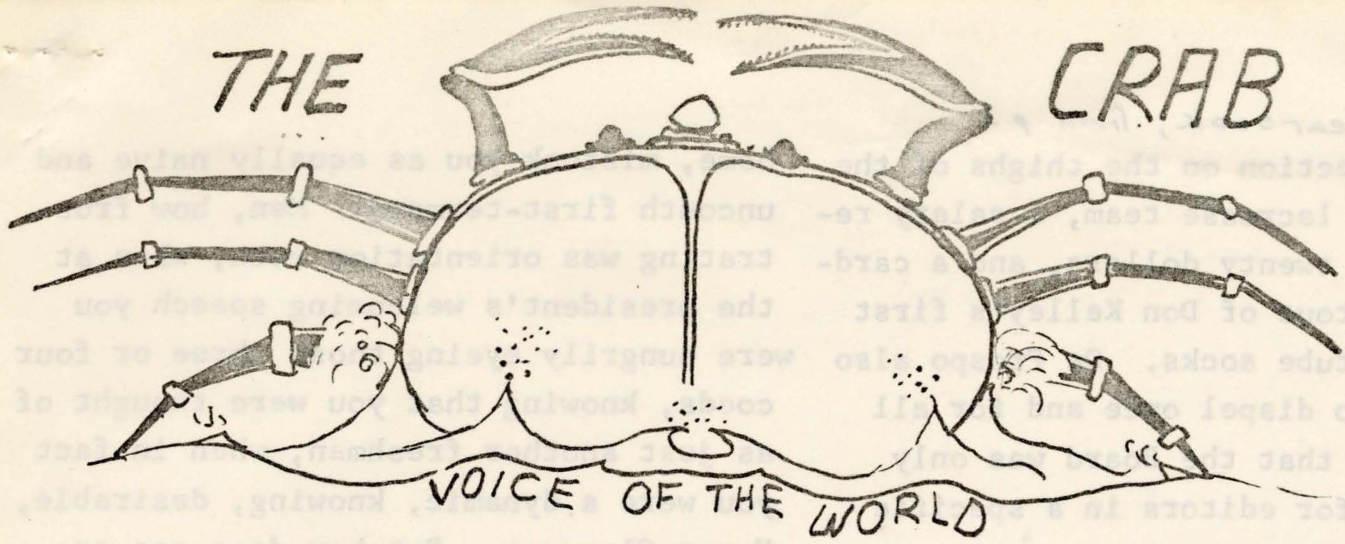
HELP WANTED-- sec'y for major lampoon tabloid. No typing. Must be versatile, healthy, and clean. See Mr. Spuck. No calls.

HELP WANTED-- Washington College grads. Manual laborers, busboys, lifeguards, stamplickers. No work with sharp objects. Howard Larrimore, 778-0686.

FOR SALE-- entire stock of mayonaisse, elastic bands, and leather straps, handcuffs, movie cameras, motor oil. Fine selection of color prints, whips, electric devices. See JD, Language Floor Boutique.

FOR SALE-- small liberal arts college where Geo. Wash. once slept. Asking $600. Strictly confidential. Ask for Joe, 778-2800.

FOR SALE-- Negro virgins. All shapes, sizes, ages. These beautiful young ladies have absolutely no morals. Rich white college punks call Uptown Club today.



Vol. V, no. 2

14 October, 1977

YEARBOOK Editors Named

In a surprise move designed to settle the question of yearbook editor, the Board of Publications unanimously appointed Jeeper Lindsey and College Finance Director Gene Hessey as co-editors of the Pegasus, after recently appointed editors Colleen Miller and Randy Watson were dismissed for impersonating a chicken in front of the Board last Thursday afternoon.

Lindsey, on an academic sabbatical for the past four years expressed his pleasure at the appointment and at the oppurtunity to work alongside Hessey. "Gene is happy. I am happy. Both Gene and me are happy."

Hessey was reluctant to comment on the Board's decision, but stated that he would be more than delighted to disdamage deposits, misappropriated funds, the Sophie Kerr endowment, Anne Copeland DuPont, the costly relocation of fraternities next year, and tuition increases.

In response to questions over the Board's decision, Board member Richard De Prospo assured the Crab that the Decision was based solely on merit and enthusiasm. "Jeeper really has quite a knack for this. His proposals include a ten page spread on the different types of lacrosse nets, a salary request of twenty dollars, a five page layout of unsuccessful lacrosse plays, a salary request of twenty dollars, a list of the most fashionable boxer shorts for Fall ball, a salary request for twenty dollars, a four page pic-

See Yearbook, p. 2

SPUCK SPEAKS OUT

In case you don't know, this year's Senior Class--the Class of 1978, according to those monstrous rings--is sponsoring a beauty contest, because, among other reasons (a really good chance for a W.C. girl to get some exposure, divirsion for students), in the words of John Haberman, "Every other college in Maryland is represented in the state-wide competition, and if Chesapeake College can have a representative, Washington College ought to."

Besides the obvious logical fallacy (it is obvious, isn't it?), and besides the fact that there are perhaps two and possibly as many as three people in Chestertown who care anything at all about participating in or being subjected to an exhibition of cute dimples, large breasts and milk-white insteps (thank you Vladimir), it raises certain procedural problems. Shall the contestants wear numbers tagged to their ears like two-year-old heifers? Shall they stand innocently and pleadingly on the bandstand in the dining hall while meticulous judges check hums and teeth, smell underarms and ensure the lack of earwax? Or shall they do stunts in the Fine Arts building, tap-dancing and baton-twirling; or perchance there should be a baking competition, or we should let Mr. Rebetsky take some good cheese photos--that would be fun. Or at halftime of the big Homecoming Game the babes should stand on the fifty (oops--that is, mid-field) and as each Miss Washington College Princess steps forward the spec-

See Spuck, p 2

Yearbook, from p 1

torial section on the thighs of the starting lacrosse team, a salary request of twenty dollars, and a cardboard cutout of Don Kelley's first pair of tube socks. De Prospo also wished to dispel once and for all the myth that the Board was only looking for editors in a specific salary range.

Although the first meeting of the new staff is not for a while, Lindsey and Hessey have already made some appointments. Of particular interest is last year's dean of men, Frank Kaspowitz, who will be returning as spelling and handwri^ting editor.

\+ + +

SPOCK, from p 1.

tators approve or disapprove, with an applause-o-meter to determine the most boisterous response.

Personally, I would prefer to have the Tad Jacks Amateur Hour. "And next we have a real hon, Jill Anderson, singing 'God Bless America.'" At least this way we could have a sort of Gong Show in which when we tire of one gag we could quickly dispose of it, like a soiled tissue. No muss, no fuss. After all, we are, in more than one way, a society of throwaways. Who wants to be like Chesapeake College, anyway?

\+ + +

Transfer Week Proposed

There is, at Washington College, a silent minority of students who are, on occasion, forgotten and deserving of attention. This is the group of students who transfer to W.C. from other colleges. They are insecure, isolated, and misunderstood.

Girls, how many propositions did you receive from freshmen boys who, on their first experience away from home, mistook you as equally naive and uncouth first-termers? Men, how frustrating was orientation week, when at the president's welcoming speech you were hungrily eyeing those three or four coeds, knowing that you were thought of as just another freshman, when in fact you were a dynamic, knowing, desirable, Upper Classman. But how does one approach some hot little freshman, freshly broken up and apart from her high school honey, and announce yourself as an established Stud?

"Hello, at my old college I was an established Stud." "I used to sleep with this girl at Virginia. You look just like her."

These examples are, of course, preposterous. There is, however, now a resolution to this problem. Student Affairs has at last published this year's Funny Faces. But it is far too late.

I propose that the Student Government establish a Transfer Student Week to run concurrant with the Freshman Orientation program, during which transfers are clearly identified and duly respected. Men should be given first crack of all freshman coeds; women should be exempt from ogling and proposition by youngsters. And for God's sake, Funny Faces should be out early.

\+ + +

Cultural Stoff

Oft in the night, when aardvarks sing
their praises,
Lotus peak aromatic, croci toad-dance.
When Lonely rabbits canker 'mongst
geesy towns,
Libelling barns and hairsome tweedles,
When lowly apertures radiate tinny,
When effervescent mugs wax brilliantly,
When starry sinews orange mermaids,
Then do harlequin ferns melanchole,
reverberating in rhinoceri

--Harviette Sninkchoder,
December, 1956

Profile: Boff Chi part 2

(Sumerset)--Everyone at Washington College knows the Boffers. They're the guys you see throwing ice in the cafeteria, discussing philosophy around the pinball machines in Middle Hall, sleeping with freshman women. Everyone knows these outward signs of the Borfers, those great guys who wear identical shirts. But not many know of the secret side to the group, of the mysteries that lie behind the traditional levity that is the mask of this two year old sect. We recently interviewed a man who shall only be identified as Boffer X, to dig deeper into the mist beyond the mirth.

According to our source, Boffer X, the Boffs are actually a group of intellectual and philosophical radicals who wish to make political statements of significance to the campus in general. Another rumor has it that the apparently senseless and stupid actions of the Boffs prove conclusively that they are actually fugitive Zen masters, or at least Baptist ministers. Yet one more malcontent faction grumbles darkly that the Chi is part of a plan to make Kimbal Byron and the SGA look competent and serious by comparison. Few believe that even Kimbal would be silly enough to think such an effort would have a chance.

To try and dispel such fumblings in the dark, we talked with some of the more prominent Boff Chis in person. We found them occupied with one of their more serious pastimes, watching Johnny turn off the lights at Miss Dee's. Their absorbtion in this phenomenon may account for the spotty quality of their answers to our questions.

We first talked to Morris, "Mo" as he is humorously called. "Mo" is known as the"wit of the Chi's," second only to Cheesedog in the burning quality of his comedy.

THE CRAB: Aren't you Morris, the wit of the Chi's?

"MO": Uh-huh. (Laughter from the other Boffers)

CRAB: It's been said that you never give a straight answer, that you're always pointing out the essential humor involved in the asking of questions. You have been compared in this to the great Zen masters. Is it true you are actually a Zen master?

"MO": A Zen what? (Laughter)

CRAB: A Zen master.

"MO": No. I'm a . . . a Zen um, Zen muff-diver! (Gales of laughter, shouts of "Yeah Mo")

CRAB: I noticed that you read that last joke off a card held up by Cheesedog. Does this mean that your jokes are not ad-lib?

"MO": Yeah, no, um uh, they're uh . . . my jokes are. . are, are, uhh, my jokes are muff-divers! (More laughter, Cheesedog bows.)

CRAB: Well, thankyou, "Mo", you've been more than helpful.

"MO": Wait, waitaminnit, lissen--does your mother. . . hold it steady Cheeser, yeah, does your mother know you masterbate?

CRAB: Goodbye all! Goodbye!

"MO": Wait, does she? Wait! Does your mother. . .

--Jeff

next issue-- Superstar Tom Viscount

+ + +

Psycho Gay Speaks Here

The W.C. Intellectual League opened up their lecture series this fall with a dynamic lecture by guest speaker Dr. J. McCrosse. The lecture entitled "Gestalt Therapy and The Intellectual Gay" was well attended. Unfortunately, the event was not well planned, for the kegs ran dry. Dr. McCrosse accused the league of plotting to deprive him of a good high and left in a huff.

--Jo

Record Review

(Mo de Ville is filling in for Doc Watson, who is locked in a closet)

'Prelude to Quaalude--The Grateful Dead meet Pink Floyd'

This is such a cosmic disc that I couldn't call it a record. Listening to this is an Experience! The platter starts off with both groups performing the theme from 'Beyond the Valley of the Dolls' and the action is supercharged from start to finish. Garcia moves from one head change to the next with lightening speed, actually boradening the horizons of his mind four times in the first cut. Donna Godchaux' voice is in fine form on all cuts, and she even co-wrote one of the original tunes on the album, 'Hey Jude.'

The Pink are featured on side two, and this was such a mind numbing experience that I just lost conciousness. The guy down the hall tells me it was really good, though. I did manage to note some of the Floyd's inspirational verse before I fell into my inner being, and I think it certainly outdoes anything I've ever seen:

Did you ever think?
That we're all animals
If you look at it that way
Or maybe Aunt Bluebell
And no one ever knows
Far far away in the mist
And the moon and the darkness
And the laughter and the dark
And the void and the empty
Plastic flowers on a grave--
It makes you wonder....

The Dead and Pink Floyd are resurrected for a finale at the end, comprising of 'One Bad Apple Don't Spoil the Whole Bunch, Girl' and 'Mairsy Doats' and its gotta be one of the most dynamic jams on wax. If you like Wayne Newton or the Dictators, this album is for you.

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boxboxboxboxboxboxboxboxboxboxboxboxbox
o b
x editor-in-chief: o
b Bushrod Spuck x
o b
x contributing writers: o
b Jeff x
o Jazz b
x Claire o
b Kathy x
o David b
x o
b special thanks to: x
o The guys on b
x Second Floor Kent o
b x
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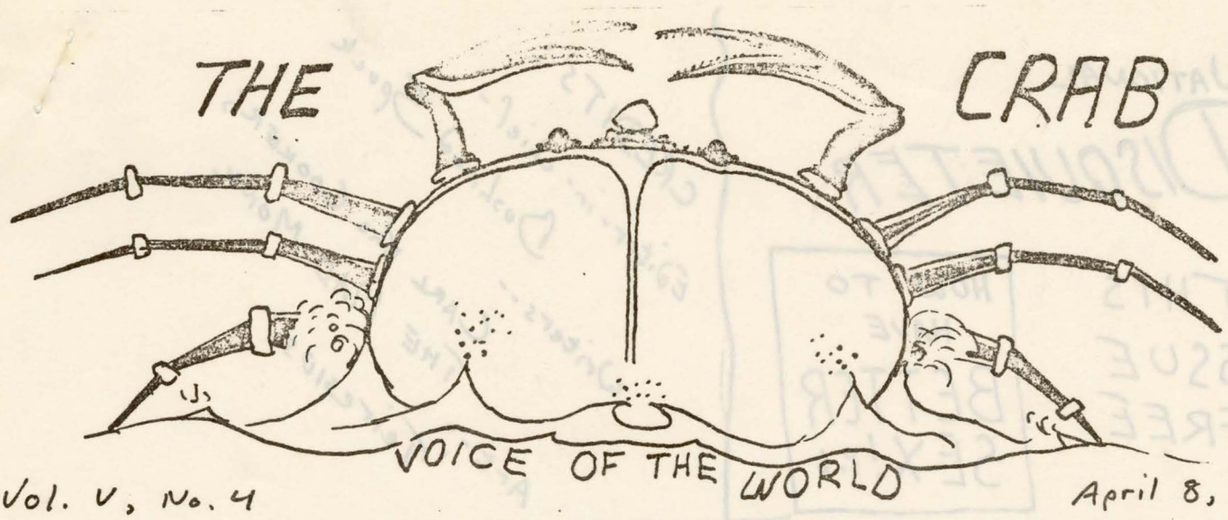
KA's Missing

To the untrained eye, there is nothing different at W.C. But look closely and you will discover that the Kappa Alpha fraternity is missing.

An investigation spearheaded by Carol Noer and Mary Ellen Aiken has been impeded because "nobody wants to admit having ever seen a KA at all, let alone recently. We have no idea when the disappearance may have occured."

In fact, the problem is compounded because hardly anyone seems anxious to find the Middle Hall residents.

It has been conjectured that one Roy Whittaker, an alumni and current transient, is involved in the mystery. Early in the Semester he had frequently been seen sitting in front of the frat house drinking beer and verbally accosting coeds. It is possible that Mr. Whittaker, under strain and duress, may have kidnaped the KAs in an act of revenge for coercing him to ~~join~~ join their organization. The only known remaining KA, Gordon Gorab, was unavailable for comment but seems to be taking steps to propagate the organization.



Vol. V, No. 4 April 8, 1978

Joe McLain is not President of Washington College, interviewers for the CRAB have learned, although he has occupied the president's office and appeared at commencement each spring.

In a casual discussion with McLain concerning endowment and falling board scores, McLain indicated that he "didn't give a hoot in Hell" about the College. Upon further questioning it was learned that McLain:

Is not, in fact, President of Washington College, and was never officially sworn in;

Did not ~~receive~~ graduate from any accredited universities or colleges, and did not attend Washington College;

Was not, as some people have maliciously contended, involved in the development of napalm or aerosol propellants;

Has not donated large sums of money to the college.

Dr. Gary Clarke, Acting Dean of the College, seemed to voice a general attitude by stating that he had "always just assumed" that McLain was at the top. Also, many members of the faculty, administration, student body, Board of Governors, and the general community, seemed relieved by the news. (cont. p.2)

In response to dropping literacy among W.C. applicants and rising difficulty applicants are having in filling out admission forms, Jamey McLintock, head of Admissions, has revised undergraduate application questionaires.

To streamline the application, and to make it easier to fill out as well as to analyze, McLintock has eliminated essay questions altogether, in favor of 'yes/no' type quesions. In this way McLintock hopes to reduce hype and "get down to brass tacks."

THE NEW FORMS:

MEN:

Parents' annual income:

- ☐ Over $50,000
- ☐ Other

Parents on Board of Governors:

- ☐ One or both
- ☐ Other

Aspirations, tastes, background, attitudes:

- ☐ Upper middle-class
- ☐ Other

Political and Economic tendencies:

- ☐ Conservative
- ☐ Other

How many English/Drama/Music majors does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

- ☐ 500
- ☐ Other

(continued on p.2)

NATIONAL DISQUIETER

THIS ISSUE FREE

HOW TO HAVE BETTER SEX! p.6

CREDITS:
Editor-in-chief- Bushrod Spuck
Writers-- Carl the Cooker; The Mad Monk
Art-- Teiresias

JOE'S SECRET AFFAIR

Joe McLain, dapper daddy at W.C., has been running out for late nite groceries now for 2 weeks, coming home hours late without the donuts! So says our correspondent Bushrod Spuck, who also says Joe can't stay off the honey-dips! 'Atta boy, Doc. See you at Phils!

BOB DAY'S TRUE IDENTITY

No he's NOT the budding novelist! And sorry Patty, but nor is he pop-poet ROD MCKUEN! Latest word is that Bob Day is actually exiled girl-feeler ROMAN POLANSKI! Dorothy Gale, look out!

AC, HOLD THE DC

Word's out that 'Radar' Brown's admission of queeritis is a hoax!

MIRACLE CURE FOR CANCER

Chemistry Depatment spokespersons say cancer is an endangered species. New cure, derived from napalm and aerosol propellants said effective in thousands of cases. Minor bugs being worked out: side effects of heartburn, skin poison in hot weather.

END

(cont. from p. 21)

According to McLain, a former maintenance worker assigned to the cleaning of Bunting Hall, he was cleaning the fixtures in the presidential lavatoryx when he was mistaken for the President by an unknown office aide. Since that time, McLain says he did nothing to perpetuate the fallacy. He only appeared at official meetings and functions "because it was expected of me. I thought it was part of the job."

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(cont. from p. 21)

WOMEN:

Parents' annual income:
- ☐ Over $50,000
- ☐ Other

Parents on Board of Governors:
- ☐ One or Both
- ☐ Other

Racial persuasion:
- ☐ White
- ☐ Other

Aspirations, tastes, background, attitudes:
- ☐ Inoffensive
- ☐ Other

Political, economic tendencies:
- ☐ None
- ☐ Other

Probable major:
- ☐ English/Drama/Music
- ☐ Other

END

The Admissions Office has developed the following quiz to determine who out of the entering freshman class is an ideal W.C. student.
DIRECTIONS: Circle the answer to each of the following questions which best applies to you.

1. Intended major:
   A. Chemistry
   B. Economics
   C. Other
   D. Physics
2. How I feel about lacrosse:
   A. 4-time letterman in prep school
   B. rowdy heckler at games
   C. like to watch lacrosse
   D. what's lacrosse?
3. The college organization I would most like to join is:
   A. a frat or sorority
   B. Bof Chi or Wombats
   C. Reid Hall Red-Hots
   D. College Republicans
4. The thing W.C. needs most is:
   A. new equipment for the Chem. department
   B. a Homecoming Queen
   C. a weekly issue of the Crab
   D. a Phi Beta Kappa chapter
5. My favorite reading matter is:
   A. Hustler
   B. Time
   C. Motor Trend
   D. Principia Mathematica
6. My favorite music is:
   A. The Sex Pistols, played at 78 R.P.M.
   B. Disco Tex & The Sex-o-lettes
   C. Pink Floyd
   D. Bach's B-minor Mass
7. Why I chose W.C.:
   A. my father's on the Board of Visitors and Governors
   B. it's got a great lacrosse team
   C. I read The Last Cattle Drive
   D. because it's co-ed
8. Drinking habits
   A. open beer bottles with my teeth
   B. wasted only 4 days a week (hung over the other 3)
   C. 1 bottle of Nat. Bo. per semester, for medicinal purposes
   D. drink is the tool of the Devil
9. Pot habits
   A. grow my own
   B. a bowl a week, man
   C. only when the door's locked
   D. frequently cook dinner in them
10. Coke habits
   A. my brother sends me a weekly shipment from Bogotá
   B. only on weekends
   C. frequently, with Bacardi
   D. do not like carbonated beverages
11. Do you own a pair of Top-Siders?
   A. yes (but subtract 3 pts. if you own a boat)
   B. yes, I polish them once a week
   C. no, but I'll buy a pair if my roommate does
   D. I wear gray Hush-Puppies
12. Sex
   A. never
   B. rarely
   C. often
   D. male or female

SCORING:
3 pts. for each "A" answer
2 pts. for each "B" answer
1 pt. for each "C" answer
0 pts. for each "D" answer

28-36 pts.: hard-core
20-27 pts.: soft-core
9-19 pts.: dead wood
under 9 pts.: subversives

****

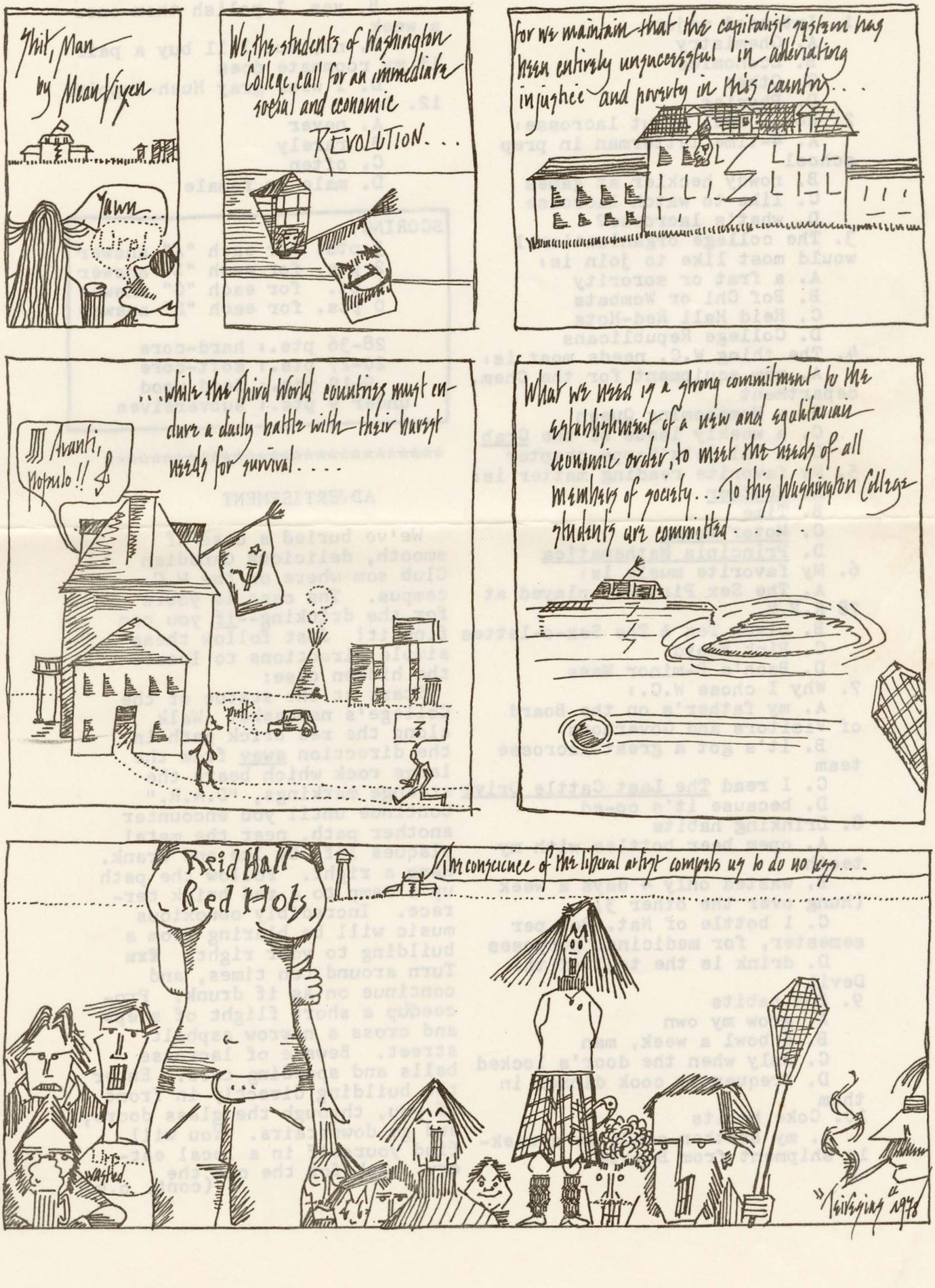
ADVERTISEMENT

We've buried a case of smooth, delicious Canadian Club somewhere on the W.C. campus. The case is yours for the drinking--if you can find it! Just follow these simple directions to locate the hidden case:

Start at the statue of the College's namesake. Walk along the red brick path in the direction away from the large rock which bears the strange markings, "D.A.R." Continue until you encounter another path, near the metal plaques left by Ike and Frank. Hang a right. Follow the path up a ramp to a red brick terrace. Incredibly obnoxious music will be blaring from a building to your right. Turn around ten times, and continue on as if drunk. Proceed up a short flight of steps and cross a narrow asphalt street. Beware of lacrosse balls and speeding cars. Enter the building directly in front of you, through the glass doors, and go downstairs. You will find yourself in a local eatery. Ask for the one the

(cont. p.4)

natives call "Cheese Dog." If you buy him an ice cream, he may tell you where he plays lacrosse. Go to this quad (an open field really, but this is a college, so it's a quad), and walk to the building on the south side. It is here where our case of Canadian Club is buried, within six feet of this building, at a depth of ten feet. Please be careful around the rope fence.



THE CRAB

VOLUME 52 "That Last Bastion of Yellow Journalism" NUMBER 1

Pres. McDuck with the first 10 chapters of his new book

UNCLE JOE TO TEACH

by Ima Clone

College President Howard (Joe) McDuck is leaving the Buntagon to teach a course in solid state chemistry. After a six years reprieve from classroom drudgery, Chem. majors such as Lean Trout (recently returned from a research project) are "horrified at the idea of taking a course from the old geezer."

McDuck has achieved international recognition for several important and beneficial discoveries. Just imagine how bad off the world would be without napalm, chlorofluorocarbon propellants, and Head & Shoulders -- frightening, isn't it!

The primary reason for teaching the course was confided to this reporter by "Uncle Joe". "I'm working on a textbook on solid state chemistry and only have 14 chapters done. I figure I can take the homework, tests, and lab results from this semester's students and fill out the other 5 chapters by December. If they print it 'right soon' (sic) I can sell it to the Spring semester's students. I'll show Dan how to sell books!"

In both the book and his lectures, McDuck hopes "to bring the pyrotechniques from an art to a science and to cure insomnia in today's chemists." We are certain he will.

WC TAKES MEASURES TO DEVELOPE STUDENT BODY

BY Litte Annie Fanny Hoochkiss

The entire sophomore class has been demoted to freshman status in an effort to offset the decreased enrollment of new students, according to Registrar Vermin Forrestor. All Washington College educators have agreed to deliver the same dull lectures that have been a WC tradition since 1782 so that those devoted students who slept through classes last year can pursue the same course of study throughout the coming term.

In addition, all but three diplomas issued at the 1979 Commencement have been recalled on the advice of Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, to the relief of the college admissions staff. Although Nader could not be reached for comment due to a faulty answering service, flunkies at his DC office reported that the WC class of '79 produced some of the most ineffective waitresses, busboys, sanitary engineers, and 7-11 clerks on record. The three allowed to maintain post-graduate status are former publications editors Vari Willing and Dodger Regretsky and an erstwhile Coffeehouse manager (and graduate of the Mickie "Dick" DiLotherio School of Jock Recruitment) Tad Pole, who, as reported in last week's Elm are the only '79 graduates gainfully employed.

Protests to the Nader action have already been lodged on behalf of several restaraunteers and one graduate who has been pursuing international affairs with the Fulbright Scholarship funds which have allowed him to study & broad in Germany. Other members of the Class of '79 seem happy to return to WC where, according to one, "the availibility of pot, coke, (the expensive kind), and trash can punch is greater than anywhere in the real world."

continued on page 4

Most ELMs at Washington College you could afford to miss. Last week's, however, saw the publication of all 36 recommendations of the Faculty Committee on Vandalism, Violence, and Theft, and though we suspect our more financially endowed rival published this list only to fill up space (since it was anything but interesting and of minor importance to most students here) we feel the report deserves mention because it raises two important questions in our collective mind:

1) How seriously can we take a report whose chief proponents skipped town shortly after its publication? Music Prof. John (Santa) Klaus has left to provide his services to the student body at a women's college and Committee Chairman Bob (Ride 'em Cowperson) O'Day, a life resident of Knob's Knee, New Jersey is on leave in Kansas where he is seeking to re-develop his midwestern twang.

2) What's wrong with a little vandalism anyway? Not only does this recreation provide weekend respite from unnatural confinement in irrelevant classes with bombastic professors, but it gives our main'ance department a raison d'etre. After all, we're not paying them to patronize Miz Dee's establisment!

Rather than discourage such forms of expression the administration should encourage it as a means of increasing student enrollment. Since students of higher standards are going to career oriented schools, we should seek to recruit students of lower standards. The condition of any of the men's dorms could be an aid in meeting this aim. One perspective area of recruitment, for example, could be the young people housed in the slums on Calvert Street, whose environmant is only slightly more stimulating than that of Somerset. The potential of integration, alone is worth thinking about!

Little Annie

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Boob,

My problem is my boyfriend, he wants to have sex all the time; day and night, before class, after class, and even during class. Some of my professors are beginning to notice, and I'm afraid it may interfere with my academic life. Can you help me?

Frazzled Fuksalott

P.S. Please excuse the jerky handwriting.

Dear Frax,

Certainly I'll help you. I'm available 9-5 each day (twice on Sundays)!

Till next week, sickies,
Boob S'Alotte

FACULTY PROFILE:

DIANE

by Chester T. Mollester

This article is to introduce all the freshmen to "Diane". Charming Diane, Witty Diane. Sweet Diane. Helpful Diane, aka "FANG". She is recognizable by her cheerful greeting: "What do YOU want?" She epitomizes the spirit of WC. No matter what is needed she always has the ready response --

A) We haven't got it;
B) We can't get it;
C) You can't have it.

Diane will go to any lengths for you as long as she doesn't have to leave her desk.

If you desire to see Diane, her daily schedule is given below.

9-10 AM .....Morning Coffee Break
10-11:30 AM .....Mid-morning Siesta
11:30-2 PM .....Lunch
2-5 PM .....Afternoon Gab Fest

This schedule does not show that Diane leaves at 4:30, but she does.

DIANE'S PROFILE

STAFF

Little Annie Fanny Hoochkiss ..... Editor-'n-Chef
Lucky Pierre ..... F. Arts Editor
Fiberous Hipspread ..... Fashion Editor
Boob S'Alotte ..... Student Affairs Editor
Russ Ian Spye ..... Foreign Foreigners Editor
Ima Clone ..... Science Editor
Chester T. Mollester ..... Office Mangler
Bear Lee Sobare ..... Most Worshipful Supremely Grand All-High Imperial Poobah & Guardian of Morality
General Contributions ..... Military Advisor

THE CRAB is published whenever we feel like it by the above mentioned editorial board.

HOT FLASHES AND NEWS IN BRIEFS

by Bear Lee Sobare

The Director of Food Services at WC has recently been accorded a grand distinction. In recognition of his fine efforts at creating rain whenever needed by scheduling an outdoor meal, the National Weather Service has just named Hurricane David after him. Reports show that David has killed 1748 persons and injured over 10,000. Everyone is thankful that the hurricane caused less damage.

****

Our fashion fanatic Fiberous Hipspread tells us that the trend in docksiders has not run down at the heels. Students are wearing them everywhere (even on their feet) and they seem to be a plus, particularly with formal dress, but they should be laced if they show below the edge of evening gowns (minus two points if you own a boat.)

We have also noticed the new fad in midriff cut-offs for guys, with navels worn low and off-center; and co-eds in wrap-around skirts are adding new dimensions to the art of mooning on windy days.

****

Due to an outbreak of food poisoning among students who board on campus, Cafeteria biggie Jeff DeMoss has been required to show identification at every meal. So far his ID picture has been rejected by 79% of the students who didn't laugh out loud when they saw it, although his wife, a former dishroom debutante, says it's "sort of cute!"

****

HUD (Headquarters for Urgent Demolishing) has rejected the College's bid for funds to level the Hill Dorms since they believe it would be more expedient to let nature take its course. Asked to define the situation, one HUD official quipped "What a duuuuuuuuuump!"

****

Foreign Foreigners Editor Russ Ian Spye reports outrage over the housing of men on the second floor of Caroline. Currently investigating Greek practices with F.Arts Editor Lucky Pierre on the third floor which houses language majors and other fruity types, Spye stated, "There have never been MEN in Caroline."

****

What oft-times candidate, a landslide loser in his bid for every post from SGA President to Mr. Congeniality, is up for election again? We won't say, but rumor has it that the campus doggy-do problem has prompted him to run for dog-catcher. It takes a big man for a big job--you have our vote.

CREATIVE URGE CONSTIPATED AT WC

by Lucky Pierre

The National Endowment for the Humanities, the federal agency which regulates inter--state creative efforts, has abolished both poetry and prose as art forms in a ruling handed down this summer, according to THE NATIONAL LAMPOON, one of Americas most respected journals.

Although the ruling is not expected to take effect until early in 1980, W C faculty and students have apparently anticipated it since nothing creative has been written here since 1782. History buffs will recall that as the year in which a crafty director of annual giving signed Gen. George Washington's name to a letter seeking alumni contributions. The fact that WC had no alumni in 1782 was apparently overlooked since donations reached an all-time high that year and have been declining ever since.

The trend toward non-creative writing has been most evident among applicants for the coveted Sophie Kerr Prize. Created at the bequest of the late "true" confession writer and crab cake heiress Sophie Kerr Underwood, the gift is awarded each year to the graduating senior who can present the English Department with the largest bribe. One of the most memorable winners was '78 grad. Art Diladoe whose soggy saga of under-the-counter sex at McDonald's and promise to never again steal Dr. Flaw's stogies earned him $17,000 and a lifetime supply of Big Macs.

Creative writing has also been de-emphasized in the classroom primarily because few students or faculty members can write. Many teachers follow the example of Professor of English Dick DeMacho, famed hypnotist and circus strong-man, who encourages his students to parrot his own words on exams. "Everyone has a right to his own opinions, DeMacho quipped, "just so long as they're mine."

EDITOR'S NOTE: the interview ended abruptly when DeMacho went strolling off hand-in-hand singing. "I love me, I think I'm grand, when I'm with me, I hold my hand . . ."

****

WAR GAMES PUZZLE

by General Contributions

You are 10,000 Red Chinese. It is 4th down and 11 to go, Do you:

1) Punt;
2) Slam dunk;
3) Neutron Bomb;
4) Declare war again an hour later

Answer next week.

Answer to last week's puzzle: 3) Castration

PEGASUS Pointers
by Lucky Pierre

Okay, kiddies, get out your 1979 PEGASUS and turn to page 12. Let's look at the pictures! Veri Willing, the editor, did not bother to explain the stories behind the photos. THE CRAB would like to fill in a few of her gaps.

PAGE 12

Dr Joe McLain--his coat lends new meaning to the term "suit of lights"

Bedford Groves--obviously buys his suits from Joe

Warren E.K. Ivie--he can't afford a suit like that

Ermon Foster--can, but won't buy one (demoted to gardener during the summer)

PAGE 13

Uncle Ed Maxcy--shown here on his fifth attempt at making toast

Dean Kelley--looks like she's having a bit of trouble raising the ramsom money her kidnapper is demanding

A typical '79 WC grad

PAGE 15

John Baxter--says "Aw, come on guys, give me back my coat"

Robert Anderson--practicing hypnotism in the dark

PAGE 16

Dr. Brown--ponders "Oh, God, what am I going to do with Briggs this year!"

Dr. Brigge--wondering "Oh, God, what's Brown going to do with me this year?

Gerry Clarke--doing his Jimmy Carter imitation by changing the part in his hair from the way it was on p. 12

PAGE 17

On the porch of Richmond House, Bob Day directs Allen Ginsberg to the nearest gay coke dealer

Glenn Davis--finds T.J. Swann satisfactory

PAGE 19

Margaret Horsley--beaming after winning the Helen Hayes look-alike contest

continued from page 1

Emergency measures where necessitated by a drop in enrollment due to higher Middle Atlantic Conference standards and a change in Admissions Directors. DiLotherio, famed foot fethistist, former lacrosse jock, and this year's temporary Admissions head, stated that all prospective male applicants with low SATs (score and attack tallies) were rejected, as were most females not meeting standards set by the National Cheerleader's Conference for charm, appeal, high pitched giggling, and general air-headedness. "If these measures fail to rectify the butt of the student-body problem, WC may be forced to grant student status to West Hall residents, DiLotherio warned.

SGA NEWS

WHAT ARE "ORTOLS" (sic)?